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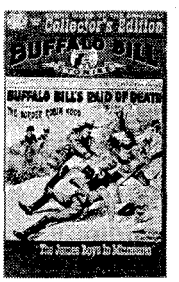

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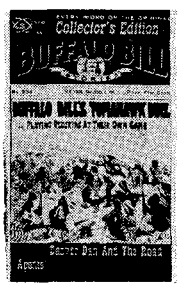

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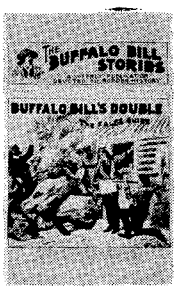

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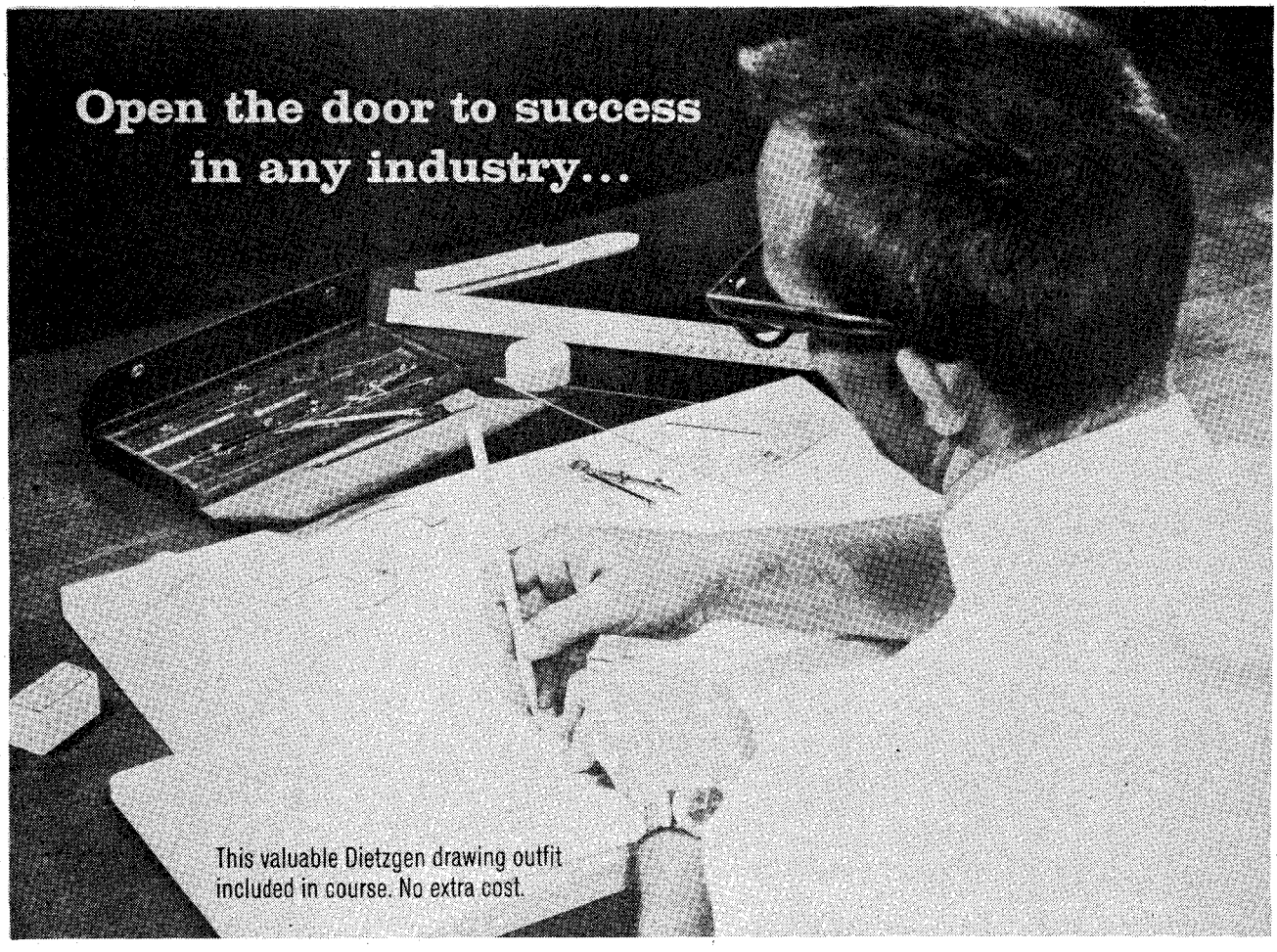

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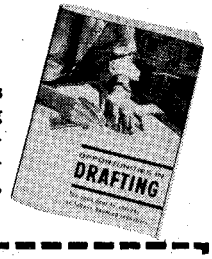

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REAL WEST

Volume X
Number 54
July, 1967

The Brand of Quality

Executive Editor: Patrick Masulli
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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

In the next issue of Real West our journey through the West of yesteryear begins with a visit to *Geronimo* at *Ft. Sill, Oklahoma* where he personally recounts his years of depradations against the white settlers of the Southwest border. From Ft. Sill we travel to the sunny climate of *San Clemente Island* off the coast of Southern *California*. We find ourselves cringing at the tortures inflicted by pirates upon the survivors of the wrecked Spanish galleon, San Sebastian. At *Las Vegas, New Mexico* we view the brutal hanging of *Paula Angel* for the murder of a faithless lover. We scan the horizon hoping a rider will arrive with a reprieve, but to no avail. The deed is done and the participants wend their way back to town in silence wondering if "justice" has truly been served. After this depressing sight we follow the life of *George McClain*, pioneer *Colorado* ranchman and our faith in mankind is partially restored. From eastern Colorado it is only a short hop to *Ellis, Kansas*. Here *Prussia George*, a one time Civil War hero, leads the life of a town drunk. Only upon his death are his past glories recognized.

Continuing our journey we visit *Anna Eder* at *Oatman, Arizona* and listen to her reminiscences about her early days in the boom towns of the Black Mountains of western Arizona. From Oatman we head north to the Custer battlefield on the Little Big Horn in *Montana* and retrace the life of *Myles W. Keogh*, Irish hero, and professional soldier of fortune who together with the rest of Custer's troops met his fate at the hands of the Plains Indians. *Texas* is next on our itinerary. We follow the adventures of Ben Milan during the Mexican War. Last but not least we review the *Hickok-McCandless* fight in *Gage County, Nebraska*.

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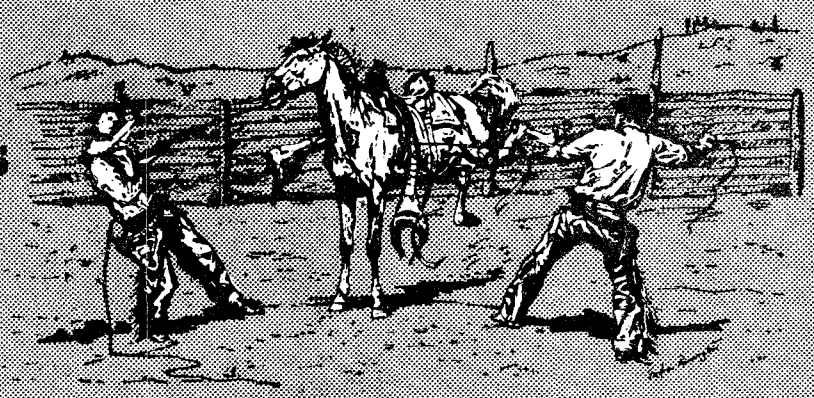
The Editor's Corral



The first American railroad began operations in 1830 from Baltimore westward. A network of railroads soon covered the Northeast and the Southeast and expanded westward. The need of isolated western communities for transportation brought pressure on the Federal government in Washington to give aid to the railroads.

It was not profitable to build railroads into the wilderness. There were few people to take advantage of the service, and freight would not be enough to support a railroad without subsidy. In 1850, Stephen Douglas of Illinois was responsible for passage of a bill giving the Illinois Central Railroad two and a half million acres of land along rail lines they would build. Soon railroad companies in the sparsely settled frontier areas were being given land in an enormous giveaway program.

With the sale of these lands the railroads were able to push their lines westward, and communities by the score were established. Settlers moved in and the railroads began to make money carrying passengers and freight. Most of the freight consisted of farm products and livestock.

Some of the railroads profiteered unjustifiably by raising freight rates so that the farmer and rancher found himself working for the railroad. He could either ship at their rates or let his goods rot in the field. John H. Reagan, Congressman from Texas, came to their aid and in 1878 pushed a bill through Congress limiting and controlling the railroads. Much damage had been done and it took a long time for the sod-busting farmer to accept the railroad as a friend.

Train robbers such as the James Boys were practically immune to the law because robbing trains was not considerad a "major" crime by the frontier populace. Their sympathy was with the bandits and they protected them at every opportunity. Harold Preece in his article, "The Texan Who Tamed the Railroads," gives a vivid account of John H. Reagan's crusade to bring the railroads into line.

Tales of the Abominable Snowman of the high Himalayas make newspaper headlines every time a mountain-climbing expedition sets out to conquer a new peak. Out of our own western mountains have come tales of "Sasquatch," or "Mr. Bigfoot," as he is called in some sections. Mr. T. W. Paterson recounts the legend of our own abominable snowman. Eyewitness accounts describe Mr. Bigfoot as being a gorilla-like creature standing 8 feet tall. After reading this account we will be careful when touring the mountain areas of the Northwest.

Norman B. Wiltsey, noted western historian, tells the story of John C. Fremont's irrational attempt to cross the Rockies in the late fall of 1848. Bill Williams went along as guide against his better judgment, but the lure of money numbed his caution. His resourcefulness saved the expedition from complete failure. Your editors made every attempt to obtain a picture of Bill Williams, but to no avail. Bill evidently never settled long enough to get a picture taken.

The story of Bill Ryan, a member of the James gang, is a good illustration of the fact that drinking and banditry are not good companions. Bill took part in the Glasgow stage robbery with Jesse and Frank James, and all made a clean getaway. Later the same group robbed a payroll near Muscle Shoals, Alabama. Bill could not keep away from bars, and in one he flashed a roll and bragged of his accomplishments. He soon found himself standing trial at Independence, Missouri. He was found guilty and sentenced to twenty-five years in the penitentiary where he had plenty of time to ponder his indiscretion. Carl Breihan, our James gang expert, has given us a good account of one of the more than forty men who were members of the Jesse and Frank James gang.

Maurice Kildare gives us a compassionate story of the life of an Indian squaw, from girlhood to her lonely and pathetic old age. There are few articles written with such insight and understanding as Mr. Kildare shows in this article about Asdzani Noodai Naalte. Its place in the personal accounts of Indian life is assured.

Especially for the ladies among our readers we bring you the story of Pauline Cushman. During the Civil War Pauline was an actress who became a spy for the Union. For her services she was given the military rank of major and her fame became renowned. Dime novels featured stories about her which today could be compared to having a television special devoted to her exploits. After the Civil War she faded from history. Miss Louise Cheney has filled in most of the empty spaces. Miss Cushman married and together with her husband ran a hotel in Casa Grande, Arizona. Trouble developed between her and her husband and they parted. It was downhill from then on. At the time of her death in San Francisco in 1893 she had been scrubbing floors for a living.

We hopefully have provided articles to suit all our readers. Our aim is to please, so let us know the kind of articles you want and we will attempt to give them to you.

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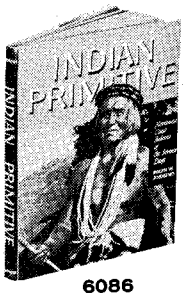

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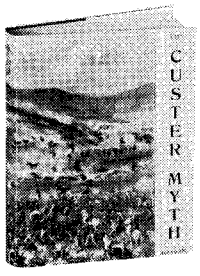

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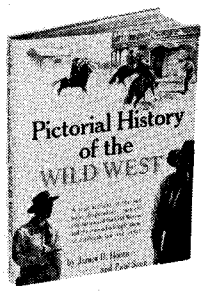

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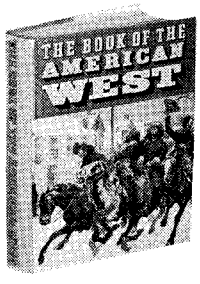

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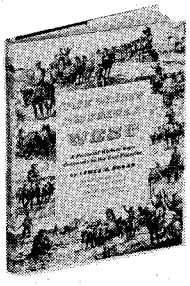
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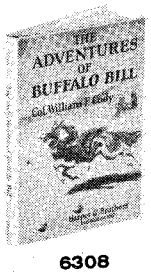

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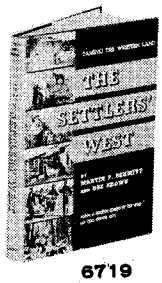

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

Q. While I was working near Delta, Colorado back in the 30's, I was told by an old rancher about a bank robbery back in the 1890's. Can you give me any details about this robbery? Homer W. Salmon, Terrebonne, Oregon.

A. The librarian at Delta, Colorado gave us the following information: On September 7, 1893 three men held up the Farmers and Merchants Bank at Delta, Colorado. The robbers were Fred McCarty (son) Bill McCarty (father) and Tom McCarty (brother of Bill). All were from Utah. Fred McCarty killed the bank cashier, A. T. Blachly. Ray Simpson of Delta killed both Fred and Bill McCarty while they were attempting to make a getaway.

Q. What was the origin of the term "Dogie," which we hear so much about in song and poems of the old West? J. S. Quales, New York.

A. This comes from the Mexican word Dogal, a short rope used to tie a calf while its mother was being milked. In the West the dogie was a stunted calf whose father was dead and whose mother had run off with another cow. It was a popular expression with cowboys and they used it in many ways. One of the most famous cowboy songs was written about little dogies.

Q. Was grubstaking profitable to the men putting up the money in the old West? Carl Kearany, Mission, Kansas.

A. It depends on the circumstances. When a storekeeper grubstaked a trapper, he usually got his share of the profits because the trapper had to sell him the pelts. Human nature being what it is, it didn't work out so well for the man who grubstaked a prospector or a miner. If the prospector or the miner made a big strike, he didn't feel like dividing his fortune and there wasn't much the grubstaker could do. He usually got beat out of his money..

Q. I read where Fanny Porter, the infamous Texas madam of brothels, died broke and was buried in the Potter's field. Bill Barber, San Francisco, Calif.

A. Your information is wrong. Fanny Porter retired from her bawdy houses in Austin and other Texas cities with an estimated million dollars. She spent the last years of her life in New Orleans, living in luxury. She left her fortune to charity.

Q. We read so much about the American Indians and so little about the Indians in Canada. Are there many Indians in Canada and did Canada also have trouble with them? Richard Chisak, 158 W. Dorrance St., Kingston, Pa. 18704

A. Canada and the United States share similar histories concerning Indians. Some of the better known tribes of western Canada are the Cree, Objiwa, Assiniboine, Blackfeet, Piegan, Blood, Kutenai, Okanagan, Nootka, Bella Coola and Kwakiutl.

Q. Was Little Texas in Abilene a part of the town of Abilene or a separate town during the cattle days? Florence Becker, Portland, Oregon.

A. Little Texas was a part of the incorporated town of Abilene. It was south of the railroad tracks and covered about five city blocks. After the cattle boom, the buildings were moved or left to fall to pieces, and no trace of Little Texas remains today.

Q. Where was "No Man's Land" when referred to in a western context? Robert F. Plante, Rapid City, N. Dak.

A. "No Man's Land" was a desolate stretch of country in the old Indian Territory bordered by the Cimmaron River. It was used as a hideout by cattle rustlers, bandits and horse thieves.

Q. Were there any razorback hogs in the West? Mrs. Fred Canton, Little Rock, Arkansas.

A. The razorback hog is not to be confused with the wild boar, or American Peccary. This animal is a descendant of the domesticated pig the Spanish brought to this continent. Thousands of them were running wild when the white settlers moved West. They were captured and domesticated. They furnished the cowboy with his bacon and hams.

Q. I have often heard "Bent's Fort" called "Ft. William." Which is the correct name? Mrs. Flora Wilcox, Minneapolis, Minn.

A. Officially it is Fort William, named after William Bent, the trader who had the fort built, but the mountain men, trappers and travelers, all called it Bent's Fort. That is what it is known by in history. In the records in Washington it is Ft. William.

Q. Was Red Jack Almer a woman or a man? I have read different stories about this weird character. William Gerard, Hannibal, Mo.

A. Jack Almer was very much a man. When he and his outlaws held up the Globe stage near Riverside, Arizona on August 10, 1883, he was disguised as a woman. Often he went under this disguise and the story started in Arizona that this bandit was a woman.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

LOS ANGELES RIOT OF 1871

Dear Editor:

I have just read your November 1966 issue. And may I say your magazine has some very interesting stories.

But there is one question I would like to ask. Recently, I have read in several other western magazine articles about the Chinese massacre in 1871. And what I would like to know is why this incident is being brought up all of a sudden by your magazine and others?

I also want to say I find your Real West Pictorial very interesting. In fact, it is the first thing I look at in your magazine. Keep up the good work.

Thank you,
Mrs. R.A. Zamora
204 Alise Street
Needles, Calif.

Present day news items send article writers searching the history books and evidently more than one found information on the 1871 riots in Los Angeles.

HENRY PLUMMER

Dear Editor:

Regarding the Paxson story by Helen Clark. This one is a real boo-boo. I think Paxson came to Montana in 1878 or '79, so the Plummer spoken of must have been a ghost. I'm quite sure the demise of Plummer occurred in 1865. His first real residence in Montana was a few miles north of Twin Bridges, my birthplace.

Sincerely,
John F. Ruppel
W 2301 Pacific
Spokane, Wash.

Mr. Ruppel is correct. Harry Plummer, the infamous bad man of Bannack and Virginia City, Montana was hanged on January 10, 1864.

JESSE JAMES

Dear Sir:

My friend, Mrs. James Dean Hayes (widow of a nephew of President Rutherford B. Hayes), age 101 on April 26, 1966, revealed to me in August, this year (1966) her secret that she is the living foster sister of the notorious Mr. "Thomas Howard" who was killed at St. Joseph, Mo. on April 3, 1882. Mrs. Hayes told me that her foster brother, Jesse Davis, alias "Jesse James" of Falls City, Nebraska was the notorious bank and train robber leader. Mrs. Hayes is the former Adelaide Davis, daughter of John Davis and Sarah Washburn Davis of Falls City, Nebr. Mrs. Hayes was born April 23, 1865 at Nevada, Missouri. Her father, John Davis was the Editor-Publisher of the first newspaper at Falls City. Her mother, Sarah was a nurse during the Civil War. Mrs. Hayes is presently a patient in a wheelchair with a broken hip at Humboldt, Nebraska. Out of curiosity I went to our Public Library, here in St. Joseph and looked through Gov. Thomas Crittenden's Memoirs and in it I found the following statement, "Zeralda James (Jesse James' mother) took one look at the body of Howard on April 4, 1882 and said, "Gentlemen, this man is not my son, Jesse James!" Mrs. Hayes' statement clearly shows that "Howard" was certainly not Zerelda James' son, Jesse, as Zeralda stated herself. "Howard" was Jesse Davis of Falls City, Nebraska.

Yours truly,
Charles E. Mason
1910 Bartlett St.
St. Joseph, Mo. 64501

Dear Sir:

To those like myself who enjoyed Dr. W.D. Chesney's article "Who Lies Buried in Jesse James Grave?" and still have doubts, I refer them to Mr. Rudy Turilli, Stanton, Missouri.

I just ran across your magazine at the Base library. Though usually skeptical of such writing because my college background was history, yours was extremely conservative, the articles were signed, and you usually listed bibliographies. Your readers, too, demonstrated an honest and sincere effort to preserve the truth about the Old West.

Therefore when I explain the question that has been puzzling me since last May I am sure that it will get serious consideration from you and your readers. While on my way to New Mexico from Massachusetts I, by chance, stopped at the Mem mec Caverns in Stanton, Missouri. The tour of the caverns brought stories of the James gang's hideout from the U.S. Park Rangers. At the entrance were glass cases containing old guns and clippings from newspapers saying Jesse James was still alive (1950). The souvenir counter had a book for sale saying "I Knew Jesse James" by Rudy Turilli at the reasonable price of one dollar. I purchased one out of curiosity.

I later visited the Jesse James Museum. For a small fee I went through the museum and, with wax figures and a narrated story worth the price of admission, I heard a story that Jesse James was not killed in 1882, that another man who looked like him was substituted and that the real Jesse James died in 1951 at Granbury, Texas.

Such a story to anyone especially those interested in the West, which I hadn't been, would leave one asking, "Isn't this one of the biggest stories to ever come out of the Old West?" Then why hadn't the story been fully checked by recognized historians and sincere and knowledgeable interests like your magazine, and if true made known so that history books could be rewritten?

Fortunately I met Mr. Turilli and for a half hour had one of the most interesting conversations of my life. He logically answered all my challenges with documents and statements by alleged former members of the James gang, all notarized. The material he presented had definitely come from knowing a man who had intimately known too much about outlawry and material on the James gang to be easily set aside as another publicity stunt.

Mr. Turilli was on national television with the man claiming to be Jesse James and offered $10,000 to anyone disproving the fact. He also appears at numerous colleges, yet history books remain unchanged.

Since you opened the way by including the story in your January 1967 issue, which from pictures and account is the very same man Rudy Turilli knew, won't you further examine the possibility that there is a big mistake in our history books?

Sincerely yours,
Richard D. Tero
BOQ Bld 820, Apt 6,
Walker AFB Roswell, N. Mex. 88201

Dear Sir:

Having read several serious books on Jesse James, I wish to comment on Dr. Chesney's article, "Who Lies Buried in Jesse James' Grave?" This

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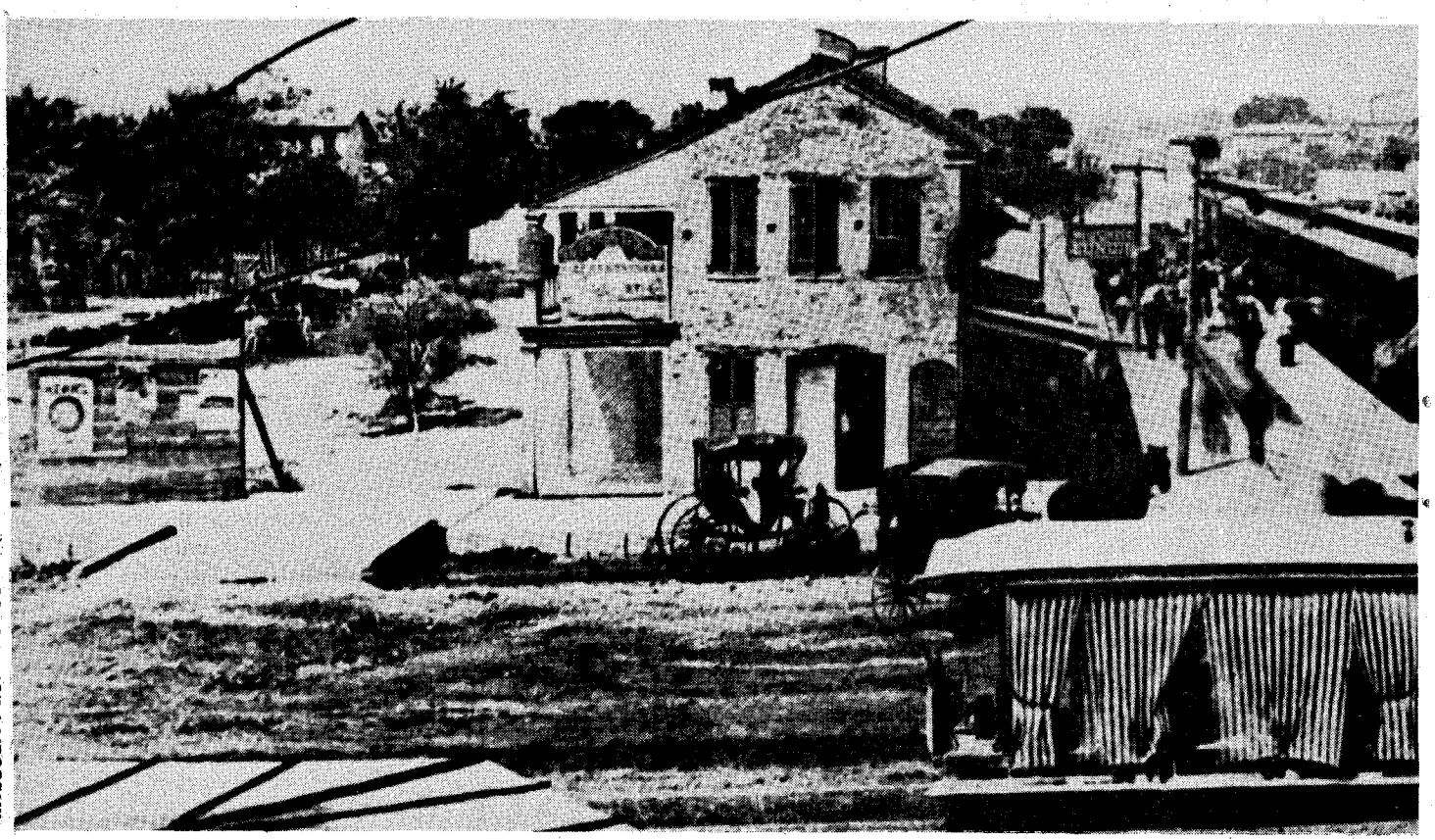
THE TEXAN WHO TAMED THE RAILROADS



Missouri Pacific Lines

Railroad lobbyists hissed from the gallery that day of May 8, 1878, when the big rugged Texan took the floor of Congress. Representatives, with free travel passes in their pockets, stared hostilely at John Henninger Reagan daring to introduce a bill which would put the big lines under public control.

A few Civil War diehards recalled that this very man had been, not too many years before, a prisoner of the very government for which he was now legislating. Only with the recent close of the Reconstruction era had his citizenship been restored so that he might once again serve here. His rating in Washington had not gained for his having been a high official of the extinct Southern Confederacy.

But, honorably, this 60-year-old man with the Appalachian accent had conceded defeat. Gallantly, and without compromise, he had now become the voice of those millions of Americans demanding that public necessities like the railroads be subjected to public control.

"Mr. Speaker," the Texan said, addressing the chair, "I offer a bill for the House Committee on Commerce to prohibit unjust discrimination by common carriers." He paused, so that the weight of his words might register.

"The bill touches the interests of the whole country in every department of its business. It is designed to control the powers for evil of the 75,000 miles of railroads in this country - without removing any of their necessary and legitimate rights and privileges."

John Reagan's memorable speech would be reproduced next day by anti-monopoly newspapers throughout America. Railway magnates would order their gumshoe men in Washington to hand out more free passes and do more favors for congressmen to block the bill. Inevitable comments would be made about this strange talk from a legislator who had played a leading role in bringing the Iron Horse to the state that he represented.

But, to the best of our knowledge, the Texan never owned a share of stock in any railroad. Back in that era, when trigger rowdies like the Jameses and the Youngers were challenging the big lines by boarding engines,

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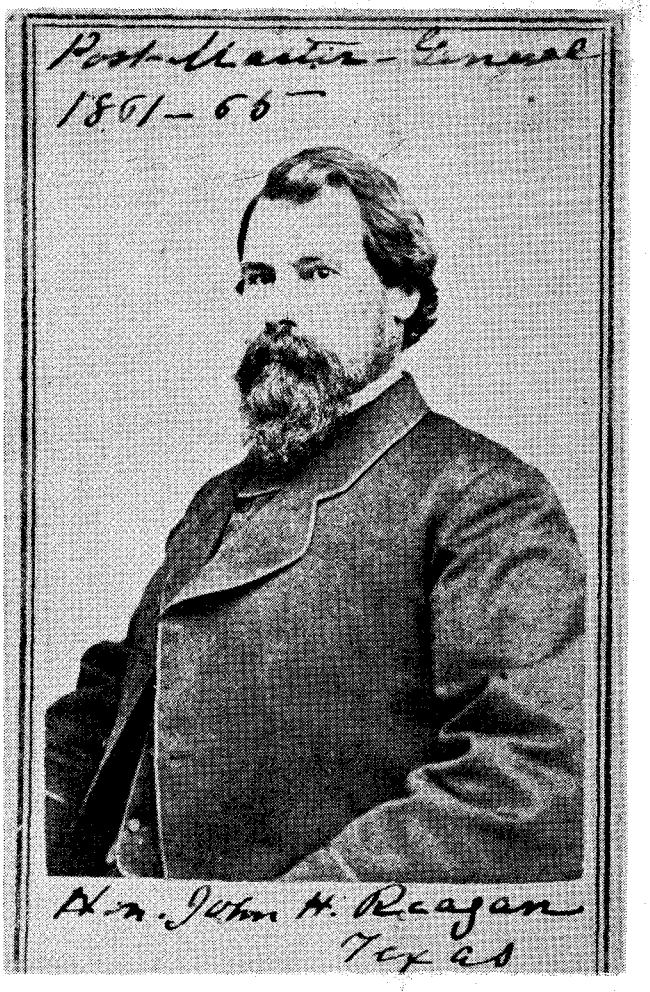
The railroads ruled the land and no one dared criticize this all-powerful monopoly. No one had the courage to defy the iron empire. Then, along came John H. Reagan and the war was on.

by Harold Preece

Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.



John H. Reagan, Postmaster General of the Confederacy. He was instrumental in curtailing unjust discrimination by railroads while a member of Congress in the 1870's.

The Austin, Texas railroad station in 1880.

The vehicle in the foreground is a horse drawn street car providing service to the downtown area.

this memorable Westerner was trying to make rail transportation more available, more cheaply to the American public while condemning the bandit scum.

Transportation was something that John Reagan had been preoccupied with since he had driven slow-paced ox wagons down the roads of his native Sevier County, Tennessee. There, of Irish, English, and Welsh ancestry, he had been born on October 8, 1818. Ten years later, in 1828, the American railroad era would begin with the construction of that initial 50-mile line from Baltimore to Washington.

But at the outset, the emerging Rail Age meant no more than slow time on the calendar to immense areas of back-country America. Not a mile of track had been laid in the Appalachian hill country when Reagan left it to try his fortunes in the booming young Republic of Texas during 1839.

Twenty-one years old, this son of a mountain tanner was, when he became a citizen of that second English-speaking nation to arise in North America. Though railroads were continuing to expand across the more settled sections of the United States, it is unlikely that John Reagan had ever seen a train. But he quickly realized the necessity for this sort of convenient and rapid transit if Texas was not to become a barren piece of nowhere.

By working his way through a Tennessee academy, he had received a better education than most of the migrant Southerners who made up the bulk of the Texas population. He began to read law while surveying land to make a living. His activities as a surveyor made him even more conscious of the need for adequate transportation to maintain the Lone Star Republic's growth.

He staked out huge swaths of land so potentially fertile that it could produce four bumper crops a year if cultivated. He laid out town sites which might be developed into flourishing communities if settlers could be attracted.

But what, except small provincial local markets, could farmers and ranchers expect if there were nothing except

(continued on page 44)

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Ruthless and shrewd with a code that was judged by a Kangaroo court and enforced by death. No, this wasn't the Mafia of Europe...it was Vicente Silva's Bandit Society of New Mexico.

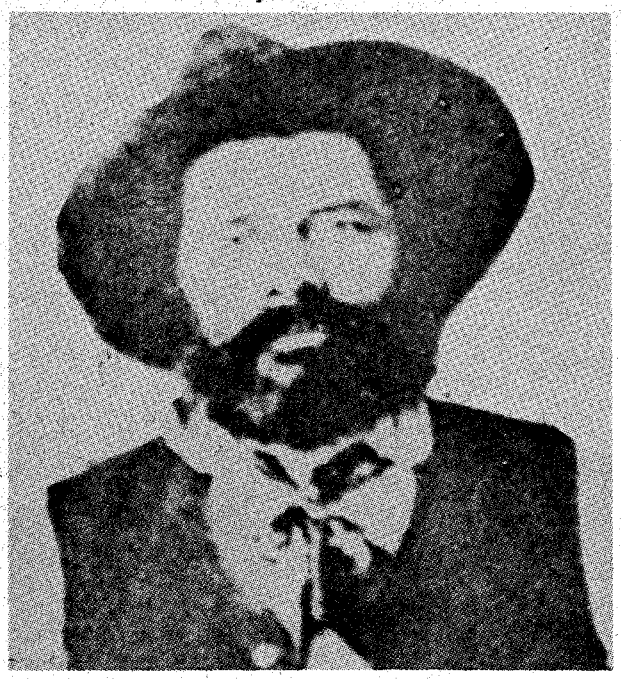

Photo furnished by the author

Vicente Silva, organizer of the Bandit Society.

by Calico Jones

When organizing his gang of outlaws in 1891 Vicente Silva called it *La Sociedad de Bandidos de Nuevo Mejico.* The bandit society was aptly named, for they were bloody robbers and assassins without compare in the southwest.

An unlettered man but a shrewd planner, Vicente conned them with elected officers, from a president on down. But as chief bandit he kept absolute control. He demonstrated his ruthless use of power the night a member, Patricio Maes, was kangarooed for treason.

The first penalty decision of the membership was less then death, whereupon he leaped to his feet, shouting in great wrath, "He broke the oath of secrecy by informing his friend Refugio Esquibel his stolen horses were at Monte Largo! For treachery he must die!"

After a period of stunned silence in Silva's dimly lit saloon where gang meetings were held, the bandits meekly voted as ordered. Shortly after midnight, October 22, 1892, they took Maes down Bridge Street to the bridge over the Gallinas River into East Las Vegas and strung him up by the neck to a girder.

Silva's bandit headquarters occupied the first floor of a two-story building on what is now West Church Street. There he ran a saloon that included a dance floor and gambling tables. On the second lived his family, an adopted small girl named Emma, his colorless and silently obedient wife, Telesfora, and her brother, Gabriel Sandoval. Educated, Gabriel handled all the paper work and general management of Silva's bona fide business.

The bandit chief camouflaged his villainously warped soul with a friendly, smiling front, and never an argument in public. His skin was white, and his face covered by a beard. Those who knew him well described his features as those of an Irishman.

His first important outlaw leadership came while a plotter for the notorious White Caps. This gang cut stockmen's fences, burned haystacks and settlers' homes for money. It struck him that to get rid of an enemy the same men would pay better for murder. So, the cunning Silva, adding all other crimes to his bandit business, engaged in wholesale murder. The boss behind a front, he could do little of this work himself. That was why a gang of hardened criminals was necessary.

Not that Silva wouldn't kill. He did, and often. In fact the first "job" coming to the gang he accomplished himself. A prominent San Miguel County politician was in danger of being defeated for elective office by an honest opponent. At the height of the campaign, with the politician losing votes every day, Silva lay in wait for the opposition candidate. Arriving home late from speech-making, the man dismissed his carriage and started across the veranda for the front door. From black shadows along the wall stepped a burly, short man. Before the victim could cry out, a razor-honed butcher knife plunged into his chest.

The falling body released the long blade, and Silva kept right on going. His man was dead and he was $500 richer. The butcher knife was his favorite death-dealing weapon, silent and sure.

The gang's real money making accrued from stolen stock. A crew under Guadalupe Caballero, known as *el Lechuza* (the Owl) drove off 150 head of the army's big Missouri mules from Fort Union. Two patrols of cavalry set out after them. Then two more hurried to their aid. But without avail, for the government mules had disappeared. At no time were they far from Fort Union, the bandits having driven them into the wilderness of the Tuerto Mountains.

The largest stock owners in San Miguel, Mora and Guadalupe counties were levied on constantly. Pillaging them posed considerable danger when armed riders began guarding the range. The bandits then shifted casually to other counties of eastern New Mexico.

While special groups rustled cattle and horses, another took care of robberies. Remote stores were robbed. U.S. post offices, a couple of banks and several trains were looted in rapid succession.

At Mora the post office was broken into one night. The iron safe was packed away, to be found several days later blasted open. Not one single clue were federal officers able to find. Subsequently this robbery would be an unexpected instrument for putting the finishing touches to the gang.

In his time Silva was described as an immoral man. That didn't name him half strongly enough for the monster that he was. He reserved for himself a scattered string of bawdy houses. At one time they stretched throughout the entire northeastern corner of the territory, west to Albuquerque and south to Socorro.

When establishing one, Silva placed in charge as the "madam" a woman who served as his concubine. The inmates were in sordid slavery, very few ever leaving alive and with any of their earnings. Once shanghaied into one of the houses, they were enslaved to dope,

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NEW MEXICO'S HORRIBLE BANDIT SOCIETY

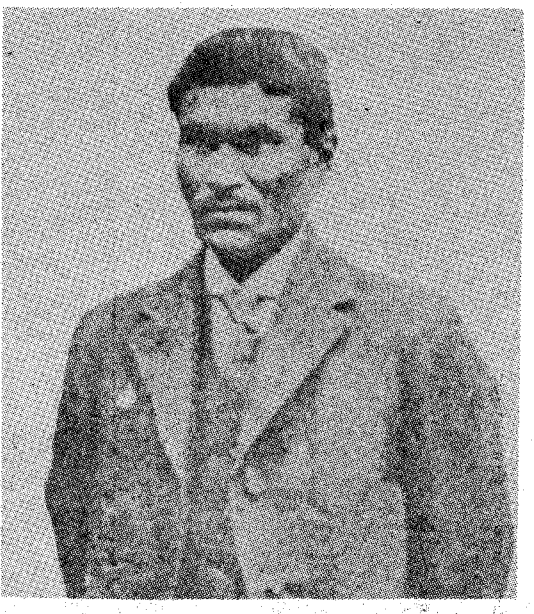

Photo furnished by the author

Guadalupe Caballero, alias el Lechuza (The Owl). As an officer in the bandit society he kidnapped little Emma on Silva's orders.

and unable to obtain it from anyone but Silva, through the madam. Most were addicted to marijuana, which was produced on the farm of a Silva cousin near Truchas.

The most infamous of his several madams was Flor de la Pena who ran his Los Alamos house. A dissolute woman of thirty, the practitioner of every vice known to mankind, she exercised considerable influence over the inhuman Silva.

As bandit chief supreme he held control of local law. Members of the sheriff's office and police were either members of the bandit gang or in his pay. They were in positions to render him valuable services, and to stop trouble before it reared an ugly head. This, two policemen in West Las Vegas demonstrated when they brought Jose Manuel to him in the saloon's back room.

The sodden bandit dropped leadenly to the floor when released. One cop said, "He was talking too much in the Imperial Saloon about that haul in Colfax County," and then both departed.

Staring at the drunken man sourly, Silva didn't need more information. A herd of cattle rustled from several ranches had been streamed into the Monte Largo wilderness. Manuel was one of the crew that spent three weeks sneaking them into a general roundup for running off.

The bandit would be out for some time. Silva entered the barroom and summoned Remigio Sandoval, called in the gang el Gavilan (The Hawk). Listening briefly, The Hawk nodded his dark head, proceeding to the back room. The next day Manuel's body, his clothing reeking of cheap whiskey, was found two miles from town chopped up with an axe. His wasn't a case of treason, but a proclivity for talking too much when drinking. He had diclosed no secrets, but no risks were assumed on him.

Activities of the gang and who headed it were known, especially among the Mexican people. But such great fear had been instilled in the general public none dared open their mouths. Not yet were they courageous enough to give evidence before a grand jury. Some member of that body might even belong to the society.

Chief Justice of the territory, Thomas Smith, when furnished evidence of the gang's powerful existence, became alarmed. Federal officers were instructed to dig into the society. But witnesses summoned before grand juries refused to say anything about the bandits, or even admit they knew of their existence. For a long time this stymied bringing the murderous gang to justice.

The *Americano* purchaser of a large land grant sent a contact man to Silva. A number of settlers had squatted on his land, and a valuable gold mine was in spurious operation. All these interlopers refused to vacate. Meanwhile, the cases of eviction in court never seemed to come up for trial. The owner tired of waiting and being robbed, desired faster action.

When Silva took the job, he got it. Three of the five hardrock miners working the mine as partners were killed one afternoon. The mine tunnel was blown up and all buildings around it burned. The settlers were handled the usual way, by firebrand. When two familes dared remain, starting to rebuild, one father was shot and the other chased out in fear of his life.

But not always did the bandits enjoy easy pushovers. One case was that of the well dressed stranger who arrived by train and put up at the best hotel. He drew Silva's greedy notice by patronizing the saloons and gambling dives on Church Street near him. Displaying

(continued on page 50)

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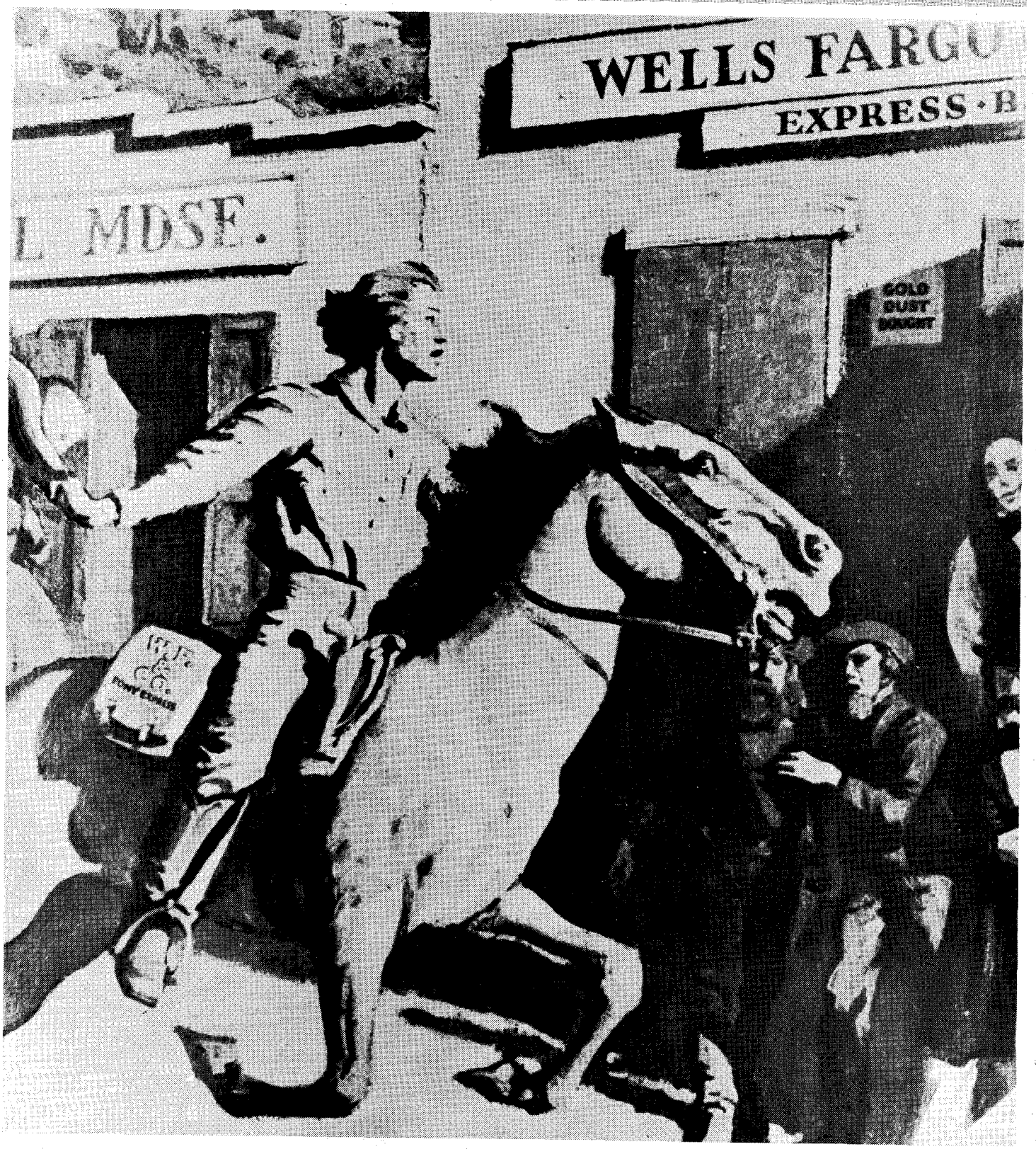
GLORY of the



Wells Fargo Bank History Room

Rider carrying the message of Lincoln's election.

by Minnie A. Willett

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PONY RIDERS

The clattering hooves of the Pony Express aroused echoes that can never be stilled. Although the riders carried the mail for only eighteen months, the romance and glory of their mission lives on a century later.

Nothing ever attracted more attention to the West than the Pony Express.

It was the beginning of a relay race against time, along nineteen hundred miles of Indian trails that led over plains, mountains and deserts, with eighty daring boys and about four hundred ponies taking part. The slogan was "The mail must go through!" and put it through they did, day or night, sun or storm, Indians or no Indians, from St Joseph Mo. to Sacramento, Cal.

Every newspaper reader who saw the headline, "By Pony Express," found his world brightened. The idea of a chain of horsemen braving the dangers of the West was something to quicken the imagination. The fireside sitter would let himself soar across the prairies and over the mountains with these daring youngsters of the Pony Express, and when the dust-covered boys on their ponies dashed back with the mail from the far West, and the far East, a thrill went through the nation.

The clattering hoofs of the Pony Express riders aroused echoes that never can be stilled.

At that time half a million Americans were in the regions beyond the Rockies, hungry for news from their eastern homelands, and there was a great need in the East to ease the minds of the relatives of the loved ones who had taken the trail for the sunset land.

It was felt that mail lines must be established from coast to coast, but where should the pioneer line run? There were three main routes, the central route being hundreds of miles shorter, but the snow fell so deep along parts of this trail that there was grave doubt that a mail line could be maintained both summer and winter. The covered wagon pioneers had travelled over it in the spring, summer and early fall, but some of them trying to make it over the Sierras in the winter had perished. It was an almost superhuman task to battle through the blizzards that swept over the high mountains, and, at first, a mail line over this route seemed out of the question.

But despite all this the plans went steadily forward Once committed to the cause of the Pony Express, Russell, Majors and Waddell, a group of far-seeing Americans, went at the work of organization and carried out the details so promptly and quietly that the general public had little idea of what was going on.

To establish the Pony Express required eighty of the keenest, toughest, bravest of youths for the riders; over four hundred of the best-blooded American ponies; one hundred and ninety stock stations for changing the riding stock; two hundred station tenders to care for the ponies and have them ready, saddled and bridled for the incoming rider to mount and be off like the wind.

If any enterprise developed that paid more dividends in adventure than in cash, there were plenty of young fellows around, as youth was turning to the frontier, not with any dream of sudden wealth, but to escape from the humdrum life in the eastern states. These young fellows supplied the Pony Express with some of its best riders.

The company was strict in the choice of its riders. They had to be young, accustomed to outdoor life, good horsemen and fearless. Only those who did not drink and were of good moral character were chosen. There were eighty of these young men, mostly in their teens, picked for the riders. They signed a pledge for the faithful performance of their duty, and each one was given a small Bible. The average pay was $50.00 a month, room and board.

Seventy-five to one hundred miles a day, which meant at least seven changes of mounts, and the swinging of his mochila from one saddle to another and off inside of two minutes, was to be a rider's stint. At the "home" station, which marked the end of his run, he could rest a while and then ride back with the return mail.

It is said great enterprises are built on courage, and courage certainly animated every rider who carried the fast mail of the "pony days." There are few records of riders quitting under the innumerable dangers of the trail. It was this spirit that focused the eyes of the world on the Pony Express.

On April 3, 1860, the little town of St. Joseph, Mo. was decorated with flags and bunting, and a holiday spirit prevailed. Crowds of men, women and children crowded the streets to see the first rider from the eastern terminal take off.

Johnson W. Richardson, formerly a sailor, accustomed to every degree of hardship, stood by his pony, eager to be off. As the city fathers finished their speeches, and the cannon roared, the mochila was swung into place, and at 7:15 he spurred his pony into action and the first rider of the Pony Express left St. Joseph.

Almost at the same time, out at Sacramento, Calif. young Billy Hamilton, chosen for his ability as a rider and for his knowledge of roads and trails, left Sacramento. As he came crashing up to the station in Hangtown, he leaped on to another spirited pony and was away on the road for Sportsman's Hall, the first home station about sixty miles west of Sacramento.

The young fellow, Warren Upson, who took the mail from rider Billy Hamilton, and headed toward the steeps of the Sierras, had been picked for this particular job when the Pony Express was being organized. He had roamed the Sierras from foothills to peaks, and was felt to be the right man for getting the mail over the toughest spot in the entire route. He selected a stocky, trailwise pony, rather than an animal that promised speed.

From Sportsman's Hall the trail grew worse at every step and heavy snow was beating down from the range. Upson had to break his own trail as the snow had blotted out landmarks, and there was danger of going over the trailside into the canyon. Finally, after miles of fighting,

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Joseph A. Andregg worked with Doc Noss at the Victoria Peak treasure trove several times during the years 1937 through 1940 and saw much of the gold and old artifacts which he removed from the depths.

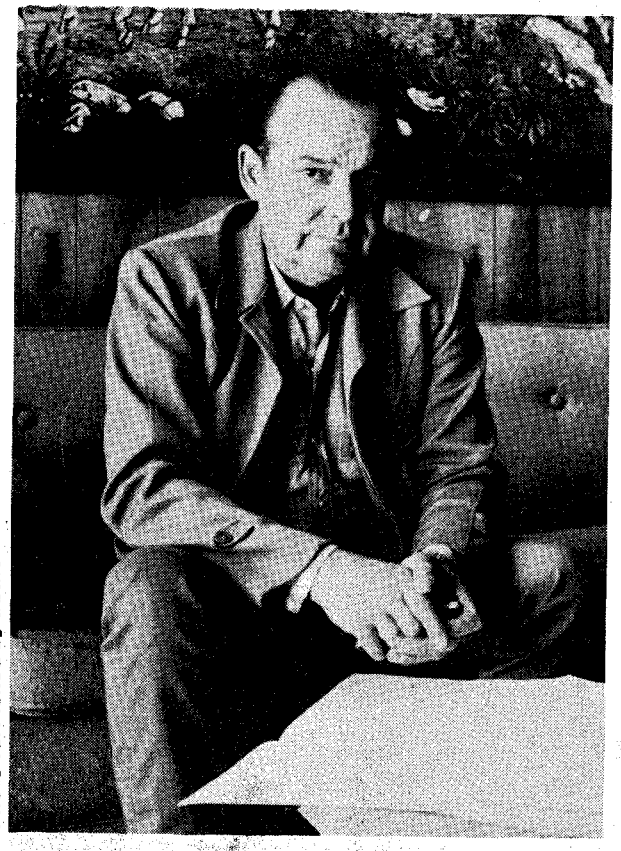

Photo furnished by author

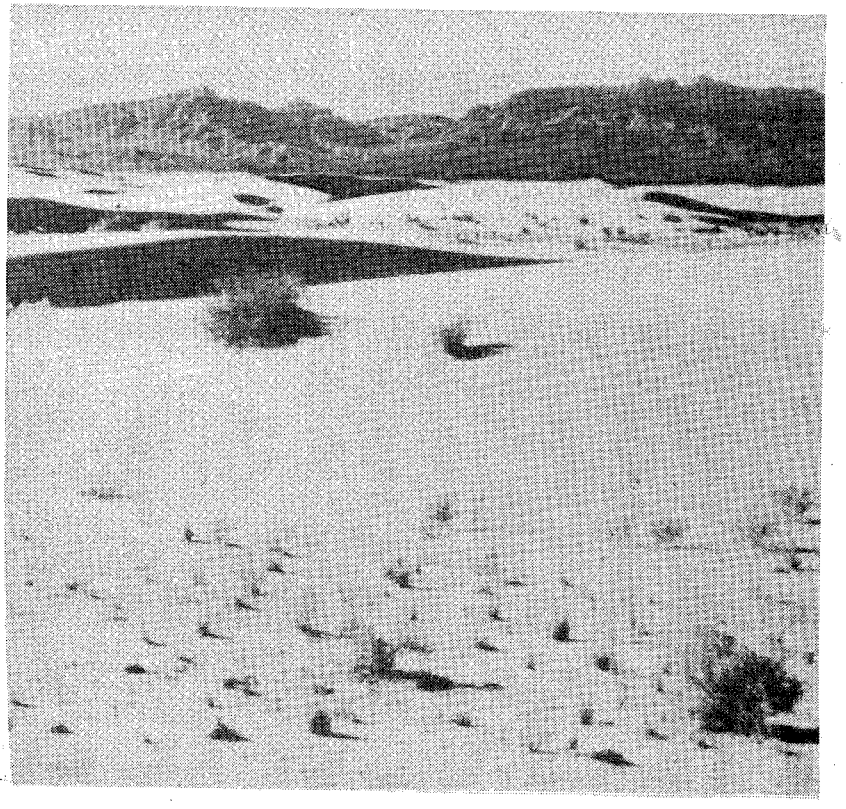

Photo by Mrs. Tom Charles, Alamogordo, New Mex.

THE Victoria

by Kit Carson

Racks of gold bars, chests of silver, church ornaments, golden statues, old scrolls and parchments. The raw gold alone was worth a quarter of a billion dollars. This was the treasure that Noss found in the abandoned Spanish mine works... and this is the fortune that is being stolen this very day.

Will the $350 million gold and silver cache ever be dug from the challenging depths of Victoria Peak, west of Alamogordo, New Mexico?

"Yes!" is the answer of the Doc Noss heirs, who are furiously working on the project at this date.

Stopped from activity by the Federal military authorities was one of the greatest treasure recoveries known in the history of mankind, as it progressed at a furious pace shortly after the close of World War II.

Sudden strong-arm Federal interference caught Doc Noss -- later his heirs -- with their pants down, as they hauled the fabulous stockpile of gold ingots to the surface from this fantastic old Spanish mine workings at Victoria Peak. The situation has been in a mad and furious scramble of every legal procedure known to the Southwest ever since. People who have had a finger in the pie at one time or another during recent years are scattered all over the world, and some of the gold with them.

But the general belief is that this stupendous gold cache will again see daylight, according to the numerous letters received from Old Timers of the region, people who have spent lots of time working cattle and prospecting in the region prior to its closing by the Federal Government. Notes and letters have bulged this writer's files to a welcome bursting point.

Real West readers should be updated on the topic, I feel, since I wrote the first story for this publication, after hearing the story from an old retired Mexican Army Captain, in a hot, dry, dusty cowpen on the banks of the Rio Grande, near Del Rio. The Mexican Army Captain knew Doc Noss when he removed gold bars from the shaft, and was in Hatch the day the Doc was murdered.

At that time I thought the story entirely too fantastic to take stock in. But I have changed my mind since and have kept close tab on the developments. Rarely does a week pass that some heated soul does not make an appearance in my workshop, gravely concerned about the Victoria Peak treasure. Buried deep in the subterranean mine shaft at Victoria Peak is $350 million in gold ingots, far more than this in raw materials, many old gold coins, Spanish artifacts, etc., enough to create a fury and cause most any treasure hunter to keep tab, and notes!

People live today who remember when Doc Noss discovered the monstrous wealth and hauled gold ingots to the surface, and sold them for a grubstake, to further operations. All on the *quiet!*

Doc Noss removed a small fortune of the wealth before he was murdered. This was at a time when the Federal government was interested in the site as a missile testing

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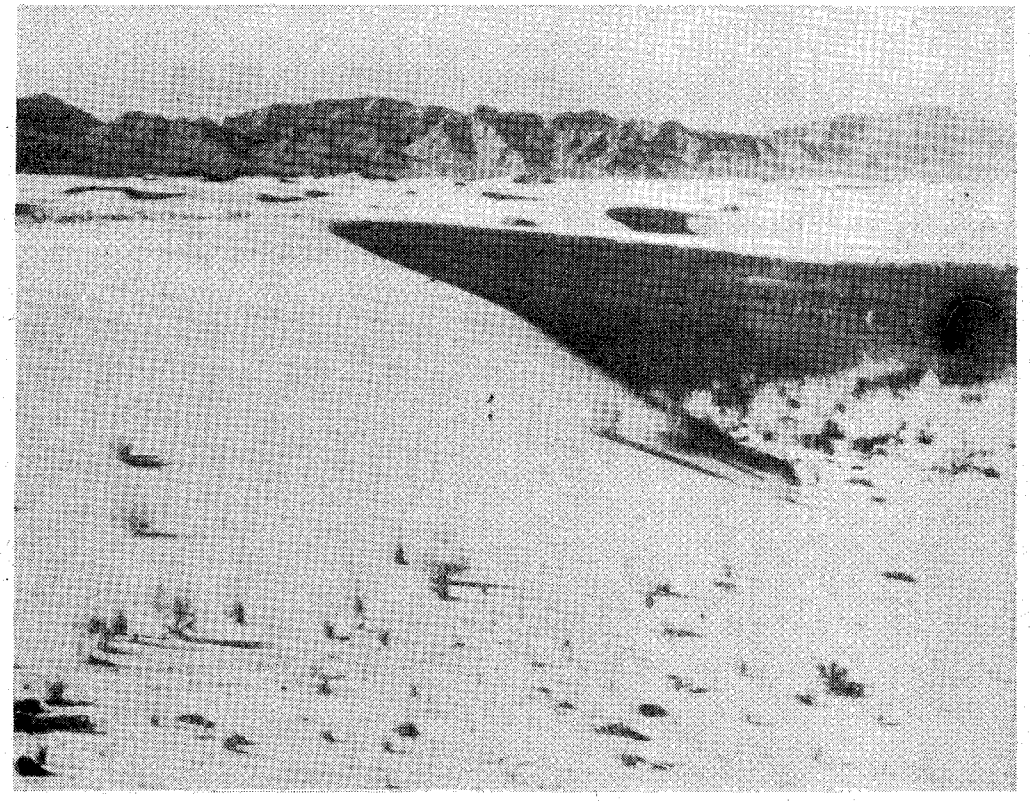

Rugged country near Victoria Peak where Doc Noss discovered the fabulously rich Spanish treasure.

E.H. White accompanied Doc Noss to the treasure trove locality several times and spent several years in the region.

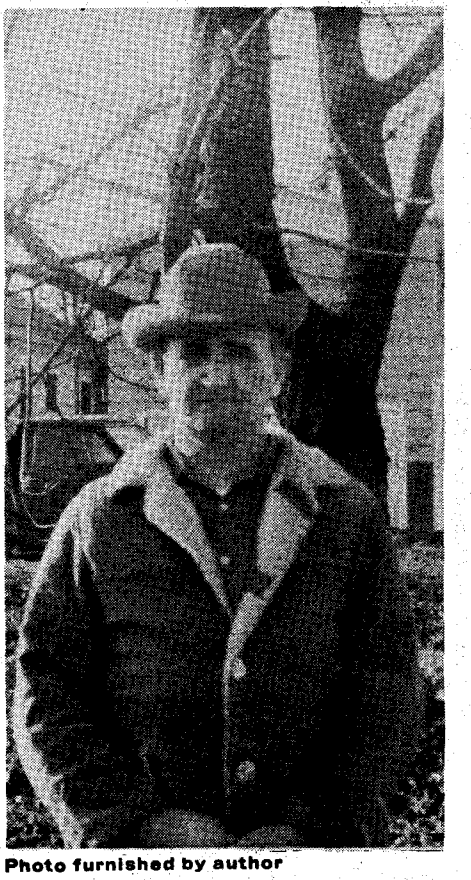

Photo furnished by author

Peak Treasure Is Being Stolen

range and only the military had access to the region; all others had been banned for security reasons.

Noss' widow continued to work the shaft until the Federal missile testing authorities chased her off the claim because it interferred with testing procedures of Space Age craft. The shaft had been caved in during a blast, at the time Doc worked the mine shaft.

The Doc Noss widow, Mrs. Ova Noss, Clovis, New Mexico, knows the location of the trove, having been there a number of times since its discovery in 1937. She was with her husband at the time. But she and her kinspeople can't gain access to the claim on account of the rigid security. Most every day top-priority testing procedures are carried on in this locality, proving space craft for the journey to the moon and outer space.

Since the military took possession of the Range, the guards have been successful in warding off the most daring people who have wanted to search. But then, too, it is doubtful if they have been successful in all efforts. I would say some one is doing something, judging from the reports which come to me. I have talked with Mrs. Noss a number of times during the later part of 1965 and early 1966.

Some time after the treasure story had broken and pressure was applied the New Mexico Land Commisioner took action to settle *once and for all* the existence of the treasure at Victoria Peak. He assigned mine engineers to investigate.

This is the AP account of the incident: "An engineer would determine how much work it would take to open up the mine and how much time the work would require...

"Once the preliminary survey was made, a crew would be sent in to open up the mine and determine whether it contains gold or merely empty dreams of wealth. 'If it isn't in there, we could bust the bubble once and for all,' said the administrative assistant to the Commisioner.

"The purported fabulous stockpile of gold bars contained in the mine is said to have been discovered more than 30 years ago by E.M. (Doc) Noss on Mount Victoria in extreme northeast Don Ana County..."

Shortly after the Great Depression, Doc Noss lived in Hot Springs, New Mexico. In this small New Mexico health resort Doc followed the profession of a chiropodist.

Contrary to what a few might think since he became involved with the Victoria Peak treasure, Doc was not much of an enthusiast in the field of prospecting, nor an avid hunter of lost mines and hidden treasures. However, the country in which he lived and carried on his

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The Rise and Fall

by Louise Cheney

The lady in red swung the whip expertly. It landed squarely on the posterior of Mr. Sears. Out sailed the whip once more and Sears went through the screen door without bothering to open it. The lady returned the whip to the stage driver. "Thank you," she said, "It is an excellent whip!" This was one of the many incidents in the life of the fantastic female spy, sharpshooter, scout and actress.

Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Pauline Cushman, Union spy during the Civil War.

The line, "She walks in beauty," might well have been inspired by the lady in the red gown who stepped from the lobby to the veranda of the La Honda Hotel, south of San Francisco, one day in the latter quarter of the last century. Her lithe figure was perfect. The red velvet dress showed it off in all its curving grace. Her eyes were deep brown, her ebony hair fell in ringlets and her features held a Madonna-like quality. Her voice was liquid and musical.

Regally she circulated among the guests, saying good-bye, for she was leaving her position as manager of the La Honda. In a corner a fat dowager whispered to another dowager, "I hear she is leaving because of trouble with Mr. Sears, the owner. When she would have none of him, he spread scandalous tales about her in all the public places, even the barber shops and saloons!"

"And I hear," whispered the other, "that she has vowed he will live to regret his words."

At that moment the sound of hoofs and wheels filled the air and the stage to San Francisco halted before the La Honda. The lady in red addressed the driver, "May I borrow your whip, please?"

The driver handed down a long six-horse whip. The lady coiled it carefully and ascended the veranda. Sears was bowing gallantly over the hand of a lady guest. The lady in red swung the whip expertly and aimed. It landed true to its aim, square dab on the posterior of Mr. Sears. He made a mighty jump, clutching the injured portion of his anatomy. Out sailed the whip once more and Mr. Sears started off on a dead run but tripped and fell. Like a jungle beast the lady was on him, the whip rising and falling swiftly.

Cursing, Sears regained his feet and ran. Reaching the lobby door, he made a frantic attempt to open it. The whip came at him and coiled about his neck. Screaming, Sears went through the screen door without bothering to open it.

The crowd on the veranda was silent. The lady calmly coiled the whip and returned it to the driver. "Thank you," she said, "it is an excellent whip!" The black-haired beauty opened the coach door and entered, and the stage was off in a cloud of dust.

The lady in red was well-known, not only in the West but over the entire nation, for she was the famous Union spy, known as the Scout of the Cumberland, who had served her country during the Civil War. She was the famous Pauline Cushman.

Although this story dwells with her life in the West, a rundown of her early days is necessary, for it would be unfair to bypass her gallant services to the Union. Flamboyant as a female spy, she was still more colorful as a pioneer on the western frontier.

Pauline was born in New Orleans, June 10, 1833. When she was ten, her father moved to Grand Rapids, Michigan where he opened a trading post.

Pauline grew up among the Chippewa Indians who were her father's customers. They named her Laughing Breeze and taught her to ride horseback. She also became an expert at handling a rifle and a canoe. At the age of fifteen she was a raving beauty.

When Pauline reached eighteen, she struck out for New

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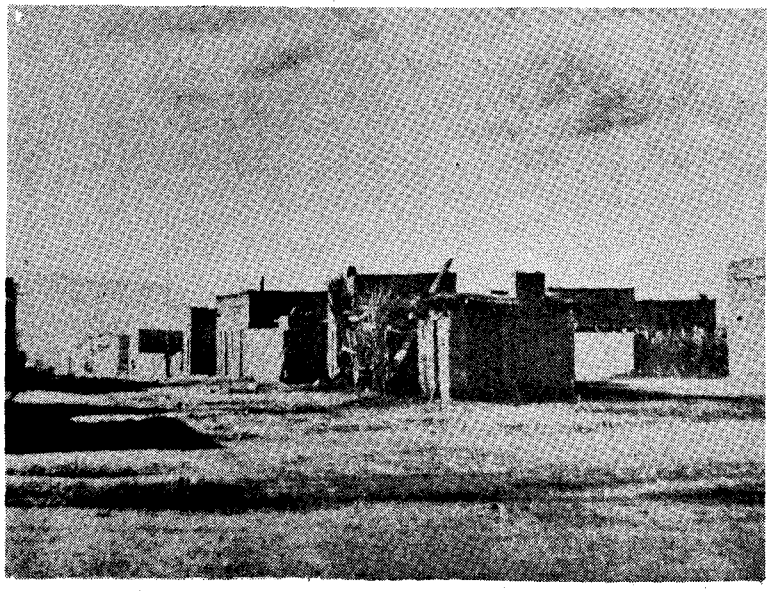
# of Pauline Cushman



Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

View of Casa Grande, Arizona where Pauline Cushman ran a hotel during the 1880's.

York to earn her own way, as she had decided upon the stage as a career. She met Thomas Placide, manager of the New Orleans Varieties and obtained a part in his production. She rose rapidly as an actress and in no time was playing lead parts.

In 1863, when the Civil War was in full swing, her show opened in Wood's Theater in Louisville, Kentucky. When Confederate officers attempted to persuade her to toast the South, she notified the provost marshal. He asked her to join his secret service corps as a spy in the guise of a Rebel sympathizer and she accepted.

She gathered much valuable information for the Union around Louisville, then accepted a part in Nashville on the stage. There she continued her espionage activities under William Truesdale, chief of the Army of the Cumberland Police.

He sent her behind the Confederate lines to secure information on the strength of the Rebel forces at Shelbyville and Tullahoma. She was successful, but on her way back to Nashville was captured by a Confederate scout who took her before General John Hunt Morgan. Morgan dispatched her to Franklin, but a sudden storm came up and Pauline escaped. Just eight miles out of Nashville she was recaptured and returned to General Morgan, who sent her to General Forrest, who turned her over to Bragg.

In Shelbyville Pauline was court-martialed after the provost marshal found Confederate sketches and plans in her boots. She was found guilty of spying and sentenced to hang!

On June 25, General Rosecrans struck Shelbyville, Wartrace and Tullahoma simultaneously. In her cell Pauline heard the deafening sounds of battle. On June 27 the Federals crushed the Rebel army and drove it to Shelbyville. Bragg fled the city.

Pauline's cell doors were opened by Union officers. She was taken to the home of a doctor. Soon she returned to Nashville where she collapsed from nervous exhaustion. While still in bed, she was commissioned by General Rosecrans and Brigadier General Garfield as an honorary Major of Cavalry.

By August the Scout of the Cumberland, as Pauline was now known, was fully recovered. In September she set out on a highly successful personal appearance tour of the United States. In San Francisco she played to a capacity house wearing her major's uniform.

For ten years she toured the nation, appearing from New York City to the western frontier. In the mining camps of the West the cheering audiences voiced their approval with booming six-guns.

In 1871 she formed a stock company and played the parts of LITTLE NELL, THE MARCHIONESS and NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. She was a tremendous hit in the lusty mining towns of Carson and Virginia City, Nevada.

A handsome young actor joined her company. His name was James Ward and Pauline gave him every break. "He has the mark of greatness," she said. Years later the two met again. That time Ward repaid her kindness.

In 1875 Pauline played the star role in the FRENCH SPY at the Metropolitan in San Francisco. It was there at the Grand Hotel that she met Mike Rice who became her friend for life. When he was eighty, Mike wrote his memoirs for the Arizona Pioneer's Historical Society. He described Pauline thus, "As I stood waiting, I was accosted by a woman of magnificent physique, with large, lustrous, black eyes, raven ringlets falling almost to her waist, with the profile of a Madonna and a voice as melodious as a lute."

Mike was a bellhop in the Grand. At their first meeting Pauline asked the boy if she might have him assigned to her as a special servant during her stay. She arranged it with the chief clerk that Mike be assigned to her as a special attendant. Mike wrote, "and I entered the major's service forthwith---"

After a successful run the FRENCH SPY closed. Pauline left the Grand for less expensive lodgings. Mike left Pauline to join Lotta Crabtree's company but the stage did not appeal to him. When he returned to San Francisco he found Pauline at the La Honda. It was there Sears pressed his suit and, when Pauline rejected him, spread ugly gossip about her. It was then that she whipped him publicly on the La Honda veranda. Mike who had been a bellhop at the hotel departed with Pauline.

Pauline remained in San Francisco a few months; then, with a man by the name of Chandler, she staked some timber claims in the Santa Cruz Mountains. They built a lodge which became popular. After a year Pauline sold out her interest and moved first to Santa Cruz and then to the San Gabriel Mission.

One day a tall, handsome man with Cherokee blood in his veins, by the name of Jere Fryer, appeared in San Gabriel. Although he was fifteen years her junior, Pauline fell madly in love with him. She proposed to Fryer, who was surprised but he accepted, for Pauline was still a beautiful woman. She became Mrs. Jere Fryer in 1879.

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SHRINE of the SINNERS

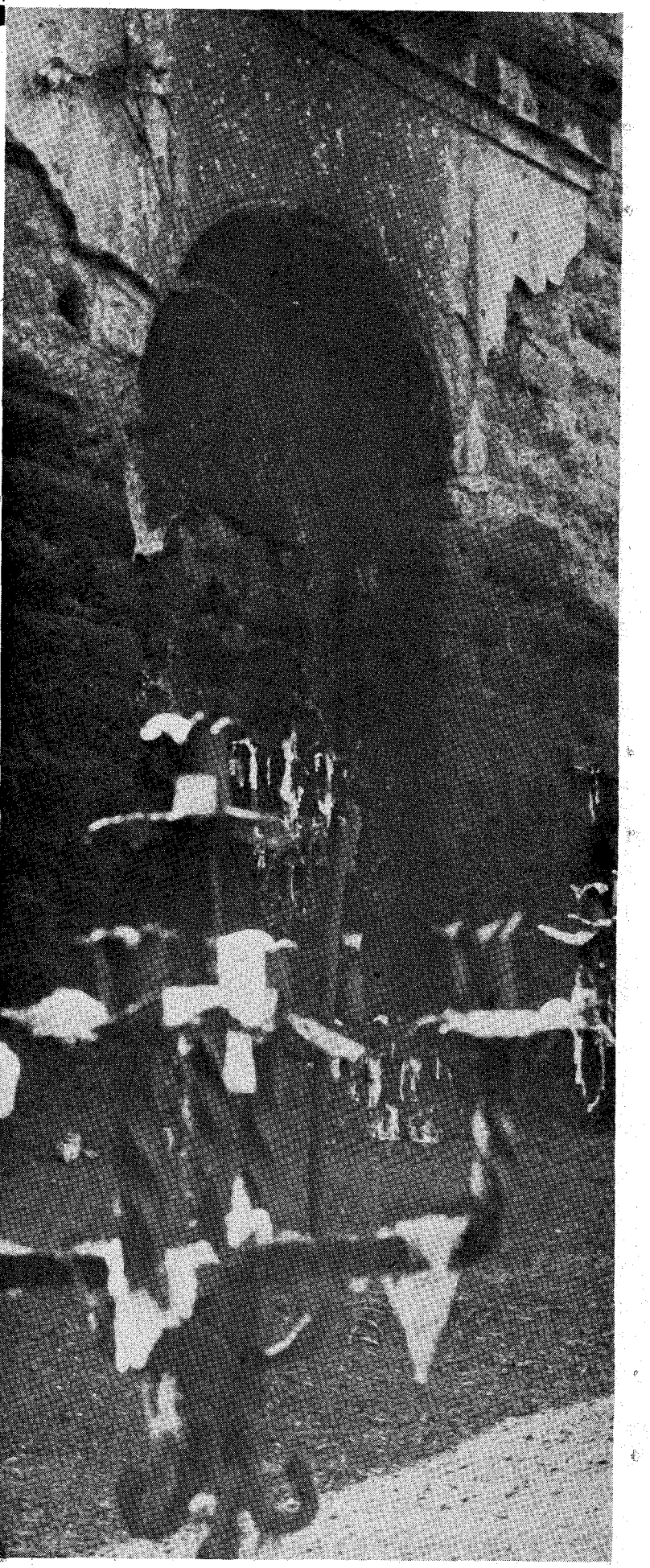
The Shrine of the Sinners is in daily use and is a part of the Mexican heritage of Arizona. During daylight it is rare to see anyone kneeling here, but every evening there are new candles flickering in the dusk.

by Arizona Bob Kubista

Between two buildings near downtown Tucson is a small smoke-blackened shrine that is possibly the least known historical spot in all of Arizona. Within walking distance of the central business district of the Old Pueblo are the adobe walls of "El Tirodito". This plain unassuming Shrine of the Sinners stands quietly in memory of all the castaways who died in the Bario here. More than two centuries ago Spanish columns passed close to this spot on their way from Sonora, Mexico to the trading centers in the North. Long before the coming of the Anglo-Americans, commercial travelers and teamsters stopped at the nearby Elysian Groves camp grounds. There were many knife fights over the years, some of them ending in tragedies that added to the legends that surround the Shrine of the Sinners today.

Now the tall glass-and-concrete buildings in the center of modern Tucson throw long shadows that almost touch the adobe walls still standing in calm defiance of creeping, threatening urban renewal. Hardly a single winter visitor stops at this small shrine on South Main Avenue, near West Simpson Street.

It was originally built in memory of one man who died here after a bloody and brutal fight. Because he died for his sins, he could not be buried, the legend goes, in consecrated Church grounds. There are many versions of this story, all containing some small part of the truth. Besides the original one, there are at least a dozen similar tales, including many about fallen angels who are prayed for till this day at this Shrine of the Sinners. Many local historians have tried to sift through and separate the stories, in a vain effort to find the single correct one.



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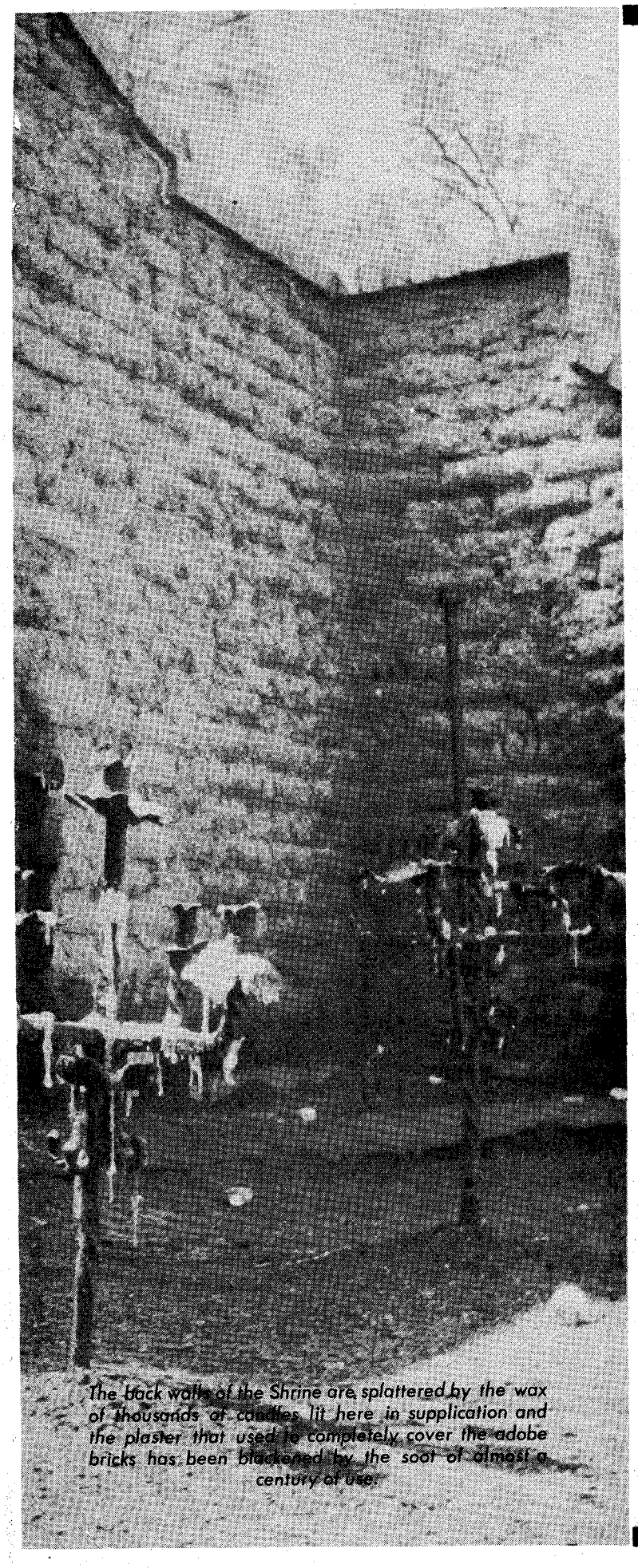

The back walls of the Shrine are splattered by the wax of thousands of candles lit here in supplication and the plaster that used to completely cover the adobe bricks has been blackened by the soot of almost a century of use.

Every new death, suicide or family tragedy, who could not be buried in the Church cemetery or be prayed for at mass added one more person to be remembered by some one who came to this simple shrine to pray for their souls. A local belief, widely accepted among the Mexican people of the neighborhood, is that the wish will come true if the candle lit in supplication burns all night. Who can say....?

Most current accounts place the building of this Sinners' Shrine at about 1870, after the death of one Juan Oliver or Oliveras, a sheepherder who worked on the F.H. Goodwin Ranch outside of Tucson. A diligent search has lately revealed that there was "a shrine" or place of supplication near here before the time of the Gadsen Purchase, in 1853. Certainly, a grave does show at this spot in an oil painting by Mrs. Maria Navarrete Cordova and recently displayed at the Arizona State Museum. This oil painting is a landscape of early Tucson, as it was over 100 years ago. The grave was the unhappy result of a fight in the Bario Libre in about 1855, the first recorded incident of this kind here. Stories that followed include the death of a soldier, the grave of a Mexican outlaw, the coffin of a wayward girl and even the murder of a wronged father. Let us try to sift through all these and find the truth.

A good place to begin is the Shrine itself. It stands on the west side of South Main Avenue where the open arms of the newer adobe walls can catch the morning sun. These walls were built in 1940 by the National Youth Administration workers after the land had been deeded to the city by the Otero family. At the same time, the youth workers made other minor repairs and improvements to the Shrine. The back wall was probably built about 1883. The old Shrine looks like a large fireplace, with a long headstone on top, and a smaller niche or shrine resting on that. Above this is a rounded section of the back wall. A flat, hand-forged steel cross is fastened to the topmost brickwork. On either side of the Shrine are the original altar-like shelves. On these shelves usually are placed "offerings" of paper or waxed flowers. The entire back wall is splattered with the wax from the thousands of candles that have been lit to bring comfort to the souls of the castaways.

If Juan Oliveras is indeed one of the men remembered here, the candles lit in his memory are placed in one of the five wrought-iron stands that have been pounded into the packed dirt floor in front of the Shrine. Behind these iron candelabras is a sixth stand that is sheltered from the wind by the sides of the old Shrine. The present-day visitor enters the lot from the paved street in front, passes some low-lying prickly-pear cactus and can stand in the cool shade of graceful paloverde trees that have been planted on either side. The Shrine of the Sinners occupies a place no longer than an ordinary city lot. In fact, on one side of it is a well-kept private home with a small patio restaurant in front, and on the other side is an auto repair shop.

The tales vary, but they all agree on two main points: that it was a man who was killed on this spot, and that he had sinned so greatly that he could not be buried in consecrated ground. Some historians believe that Juan Oliveras was killed here, buried at the spot, and his body later moved to a cemetery on North Stone Avenue near West Third Street. It is possible, because there once was a cemetery at that location, now occupied by tall office buildings. However, I believe that what *actually* happened was this:

Shortly after 1870 Juan Oliveras was employed as a sheepherder on the F.H. Goodwin Ranch, about nine

(continued on page 59)

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When she was fourteen years old, the Navajo dragged her from the Ute village. From that day on she became the "Ute Slave Woman". This is the fascinating story of her life in an alien land, amidst a people who had been her dreaded enemy.

"My Life As

All Photos furnished by Maurice Kildare

Asdzani Noodai Naalte, the Ute slave woman who lived most of her life among the Navajos. Photo taken by her benefactress.

(Asdzani Noodai Naalte - Ute Slave Woman - was eighty years old when she first visited my mother at Rainbow Lodge trading post on Navajo Mountain in 1924. She lived alone in a brush-covered ground hole, in dire circumstances. She subsisted on whatever rodents she could catch and edible wild plants. Sometimes a passing Navajo left a haunch of meat or a sack of corn. On learning of her destitute condition, mother kept her supplied with the necessities of life. She replaced her patched rags with good clothing. But Asdzani Noodai would never wear shoes. When my parents established Inscription House trading post, she moved near her benefactress. Sitting in the post kitchen drinking coffee, or in camp under the cedars, she talked of her early life. She did so as long as I would listen, even until daylight. To me she was always simply, Ute Woman----Asdzani Noodai. She died in 1931. The following is her early life story----- Maurice Kildare)

It was a day of tragedy for us when Chief Dobbykin brought the fighting men back from the Navajo country south of the San Juan River. On this quick raid they took much plunder in goods, cattle, horses, and eight young girls.

At once they began the victory dance over forty scalps, some of them taken from little children. During the dance one of the prisoners who cried all the time was slowly burned to death in one of the blazing log fires.

Shaking with great fear, we women took the children and hid above our wickiup camp on the slopes of Blue Mountain (Southern Utah). Twice before the men had made big raids into Navajoland. Each time a large force of them struck back in revenge.

The Navajos were fierce fighters who drove terror into our hearts. This time the men were confident they would not come, or, if they did, would be driven away with much slaughter. We women, who always waited at home in great sorrow when the men were gone raiding, knew better. As sure as the snow came from on high, the Navajos would attack as before. They would be undetected until striking swiftly in the night time. That is why, when I had passed fourteen summers, we scurried into the rocks, wanting to live. (If her age was fourteen, the raid occurred in 1848.)

The enemy came the second morning of the men's carousal, just before gray streaked ahead of the dawn. Concealed high in the rocks, we heard coyote babbling signals all around the camp spread out below. From it echoed drum beats, chanting, and the hoarse yelling of the men celebrating. Chief Dobbykin had watchers out. Yet, as in the past, the enemy who knew desert warfare best slipped undetected between them and the camp.

They appeared suddenly, charging on their stripped-down ponies. (No saddles.) We saw first their long lance tips agains the stars and sky, in a full moon. Then they were lowered to kill. Riders thundered into the camp from three sides. They were as the whirlwind, unstoppable and rendering death. Where once there had been exulted chanting and drumming, the air was now filled with screams of the bloodily-lanced dying.

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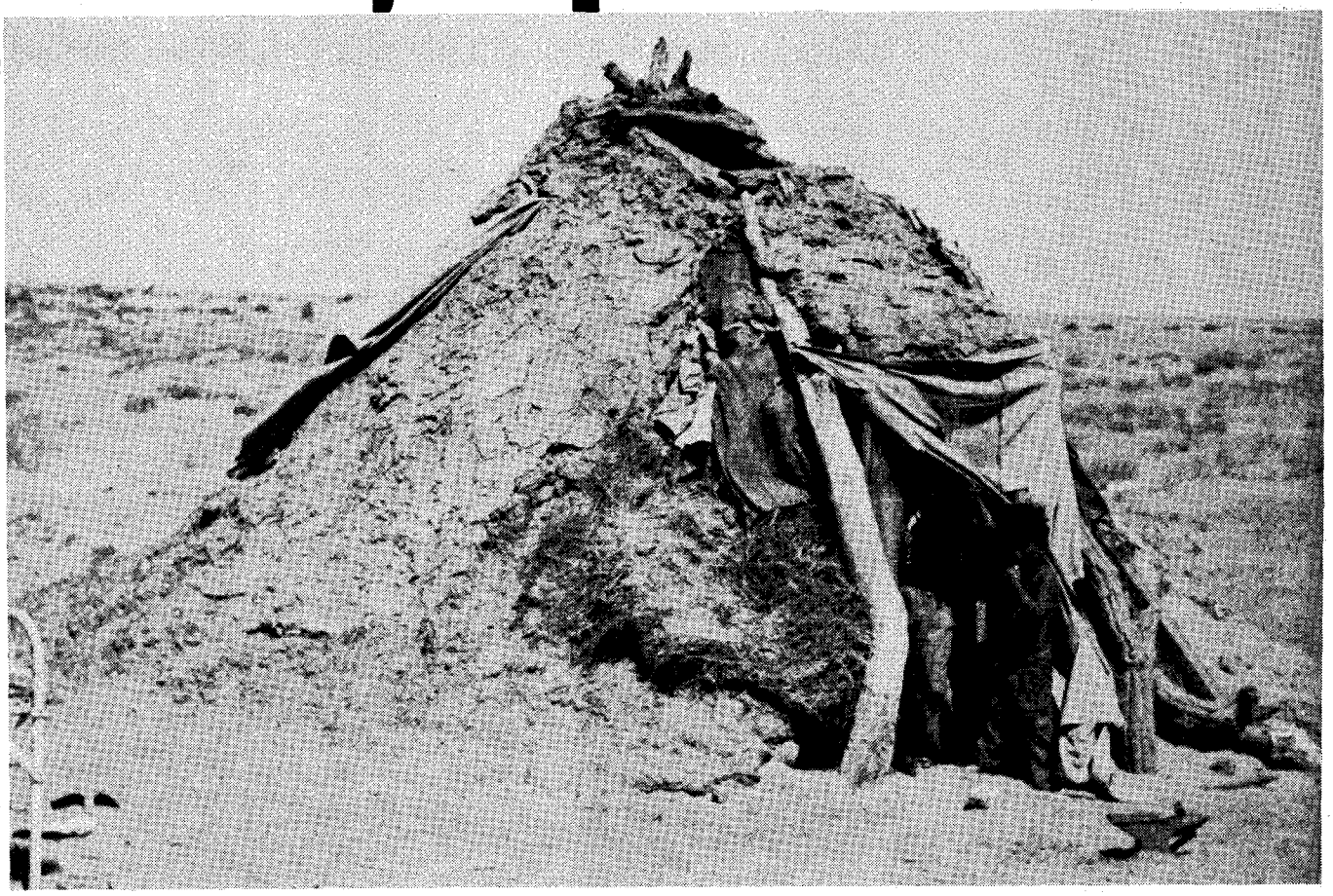
A Navajo Squaw"

by Asdzani Noodi Naalte



Hogan in which Asdzani Noodai Naalte lived the last years of her life. It was located near the Inscription House trading post.

Our men owned powder arms obtained from the Spaniards in New Mexico. But they never got a chance to use them, or spring an arrow from their bows. In a very few minutes it was all ended. Only a few escaped the camp. Among the dead were my father and two brothers. My mother had been killed in a similar raid two years before.

At once we set out running from the rocks for Star Peak. It was always a rallying place where the men who managed to survive would come. The smallest children were carried by older women. All could not run equally well, and before long we were scattered through the mountains in small bunches. When the sun reached overhead, I was with a party of five girls, no children. We moved in a slow walk, for by then we could no longer run.

A scout we never saw spotted us. Soon, in dashed riders who surrounded us closely. When we screeched in fear and tried to dodge between the ponies, several men leaped to the ground laughing. They seized us by turns, tossing us up to a mounted rider. When all were thus captured, the Navajos swung south out of the mountains. By the time they reached the San Juan River all others of the war party were rejoined.

We expected death, hoping it would come quickly before unspeakable tortures. Our men treated all captives cruelly, especially women prisoners. From the days I could remember when a very little girl, I heard them describe how they tortured those who fell into their hands. At that time we believed the Navajos were even more cruel and that slow death would be our lot when captured.

There were twelve Ute women captives and we were huddled in the center camp. All night we lay awake expecting men to come and seize us. But that did not happen. We thought this very strange for Utes always molested their prisoners.

In the morning we were given food as the night before. A Navajo who spoke the Ute language made a brief talk.

"You are being taken to the Navajo Mountain country of many canyons," he said. "If you try to get away, you will be killed. This day you will ride a saddle. You must be orderly and do as you are told."

They mounted us on captured Ute horses and saddles which were the forked-stick kind used for riding or to carry things on. Riding south, then west, the party pointed at the dark mass of the mole-hill-shaped Navajo Mountain. We had seen it for years from Ute country and knew it as a dreaded stronghold of the Navajos. But now I learned that not one single Navajo lived on it,

(continued on page 60)

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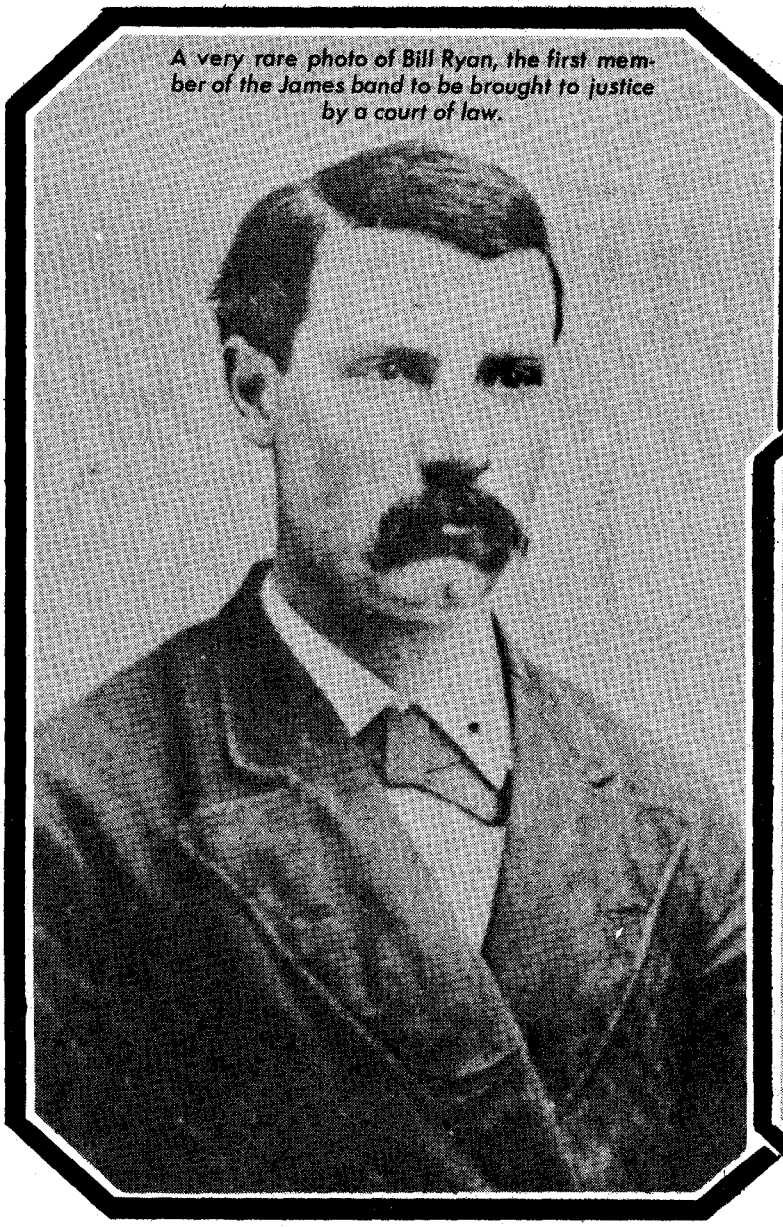
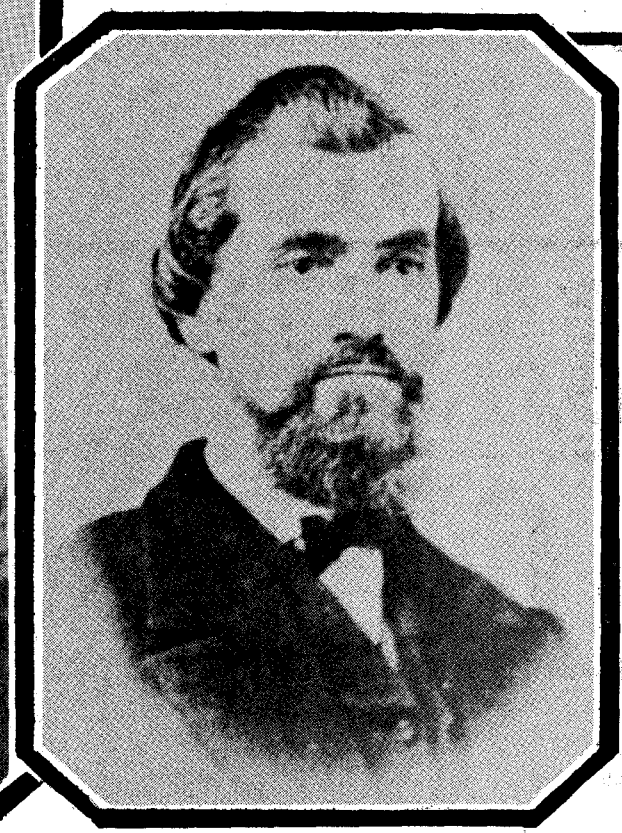
BILL



A very rare photo of Bill Ryan, the first member of the James band to be brought to justice by a court of law.



All Photos furnished by the author

The Glasgow Stage Coach was held up on Sept. 3, 1880 as Sam McCoy was driving his team from Mammoth Cave to Cave City, Kentucky. When the stage reached a desolate spot along the way, two mounted men emerged from cover and with leveled guns, ordered McCoy to pull his team to a halt.

The passengers on the stage were Judge R. H. Rountree and his daughter Elizabeth of Lebanon, Kentucky; P.S. Rountree, his nephew from Fairmount, Minnesota; J. E. Craig from Lawrenceville, Georgia; S. M. Shelton from Chattanooga, Tennessee and several others.

After the bandits had relieved the passengers of their valuables, one of them passed a bottle of whiskey around and insisted on each victim taking a drink. This sounded like a typical trick of Bill Ryan's, a member of the James gang and a known "whiskeyhead." The other robber, because of his pleasant, flattering speech to the ladies, sounded like Jesse James. After a few minutes of conversation the bandits lifted their hats courteously and allowed the passengers to reenter the stage and proceed.

The two outlaws then galloped off in the direction of Cave City and robbed another coach that had just left for Mammoth Cave. The only occupants of this vehicle were a Negro preacher and the driver. When the first stage reached Cave City, a posse was formed at once and began a diligent search of the territory, with the usual success-nothing.

Lieut.-Governor James E. Cantrill issued a proclamation offering $500 reward for the arrest of the two robbers. Of course, the reward money was an incentive for all the amateur sleuths in the area. G. W. Bunger, a deputy sheriff of Ohio County, appeared in Cave City with a suspect, one T. J. Hunt, who was an ex-guerrilla, and was known as "Guerrilla Tom." His trial was held on November 20, 1880, and he was bound over for the Barren County Grand Jury, which indicted him in April, 1881. The case did not come up for trial until March 31, 1882, when a verdict of guilty was given by the jury, and Hunt was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary at Frankfort, Kentucky.

Oddly enough, at the very time of Hunt's trial, Jesse James was shot and killed by Bob Ford. Jesse's picture was carried in all the newspapers throughout the country, and Judge Rountree instantly saw that a terrible mistake had been made in his identification of Hunt as Jesse James, and thereafter the judge used his utmost efforts to correct his mistake by working for Hunt's release. At the time of Jesse James' death, the outlaw was wearing

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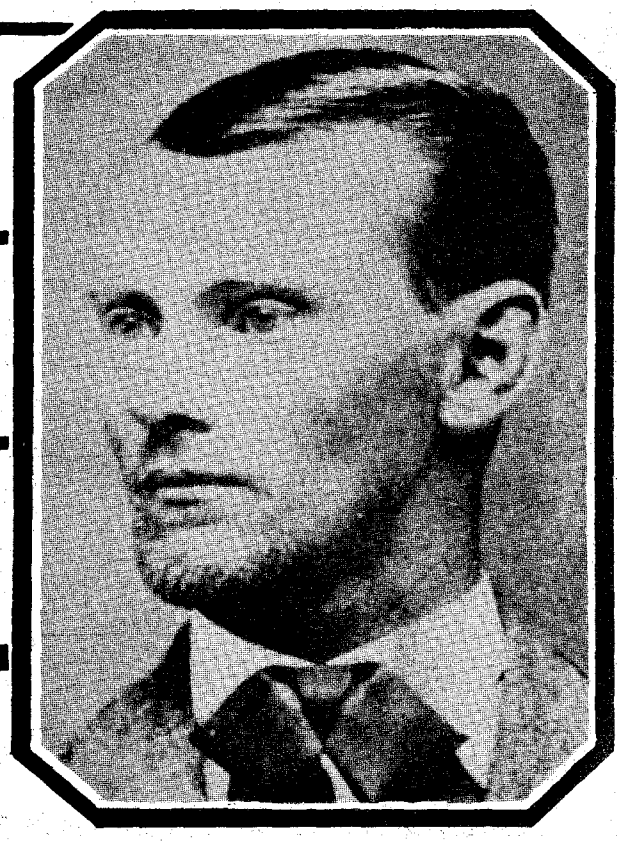
While some have classified Bill Ryan as an asset to the James gang, a thorough study of this man's life, foolish arrests and cause of death leads one to believe that he was a liability.

by Carl W. Breihan

RYAN, WORST Of The JAMES' GANG



Frank James at 33 years old. From a rare photo in author's collection. Picture on the right Jesse James from a photo taken in 1875.

Judge Rountree's watch and Mrs. James was wearing Miss Rountree's diamond ring. (This also eliminates stories that Frank James and Jim Cummins were the two bandits who robbed the Mammoth Cave Stage.)

Judge Rountree's efforts in behalf of Hunt were successful and he was granted a new trial. Affidavits were obtained from Charles and Bob Ford, who stated that Jesse James and Bill Ryan were the two men who had robbed the stages. Dick Liddil also made an affidavit to the same effect, and another was obtained from Bill Ryan himself, who was then serving a term in the Missouri State Prison for his implication in the Glendale train robbery. Governor Blackburn of Kentucky granted Hunt a full pardon on May 1, 1882. The State Legislature of that commonwealth passed a bill awarding Hunt $1500 for the time he had spent in prison.

While some writers have classified Bill Ryan as an asset to the James gang, a thorough study of this man's life, foolish arrest, and cause of death leads one to believe he was a liability, just as Frank always claimed. It is common belief that anyone under the influence of liquor cannot do a job well. Such was the case of Ryan. It was his love of liquor which caused his arrest and ultimate confinement in the Missouri State Prison. Would this be considered the actions of a brilliant man? Perhaps Jesse's high regard for Ryan was because the man fed his vanity. Frank, on the other hand, always predicted that the drunken man would cause trouble for the gang and it would be best to get rid of him.

It was near White's Creek, not far from Nashville, Tennessee, that Frank and Jesse had a discussion with regard to Ryan. Frank lived at the Felix Smith place and assumed the name of Ben Woodson, and appeared to be engaged in hauling lumber for the Indian Lumber Company. Jesse lived some distance away, but he and Ryan were frequent visitors to Frank's home. Frank tried to persuade Jesse to drop Ryan then and there for, as usual, he was dead drunk. Jesse, however, took the attitude that Frank did not like the man because Jesse had taken him "under his wing."

"Jesse, I wish you wouldn't bring that damned drunken Irishman to my house any more. You better keep an eye on him pretty close. His big mouth and loose tongue will get us into trouble when he's full of whiskey some day."

"Oh, you just don't like Bill, but he's all right," Jesse assured his older brother. "Yeah, I'll admit he does drink a bit, but he's all right; so stop worrying."

In March, 1881, the Jameses were in Selma, Alabama,

(continued on page 68)

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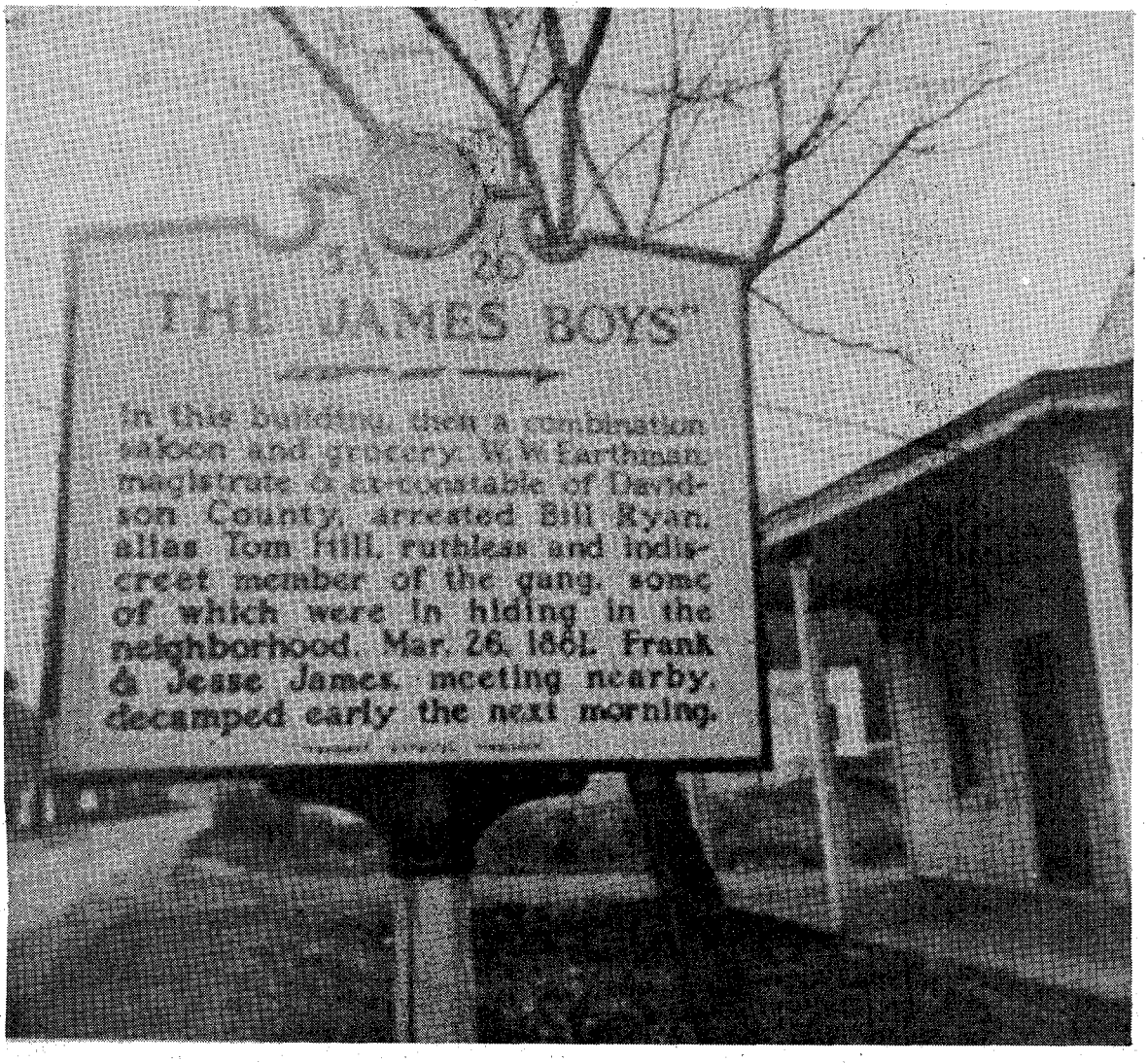
I HIT JAMES BOYS"
In the building then a combination saloon and grocery W. H. Earthman, magistrate & ex-constable of Davidson County, arrested Bill Ryan, alias Tom Hill, ruthless and indiscreet member of the gang, some of which were in hiding in the neighborhood. Mar. 26, 1881. Frank & Jesse James, meeting nearby, decamped early the next morning.

Historical marker identifying saloon in which Bill Ryan was arrested.

residing incognito at the St. James Hotel on Water Street. Jesse was still suffering from his lung wound and wanted to consult a specialist there.

On Friday, March 11, at three in the afternoon, United States Army Paymaster Alexander G. Smith rode leisurely along the towpath that paralleled Muscle Shoals Canal, several miles from Florence, Alabama, carrying payroll money for the engineers' camp at Bluewater. Three masked men dashed up and made the startled paymaster a prisoner and confiscated more than five thousand dollars. They then forced the unfortunate man to travel with them almost all that night, releasing him many miles from the point of the holdup, during a blinding rainstorm.

They had removed their masks prior to that and had chatted with Smith in a friendly manner. Smith said one of the men, apparently the oldest of the three, was always quoting Shakespeare and acted more like a preacher than an outlaw. The second was a loud-mouthed braggart who smelled strongly of whiskey; the third, apparently the leader, was younger than his companions, talkative and polite, but always on the alert. The trio's description fitted the combination of Frank James, Bill Ryan and Jesse James.

But, as Frank James had predicted, Bill Ryan was to get them into serious trouble. On March 26, 1881 Ryan rode pell-mell into White's Creek, and stopped in front of the general store operated by Mr. J. Maddox. Loudly he stomped into the saloon section of the store and demanded to be served the best liquor in the house; that he could and would pay for what he drank.

"Gimme me some raw oysters an' some of that raw whiskey on the back bar!"

Naturally, a bottle of the best whiskey was put before Ryan as he placed several gold coins on the bar. In a matter of several hours Ryan was soon drunk, and began to brag and boast of who he was, and to create a general disturbance. Mr. Maddox, of course, appreciated Ryan's free spending, but soon became disgusted with the man's vile manners, and tried to calm the outlaw down. Unsuccessful in this, alone, he called the owner, Mr. W. Earthman, to assist him.

Ryan jumped up and looked suspiciously around the room. "Stand back, stand back!" he yelled. "Thar ain't nobody in this yere place kin tell me what I can do and what I kain't do. Stand back, 'fore someone gets hurt. Know who I am? I 'm a rough and tough desperado, thet's what; a killer, thet's who I be, an' my name's Tom Hill." Surprisingly, he had sense enough to give a fictitious name.

Ryan started to jerk out his guns, but Mr. Earthman jumped behind him and held his arms to his sides and tried to talk some sense into the man. At this point someone called for the blacksmith, whose shop was next door. He was a powerful Negro, and he assisted in disarming Ryan and searching him. They found over $1,200 in gold on his person. This, in connection with Ryan's boast as to being an outlaw, led them to believe he was telling the truth. There was no identification on his person, however so Ryan was turned over to the Nashville police for investigation purposes and for mugging. It was not long before photographs of the talkative Ryan were being sent all over the country.

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The Kansas City Police were quick to see that "Tom Hill" was Bill Ryan a much-wanted member of the infamous Jesse James band. They took their information to Mr. William H. Wallace, Prosecuting Attorney, who instantly declared that the photo was that of Ryan.

Wallace had run on the platform that he would rid the State of Missouri of the James outlaw band, and here was his opportunity to prove his intentions. Ryan was returned to Missouri, indicted and tried for alleged participation in the 1879 Glendale train robbery. He was convicted chiefly on the testimony of Tucker Bassham and sentenced to twenty-five years in the Missouri State Penitentiary.

The Ryan trial was held at Independence and was recalled vividly by old-timers of that section. It was the most exciting court trial held in Missouri up to that time; more than that, it was the first showdown between the outlaws and the forces of the law. Ryan felt that his old friends would rally to his defense in spite of his foolishness in getting arrested. The old guerrillas did rally, and Jesse James and his followers rode up from Nashville, ready to effect a *coup de grace* at the first opportune moment. The rumor was spread that the Jameses were intent on rescuing Ryan, and excitement ran high in Independence, especially at night when secret rockets were seen exploding in the wooded sections around the town. No doubt they were meant to tell Ryan that his friends were standing by.

The raid did not take place but the trial did–beginning on schedule. R. L. Yeager, Blake L. Woodson, and B. J. Franklin were retained to represent Ryan. All were prominent men and gifted lawyers.

Ryan's friends crowded the small courtroom, armed to the teeth. Many of them slept in the courthouse so they could get the best seats in the courtroom. People stated there had not been so much excitement in Independence since General Jo Shelby chased the Federal troops through the town just before the Battle of Westport during the Civil War.

Tucker Bassham, the state's principal witness, was brought from Jefferson City by A. Hays, a brother of Colonel Upton Hays, formerly of Shelby's command. Captain M. M. Langhorne had been appointed special guard for Ryan. The captain was a brave man and would die before shirking his duty. Oddly enough, he too had been a member of Jo Shelby's Iron Brigade during the Civil War.

No doubt there were many men just waiting for Jesse or Frank James to give the signal to attack Independence in an attempt to rescue Ryan. For years it was general gossip and amazement on the part of the people in the locality as to why Jesse did not attack the town. Was he afraid? Did he fear Captain Langhorne?

It was later learned from one Walter Kelly that Jesse's reason for not attacking Independence had been a sound one, and we now learn how Kelly became aware of it. Kelly had lived in Ray County, Missouri as a boy, having come from Kentucky, where he had known a gentlemen named David Howard, a quiet man with a small family and several spirited horses. He also stated that Howard was never without kid gloves and that he was constantly blinking his eyes. Kelly's father and their neighbor, a Mr. Stone, had been Confederate soldiers and both appeared to know Mr. Howard very well, although they spoke little of him. Several incidents burned into the brain of young Kelly, especially the one where one night he peeped into the kitchen and saw his mother feeding Mr. Howard and Mr. Howard asking for a fresh horse. The next morning they found a fagged-out animal in their barn.

Of course, as with all of us, time shapes various conditions in the path of life, and so, with the death of his father, young Kelly moved to Missouri to live with an uncle. It was also about this time that Ryan was brought to trial, and Kelly and his uncle went into town to witness it. One morning a William Gregg asked the boy's uncle if he might have the lad deliver a message for him. It was agreed, so young Kelly took a letter to a man waiting at the old bridge across the Blue River. It was an easy matter for the boy to locate the spot; shortly thereafter, two men rode up. He at once recognized one of them as David Howard, whom he had seen in Kentucky.

"Well, what do you know, of all people," grinned the outlaw. "What brings you here and how is your good mother?"

"The man in town told me to deliver a message to some fellow here."

"I am that man, son; let me have it."

Later Kelly became curious, as naturally he would, and we can well imagine his amazement when he learned that David Howard was Jesse James; and that the message he bore to the outlaw read only one name: "Maurice Langhorne." From all appearances, then, Jesse James refused to attack the town in an effort to rescue Ryan because Langhorne was his guard, and Jesse and Langhorne had been Confederate soldiers and also were close personal friends.

So, in spite of the threats against Wallace's life during the trial, he refused to be intimidated; he was the first to succeed in trying a member of the James gang and getting a conviction.

Ryan went to the Missouri Penitentiary under sentence of twenty-five years for armed train robbery. Some writers have declared that William Ryan was a member of the James band who robbed the train in September of 1881, at Blue Cut, not far from Glendale. It would have been impossible for this to be so. He was being held in jail awaiting trial for the Glendale robbery. The official records show that he was convicted by jury for robbery in the first degree in Jackson County, at Independence, Missouri, on October 15, 1881, after being arrested early in 1881. Ryan was sentenced to twenty-five years, August Term of Court, 1881, under Cause No. 1954, October 16, 1881, found guilty as charged. October 16, 1881 found Ryan as convict number 2677 in the Missouri Penitentiary. Sentence was later commuted to ten years after Ryan claimed to be dying of tuberculosis. So, with the benefit of the 3/4 Law of January 4, 1889, Ryan was pardoned by Governor Moorehouse, and discharged on April 15, 1889.

Ryan returned to the Independence area and stayed with an uncle John McClosky. Ryan did not die of tuberculosis, however. Soon after his release he began "hitting the bottle" again. One day he went into town and began drinking heavily at the Mahan and McCarthy saloon on Main Street. His whiskey-clouded mind brought back memories of his old war comrades and he wanted to go to Blue Springs, where a number of them could always be found. He borrowed a fast mare from Tommy McMahan and was soon on his way. Riding like the Headless Horseman of Washington Irving fame, he galloped headlong on the road to Blue Springs. A section of the road ran through some heavy timber. The next morning the horse trotted home alone, and when friends went to investigate, they found Ryan dead with a broken skull. He had either been thrown from the dashing horse or had struck his head on a low hanging tree limb.

RW

SOURCES:

Court records-Jackson County, Missouri
History of William Wallace
Missouri State Prison records
History of Missouri

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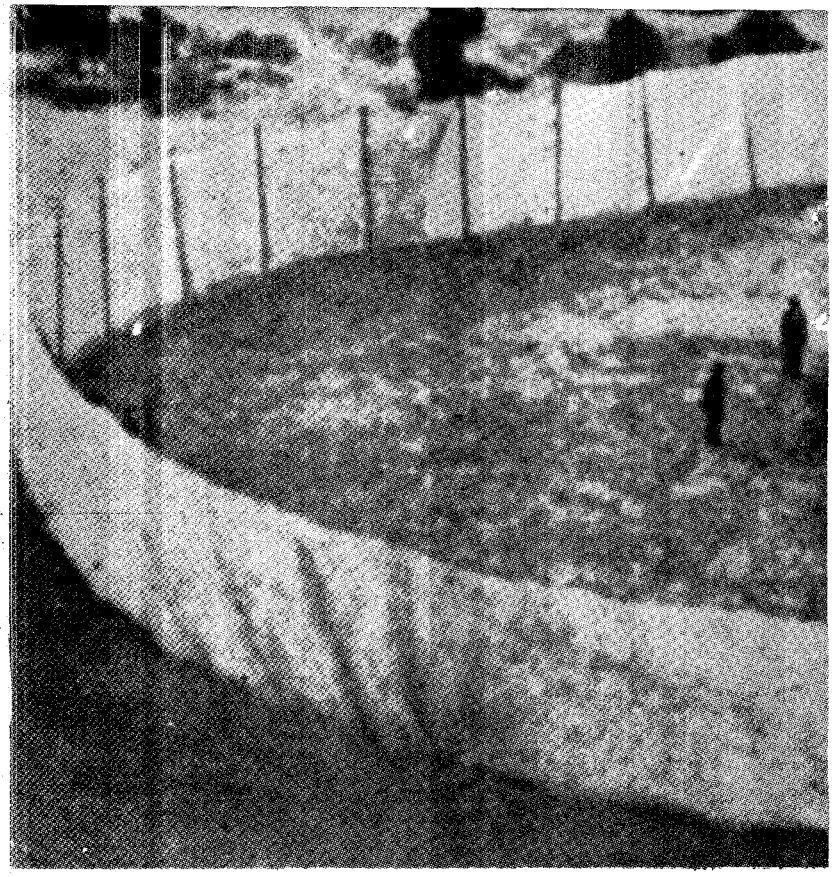
The FIGHT That SPLIT EL PASO



Division of Manuscripts, Univ. of Oklahoma N. H. Rose Collection

The "Arena" erected on an island in the Rio Grande river for the Maher-Fitzsimmons fight when it was banned from El Paso by reformers.

1896...the year of the championship fight between Fitzsimmons and Maher. El Paso was preparing for the arrival of spectators, sports writers and newspaper men from all over the world. Suddenly, the city council changed its mind about hosting the event and the battle which followed was more exciting than the "Fight of the year".

by Lenore Dills

The Bob Fitzsimmons-Peter Maher championship fight, which was to have been held in El Paso, Texas, on February 14, 1896, was suddenly and without warning cancelled.

Over a hundred sports writers from coast to coast had arrived in this many-languaged, flat-roofed border city some time previously to cover the fight, and were enjoying themselves in the town where "anything goes."

When the preparations for the fight had been made a few weeks before, the entire town had been enthusiastic. They would get a lot of publicity. A real opportunity to get on the map. Not only that, but El Paso's economy would be benefitted - everyone would have a smashing time, and the publicity would doubtlessly bring new visitors and settlers to the ever-growing town.

The fighters arrived and began training. They had not dreamed that El Paso was a city of some 15,000 persons, that it had four daily papers, sixteen churches, an opera house and music hall, and that the ladies of the town were beginning to express their views in private and in public, with sometimes amusing results.

El Paso ladies were often concerned with the morals of the town, and with the advent of bicycle riding clubs in which young ladies participated...and the wearing of bloomers...the El Paso ladies became annoyed enough to demand these things be banned. "Public opinion" prevailed, and the bloomers disappeared, except in gyms and fencing bouts.

While El Paso seemed to have more "flat-top" adobe houses than any others, there were a number of fine business establishments in the fast-growing city. There were two banks and two street-car lines with cars drawn by small Spanish mules. There were five public schools and three private schools. Fort Bliss had by then been relocated at its present site. And about a month previous to the Fitzsimmons-Maher fight, the Chopin Music Hall had its grand opening, and this became the cultural center of the city. There were also excellent hotels in El Paso, including the Grand Central, the Pierson, the Parker House and the Central Hotel.

So it would seem that the last event causing major friction in El Paso was the Bob Fitzsimmons-Peter Maher Fight. The sports writers, settling down to write about this new "border town," were using nine additional telegraph lines to send forth their many stories. Among these writers were such men as Bat Masterson, former gunslinger from Ford County, Kansas, who had become a writer for the New York Tribune in 1885. Many were the stories that would go the rounds on El Paso streets regarding this much-publicized gunman. And doubtless many things were attributed to his conversation that were but half truths.

Opposition to the fight began. The local moralists, consisting mostly of ladies, thought prize fights were bad. The newspapers hedged, and tried to keep on the side that would keep their circulation up. The ladies, it seemed, didn't have much of a chance to express their views...not until one of those "dratted" *Fistic Carnival Guides and Sporting Directories* fell into the hands of one of them. This started them off with renewed vigor and intensity.

On the other hand, the saloons were polishing their mahogany bars, wiping the fly specks off the windows, sweeping the boardwalks, or side walks, getting some

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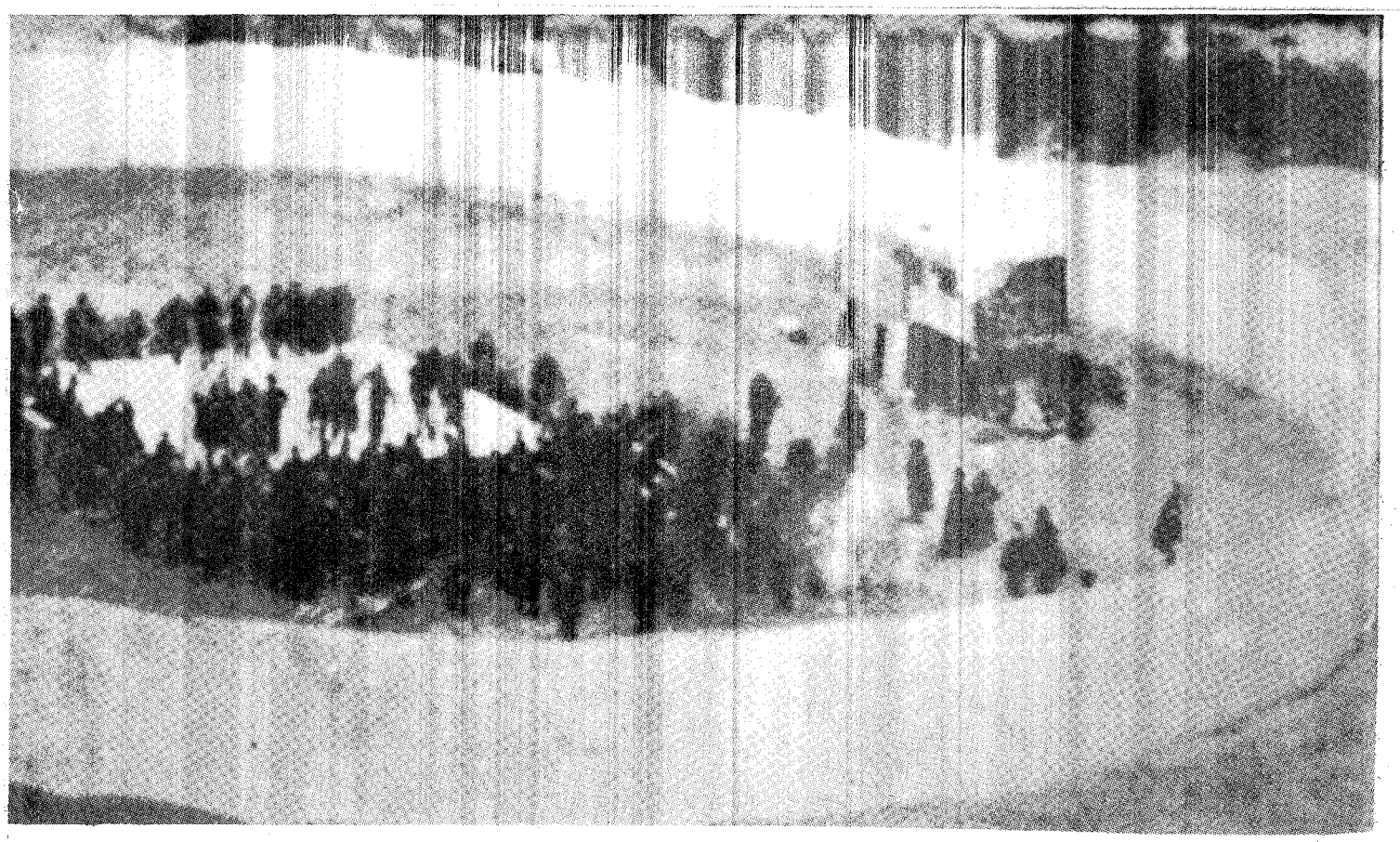

new white jackets for their bartenders, and learning how to stir up a few of the new fancy mixed drinks becoming so popular in the East.

The parlor houses schooled their girls in some of the hitherto unknown refinements...how to be low-voiced how to sit, how to flirt with a fan, how to wear their new and more colorful attire with bosoms more to the front and bustles more to the back, how to curl their hair, and use liquid powder on their shoulders as well as on their faces.

Oh, El Paso was putting on a fine, solid front for the sports writers who would tell of their experiences in El Paso...and, it was hoped, favorably.

Then came the blow! The city fathers declared there would be no fight...not in El Paso. Fitzsimmons-Maher or anybody else. Nobody would fight in El Paso!

The newsmen gasped...they'd never heard of such a thing. The local gentry frowned and asked questions, and hazarded guesses as to the sudden change of the sporting heart on the part of the city fathers.

Men gathered in tight little groups on street corners trying to "figger it all out." What made the city council change its mind? Why, it was six weeks and more that they had wholeheartedly endorsed the fight...and now! What had happened? Oh, Governor Culberson was at the back of it, wasn't he? Said it was immoral, didn't he? Well, who in tarnation was back of the governor? Had to be somebody...probably them El Paso church-going women.

The promoters argued, then declared they were sorry, but they intended to go ahead with the plans as scheduled. Gunslinger Bat Masterson was in town, and with him a few old cronies, which led an old timer who knew him to allow that Bat would see that the fight went on. Perhaps the story grew, because first thing anybody knew, the Texas Rangers moved in...four troops of them. They were in El Paso at orders from the Governor, Charles A. Culberson. Folks in El Paso frowned and allowed, by golly, it looked like there was sure goin' to be trouble, what with Bat and his friends sayin' the fight would go on, and the Rangers sayin' it wouldn't. Now you take Old Captain Hughes of Company D...he'd not back down for the devil himself. yep...sure to be trouble, you could count on it, they agreed hopefully.

Tom York, sometimes special officer, sometimes policeman, and much later Captain on the El Paso police force, allowed that "It was always the sporting element that stirred up things in El Paso. Advertising them Parlor Houses is what did it....got the ladies of El Paso real riled up."

When the ladies got hold of one of the offensive programs, it was shown at teas (meriendas) across the border in Juarez, and ladies from both sides of the Rio Grande came to the same conclusion. "Stop the fights and you stop this sort of thing." By this sort of thing was meant the display of advertising of Utah Street parlor houses, complete with names of the madams and many of the "girls."

Mr. York went on, "I guess the ladies had known about Utah Street, but they just didn't pay much mind to it... like a snake. But when it was sort of thrown in their faces, they couldn't ignore it any longer."

The upshoot of it all was that the promoters wanted to hold the fight in Juarez if they couldn't hold it in El Paso...but Juarez said no. New Mexico was also hostile to the idea. So there they were...February 14th came and went, but no fight.

One El Paso man, braver than most, with a wife who carried considerable weight in the more religious circles, tried to convince her that the Bawdy Houses, or parlor houses, were a way of life. Every town had them, especially border towns like El Paso. Why, in most other cities even half the size of El Paso, there were little books printed listing for visiting gentlemen the best of the Parlor Houses, together with the inhabitants thereof... listing their color, weight, age...and in New Orleans they had real fancy places...with their *filles de joie*. At that the lady is reported to have exploded. "So that's why they call them fillies...I often wondered," she said. "And by any name they're all the same in French, Mexican, Chinese, American...and they're going to get run out of El Paso, and I'm going to help."

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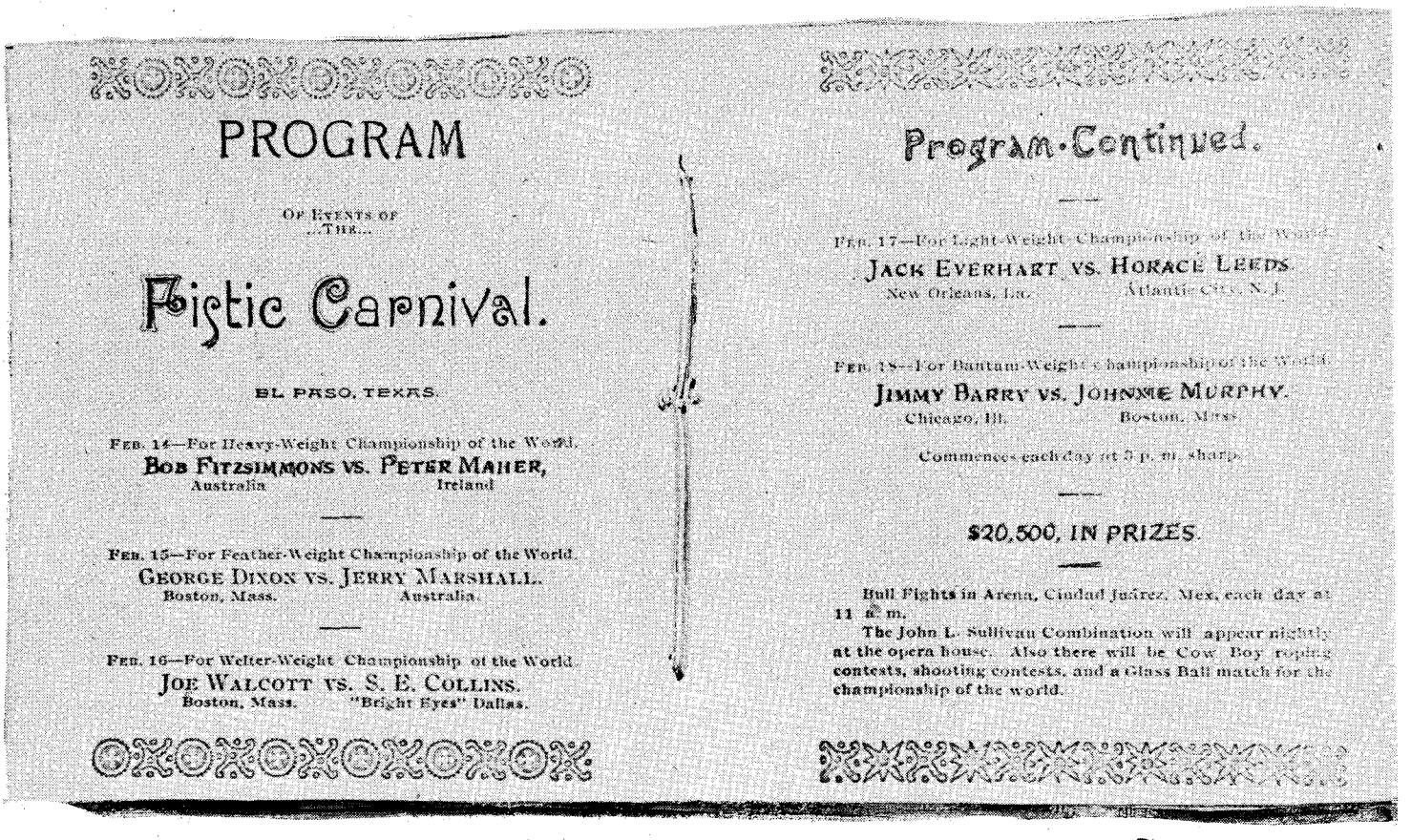

PROGRAM

OF EVENTS OF
...THE...

Fistic Carnival.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

FEB. 14—For Heavy-Weight Championship of the World.
BOB FITZSIMMONS VS. PETER MAHER,
Australia Ireland

FEB. 15—For Feather-Weight Championship of the World.
GEORGE DIXON VS. JERRY MARSHALL.
Boston, Mass. Australia.

FEB. 16—For Welter-Weight Championship of the World.
JOE WALCOTT VS. S. E. COLLINS.
Boston, Mass. "Bright Eyes" Dallas.

Program-Continued.

FEB. 17—For Light-Weight Championship of the World.
JACK EVERHART VS. HORACE LEEDS.
New Orleans, La. Atlantic City, N. J.

FEB. 18—For Bantam-Weight Championship of the World.
JIMMY BARRY VS. JOHNNIE MURPHY.
Chicago, Ill. Boston, Mass.

Commences each day at 3 p. m. sharp.

$20,500, IN PRIZES.

Bull Fights in Arena, Ciudad Juárez, Mex, each day at 11 a. m.

The John L. Sullivan Combination will appear nightly at the opera house. Also there will be Cow Boy roping contests, shooting contests, and a Glass Ball match for the championship of the world.

Page of program showing the festivities planned for the Fistic Carnival.

Photo furnished by author

In addition to the advertising by the Parlor Houses on Utah Street, the programs related there would be $20,500 in prizes. Also there would be a John L. Sullivan Combination to appear nightly at the opera house, and there would be cowboy roping contests, shooting contests and a "Glass Ball" match for the championship of the world.

Not only would one see the heavyweight championship fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher, but also there would be other classes of fights on the following four days...five days in all to enjoy El Paso's salubrious climate, and festive entertainment. Featherweight George Dixon of Boston, Mass. and Jerry Marshall of Australia would fight. Joe Walcott of Boston vs. S. E. Collins, known as Bright Eyes, of Dallas. Also, there would be a lightweight championship bout between Jack Everhart of New Orleans and Horace Leeds of Atlanta, followed by a bout between Jimmy Barry of Chicago and Johnnie Murphy of Boston.

If one wasn't interested in the fights there were always bull fights in Juarez, bicycle races, and the Parlor Houses and saloons. And they could listen to the tales of the derring-do of early El Paso...how the previous year of 1895 had marked the end of John Wesley Hardin at the hands of John Selman...how Jeff Milton and F. M. Mahon, aided by George Scarborough, had allegedly killed M'Rose, the husband of Hardin's girlfriend.

And, before that...in 1894 three men had been killed at one shooting. One had been Texas Ranger, Joe McKidrict. The others were Bass Outlaw and Julian Mondoza. At this shooting John Selman got two bullets through his leg. This all happened at Tillie Howard's parlor house, corner Utah and Second Streets. The "women boarders" got very excited, but nobody seemed to know just what happened. "We don't know anything about it," exclaimed all the "frails." At the time it was thought this was the end of killing. El Paso was growing cultured, and this sort of thing had to stop.

However, there continued to be killings, mostly persons unknown. Many of these were found in the nearby powder house near the present El Paso smelter. Others were found floating in the Rio Grande. They had no names, could not be identified, so they went to a pauper's grave, and their murderers or killers were never found.

El Pasoans liked to point out to the visitors that there was, of course, a reform movement on hand; but it dawdled. Many business men openly opposed shutting down gambling houses, saloons, dance halls and parlor houses. The operators of some of the most questionable establishments guffawed loudly at the very idea that anyone could, for an instant, think their business would ever be closed down. Unthinkable. The sporting element was "helping the economy of El Paso."

Men who, before coming to El Paso, had been models of virtue deviated from the straight and narrow and sowed their first wild oats on Utah Street. (Utah Street is now South Mesa, and none of the old parlor house buildings remain, having been torn down and replaced by modern super markets, stores and filling stations.)

Many of El Paso's first leading citizens had fought feuds, famines, Indians, Mexican bandits, droughts and their fellow countrymen in the Civil War. They could boast with pride of their bravery under fire; but somehow spines were suddenly turned into jelly in El Paso, and many of these same men were unable to cope with the sporting element in this land of *manana*, where the *siesta* still was popular, and sin still rampant.

For days after the first announced date of the fight, when Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher would contend for the championship, the visitors became impatient. Was the fight going on...or wasn't it? In the meantime, that famous "Judge Roy Bean...law west of the Pecos"...

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was contacted, and he arranged for the fight to be held on an island in the Rio Grande River. This was down near Langtry, and so an arena was hastily constructed ... the prize fight fans, promoters, gamblers loaded onto two Southern Pacific railroad pullmans and nine coaches, and taken to Langtry. There they crossed the river on a rickety bridge and entered the arena to see the "fight of the year."

On the train from El Paso rode Bat Masterson and the Texas Rangers. Marshall Hail in the El Paso Times wrote that "Masterson began to pick on the Chinese cook, and started to hit him when Ranger McDonald remonstrated. 'Maybe you'd like to take it up,' Masterson said, quoting Walter Prescott Webb. McDonald quietly replied, 'I done took it up'."

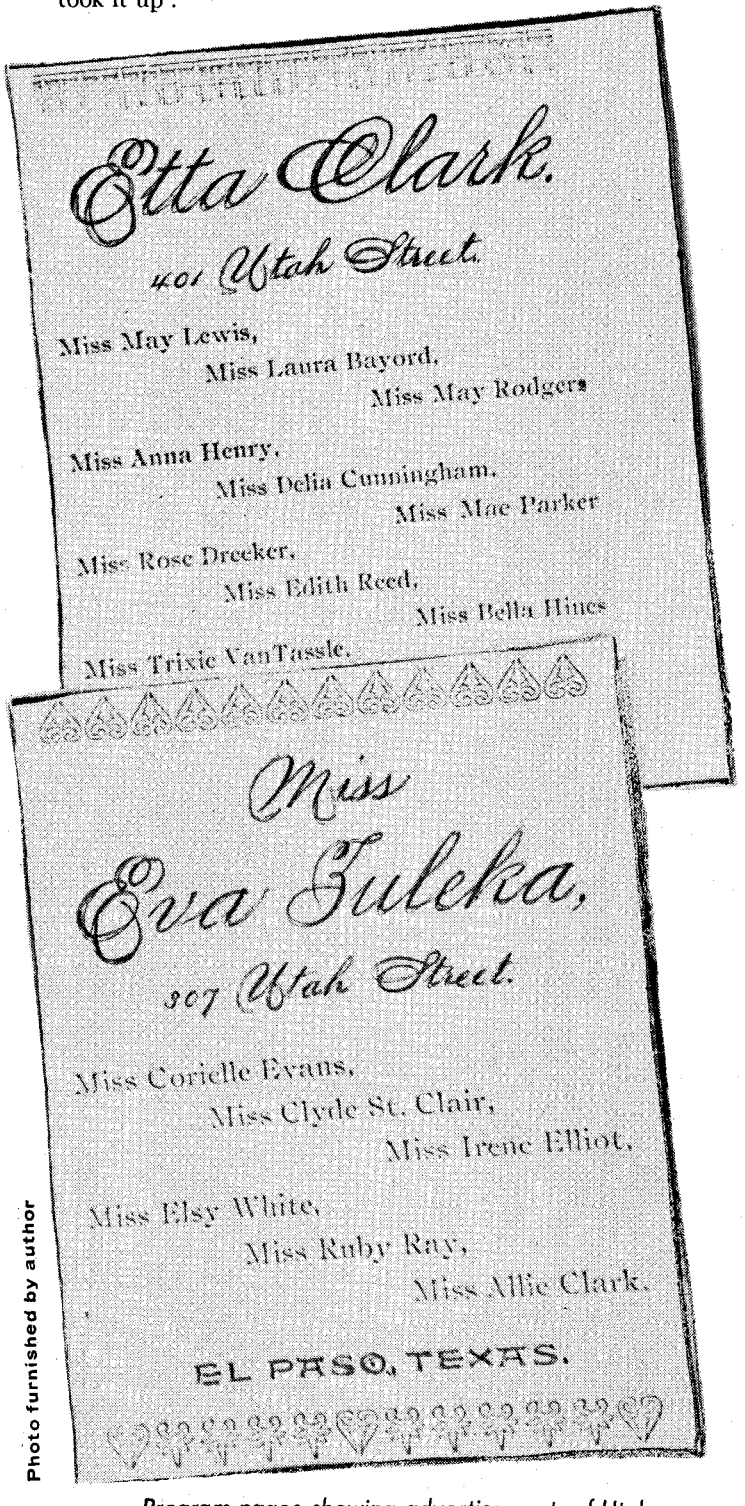

Photo furnished by author

Program pages showing advertisements of Utah Street bawdy houses.

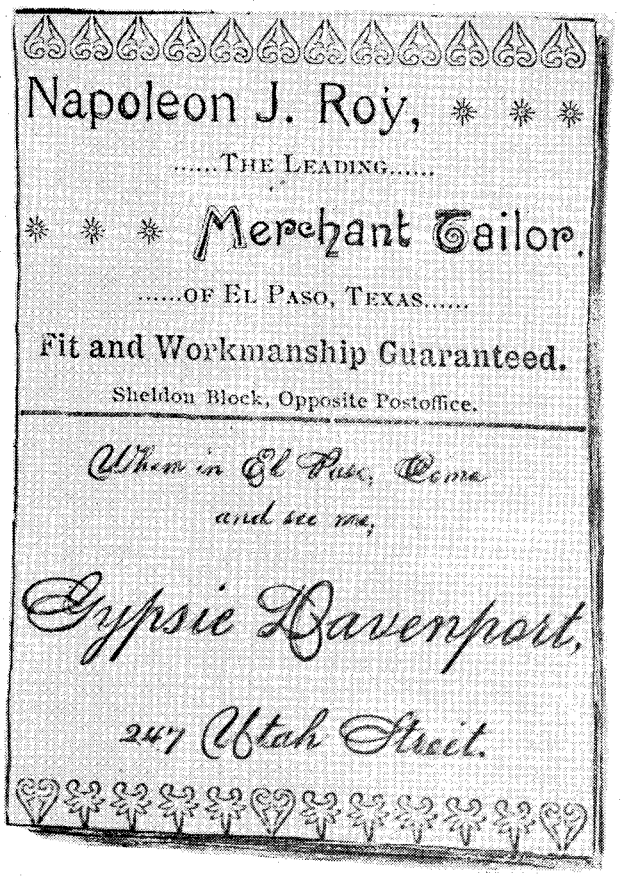

Photo furnished by author

Program page showing advertisement of Utah Street bawdy house.

The fight hardly seemed worth watching. It lasted less than one round. Fitzsimmons won by a knockout in 58 seconds. The fans, writers, Rangers, and fighters returned to El Paso, where they were again entertained royally.

El Paso got advertising, just as they had wished...but the results were not all they had desired, for a motley group of bums from all parts of the country descended from the rods and used other unique modes of transportation, including "shanks mares," and the city had to furnish many "free meals" to take care of the transients that swarmed in, and were about as welcome as the dust storms that shrieked down Mount Franklin.

El Paso's wild, sin-stained days were coming to an end. Guns would be put aside. But not before George Scarborough would kill John Selman, and himself be killed sometime later by a young criminal in Arizona. This was about two months after the Bob Fitzsimmons-Peter Maher fight in El Paso.

After this, the blood-and-thunder years were coming to an end. Six-guns were placed in trucks, or sold to souvenir hunters. The Honky-Tonk town was dying, and no longer appealed to the sporting element, who knew the time had come to clean out some of the more notorious parts of the city.

RW

SOURCES
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It took months for Jones' shoulder wound to heal. His feet were so swollen that he could barely fit into a size twelve overshoe. But there were other results from his daring escape...Indians for miles around came to see and wonder at the white man who outran the Nez Perces.

The ESCAPE

From the Collection of L. H. Jorud, Helena, Mont.

Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Indians.

by Jean M. Moore

It was midsummer of 1877 and the Nez Perce Indians, under the leadership of the great strategist, Chief Joseph, had crossed the Snake River into Idaho on their ill-fated flight to the hoped-for safety of Canadian territory and freedom from the persecution of the United States Army soldiers.

History has recorded the pathetic flight of the Nez Perces, which began when the United States government refused to allow them to remain in their beloved ancestral home in Wallowa Valley, Oregon. Their trail took them up the Clearwater in Montana and down the Lolo to the Bitter Root where they cleverly eluded a trap set for them by General O. O. Howard and his company of soldiers and citizens. Following closely behind them, however, was General Howard while General Nelson A. Miles and his soldiers worried at their flanks. Starting up the Bitter Root valley, the Indians crossed the divide between the Bitter Root and the Big Hole where they made a stand close to Gibbonsville, although there was no town there at the time.

Here August 9, 1877, an infantry division under Colonel John Gibbon from Fort Shaw, in an early morning attack, fired directly into tepees, killing helpless women, children and old men as well as warriors. It was a premeditated and cruel slaughter by the army soldiers, but the Nez Perces defended themselves with a vengeance and against almost overwhelming odds, and forced Gibbon's soldiers to seek cover in the timber while they themselves pushed their way into the timber and dug in. The Indians surrounded and sniped at the troops, but Chief Joseph did not give orders to exterminate the soldiers. His warriors did, however, in the heat of battle, sneak up and capture a brass cannon which they easily dismantled.

The flight of Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perces was The Indians learned that Gibbon had sent a courier to Deer Lodge for help and that more soldiers were on their way to the battle site, so sent their women and children, accompanied by the old men, down the valley while the warriors kept up a fire until they could retreat, taking many dead and wounded with them.

The flight of Joseph and his band of Nez Perces was terminated on October 5, 1877, near Bear Paw mountain on Snake Creek 14 miles south of the present town of Chinook, when after a five-day siege, with his warriors concealed in snow-covered ravines, without food, water, enough clothing or blankets, Chief Joseph, out of compassion for his miserable people, and realizing that it was useless to fight longer against undefeatable odds, offered his rifle to General Nelson A. Miles. He accepted the surrender terms offered him, which were that if he would come out and give up his arms, the lives of his people would be spared and they would be sent back to the reservation.

Although General Miles himself was sincere in his statement to Chief Joseph, the United States government did not see fit to honor it, and while Joseph and some others returned to Oregon, the majority died from starva-

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# of NEZ PERCE JONES

tion and the unaccustomed heat of Kansas. Thus Chief Joseph, christened by the Rev. H.H. Spalding of the Whitman mission in Walla Walla, Washington, was betrayed by his fellow Christians and Indian brothers, the Crows, upon whose friendship he had depended.

The surrender speech of Chief Joseph was one of history's oratorical masterpieces comparable to Abraham Lincoln's famous "Gettysburg Address." It personified the fine character of an Indian leader who, had he been justly treated by an understanding United States government, would have been a most valuable asset in bringing about a better understanding between the Indian and white races. Ironically, but a few miles added to the nearly 2,000-mile trek of the Nez Perces was all that would have been needed for Chief Joseph to obtain the sanctuary for his people he so desperately sought, where he could have carried out his plan to attempt a negotiation with the government of the United States over Nez Perce land in Oregon.

During the fighting on Snake Creek, 104 Nez Perces got away and slipped into Canada, led by Chief White Bird. They spent the remainder of the cold winter there, but in June, 1878, they began their return journey to their reservation on the Lemhi by following the Cadot Pass trail down the Blackfoot River over the Deep Creek divide and down Bear gulch to the Deer Lodge River. Filled with an understandable hatred for the white people, and especially soldiers, they attacked and killed two miners in Bear gulch and stole their cache of several hundreds of dollars worth of gold dust. They crossed the Deer Lodge River and went south to Willow Creek where they relieved some ranchers of several good horses. They then crossed over the divide between North Willow and South Willow where two placer miners, Sam Spence and X. Bennett, were working their claims.

The Indians found Spence, Bennett, and another man (name unknown) at their cabin. Some of the Indians forced their way into the cabin. The chief sat down on the bed close to Bennett and asked, "You soldier?" Bennett replied, "No, I'm not a soldier." The chief seemed satisfied to accept this answer and began talking about various things when suddenly he became very agitated and again asked Bennett if he was a soldier. Again Bennett denied being one and this time the chief said, "That good," and dropped the subject.

While Bennett and the Indian chief were having their little confab, the Indians outside the cabin were appropriating the miners' meat and other food which was kept in a little lean-to at one end of the cabin. Loaded with these provisions, they then moved on down the creek. Four other Indians and their squaws drove the loose horses, most of which had been acquired in night raids since leaving Canada. The Indians followed Willow Creek to where it emptied into Rock Creek, then down Rock Creek for several miles. There they turned south below the mouth of Quartz gulch and made camp on the west fork of Rock Creek on the Amerine ranch on July 11, 1878.

Dunc Campbell, Philipsburg rancher, warned the placer miners, John H. Jones, Amos Elliott, and Bill Jory, who had been living for several months in a cabin south of Philipsburg, that there were Indians on Willow Creek and that he believed them to be dangerous; also that they had gone down Rock Creek and would, he thought, be coming their way.

That evening the Indians arrived at John Hays' cabin, about three-fourths of a mile below the diggings of Jones and his partners in McKay gulch. They killed Hays and stayed overnight in his cabin. Hays had evidently suspicioned that the Indians intended to kill him and attempted a get-away, for when he was found about 200 yards from the cabin, he had a broken arm and bad bruises on his face, as well as a hole in the back of his head that looked as if it had been made by a blunt instrument. He hadn't been killed outright, however, from the appearance of the ground around his body. He had managed to crawl to a small stream of water where he had fallen face down. The Indians had taken his gun, revolver, bedding, food and a little money he had in his pockets. Some of the money was found in a pocketbook dropped by the marauding Indians.

Early in the morning of July 12, 1878, the three partners, John H. Jones, Amos Elliott, and Bill Jory, who had accepted the warning sent them by Campbell but were not too concerned over the possibility of trouble from the Indians, were just getting out of bed when they were aroused by a loud knock at the cabin door. Amos answered it, thinking it might be some friends from Philipsburg who had recently expressed a desire to stop over with them for a few days of hunting and fishing. But no sooner had he released the bolt on the door than it was pushed wide open to disclose the presence of four Indians. Jones later described one of them as being one of the ugliest Indians he had ever seen, with a short but Roman nose somewhat like a big knot on a small tree. Belted around his waist was a wicked-looking war club with a reddish-brown stain, and a pistol, undoubtedly taken from a white man. It was quite evident from their gestures that their visit wasn't exactly a social affair. One of the Indians, in fairly good English, addressed Elliott with, "You fellows not up yet? Where is cook here?" Elliott replied that he was the cook. The largest of the four Indians said he and his friends were much hungry and demanded something to eat.

Elliott, although very nervous about the intruders presence, tried to appear unconcerned. He dressed himself, then picked some chips out of the kindling box, placed them in the stove and started a fire. Jory, taking his cue from Elliott, also dressed and attempted to appear far more relaxed than he actually was. He filled his pipe with tobacco and offered it to the uninvited guests. It was refused. He then offered his pouch of tobacco to the Indians, but it too was refused. The Indians' refusal to accept tobacco was a bad sign, as it was their habit to accept tobacco whenever it was offered them, providing they were friendly, but when in a hostile mood they refused it. The miners, by now, were well aware of their danger. Afterwards Jones said that although he had anticipated trouble of some sort, he had not expected murder by the Indians. He believed that they would rob the cabin of anything of value and then leave.

The chief, apparently the spokesman for the group of

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Monument to the memory of Chief Joseph in an old Indian cemetery in Oregon.

Indians, questioned the miners about being active in the battle of the Big Hole. To each man he asked, "Were you in the Big Hole Battle last summer?" The miners were quick to answer "no," but for some unaccountable reason Jory added that he had started out to take part in the battle, but that it was over by the time he reached the battle site. The Indians grunted at his statement.

Elliott, now in the rear of the cabin, was engaged in a conversation with the other three Indians who had removed an overcoat and a suit of clothes from a hook on the wall. "How much dollar cost?" one wanted to know. Elliott told him, and anxious to get rid of his unwelcome guests, offered the clothing to the Indians. The Indian who had taken the clothes off the hook threw the coat of the suit over his arm, gave the pants to another Indian and presented the overcoat to the third one.

Jory took advantage of the Indians' interest in the conversation and went out through the open doorway, then proceeded to walk back and forth in front of the cabin, putting more distance between himself and the cabin at each turn.

Jones asked the chief the name of his tribe, but the chief said he was unable to say it in English. (Later, it was learned that he was a Nez Perce.) Jones then inquired as to why the chief and his men were traveling so early in the morning. "Flies too much bad in heat of day," was the chief's reply. Jones accepted this answer as being quite plausible as the flies were extremely bad that summer.

Jones dropped the bread dough and dashed to the doorway where he saw Jory lying face down on the ground with two Indians bending over him. It was time, he figured, to get out as quickly as possible. Nerves jumping, he walked slowly past two Indians standing guard and turned left around the corner of the cabin where he met two more Indians. One held a pistol in his hand, the other a needle gun. There was barely room enough for Jones to pass between them and the cabin.

The element of surprise was Jones' only weapon. By the time the Indians realized that Jones was attempting a get-away, he had passed safely by them and jumped into a narrow mining cut a few feet from the cabin. He crossed the cut and managed to climb up the opposite side of the bank and run for the mountain. The two surprised Indians he had outwitted then went into action and began shooting at the escaping miner. The first shot went wild, but the second found its mark in Jones' right arm just below the shoulder. Although the ball had glanced around the bone, luckily the bone wasn't broken. A barrage of bullets followed, but by zig-zagging from tree to tree and keeping out of sight as much as possible, Jones avoided any more direct hits.

After running at high speed for about 300 yards, Jones found that he was out of sight of the Indians with the exception of the chief. Knowing the well-known reputation of the Nez Perces for long distance running without tiring, Jones knew the chief was about to play a game of cat and mouse, with himself as the mouse, and it wasn't exactly a pleasant thought.

He ran about 100 yards farther while the chief watched him, at the same time beckoning the other Indians to him. Lungs begging for relief, Jones was forced to stop in a bunch of willows to get his breath. While doing so, he looked out on a pile of tailings with round rocks.

He had just begun to get his second wind when he looked back and saw, approximately 15 feet away from him, in hot pursuit, the two Indians he had dodged at the corner of the cabin. The one with the pistol was much too close as he raised his gun to shoot. "Don't shoot," Jones shouted. "Go back to the cabin and you can have all of my things." The Indian hesitated and turned to look at his companion with the needle gun and saw that he was kneeling on the ground trying to get into position to shoot his victim, steadying his pistol with both hands to steady his aim. Jones, in desperation, threw a rock at him. Both Indians now fired simultaneously. Neither one hit him, but Jones didn't take time to see if he had scored a hit with his rock either.

Jones got to a short distance from the timber. In his frantic effort to reach it he tripped over a bush and sprawled out on the ground. On his feet again he saw the Indians were about 100 yards from him. Once again he zig-zagged, pushing towards the timber. A ball zoomed over his head as he reached the temporary safety of the heavily timbered area. This time he gained considerable distance, with the trees concealing his progress, before the Indians spotted him and let go with another shot each, both of which missed him.

One of the Indians kept going in and out of doors, but the last time he entered the cabin he sat down near the stove by Jones, who was mixing bread dough. His attention focused upon a small ax used for splitting kindling wood. Jones, watching him out of the corner of his eye, saw him pick it up and conceal it under his blanket. Suddenly two shots were heard outside the cabin. Elliott, in the back of the cabin where he had been watching Jory, stiffened in shock. "My God," he groaned, "they've shot Jory!"

(continued on page 68)

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WHITE HELL in the ROCKIES

Fremont's incredibly reckless adventure was doomed to tragic failure from the moment the expedition entered the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo mountains.

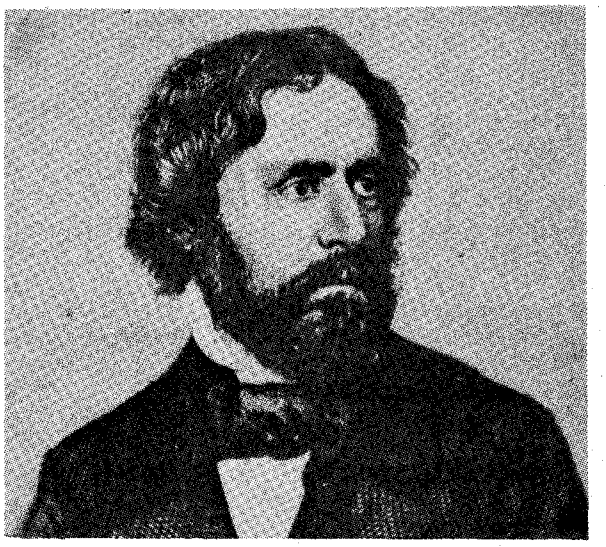

Photo furnished by the author

John C. Fremont, explorer and pathfinder of the West.

Winter struck early in the Colorado high country in the fall of 1848. Snow blanketed the Rockies in October, and the mercury hid in the little glass bowl at the bottom of the white man's thermometer.

The Indians stoically retired to their buffalo-skin lodges to smoke endless pipes of *kinikinick* and dream of summer war paths and hunting trails. Freighters and traders and the few remaining mountain men holed up at forts and thinly scattered settlements to drink and gamble and tell tall tales until spring. In all that rugged and austere region bordering upon the Sangre de Cristo and San Juan ranges, white men and red were immobilized by frost and cold and piercing winds.

Into that grim country in late November, to the utter amazement of the experienced old-timers, marched famed explorer John Charles Fremont. The renowned Pathfinder was seeking a route for a projected trans-continental railroad along the 38th parallel of north latitude through the snow-choked Rockies. Fremont's objective for the dangerous winter trek through the mountains was as simple as it was foolhardy: to prove beyond all possible doubt to skeptical government officials in Washington that the proposed railroad could be operated twelve months of the year. The fantastic difficulties inherent in such a monumental undertaking did not for a moment enter Fremont's mercurial mind. A successful winter expedition was all that was needed to fire the dull imaginations of the stodgy money men in Washington.

First, however, the Pathfinder needed a guide. At the Pueblo -- a settlement of old-time mountain men above Bent's Fort on the Arkansas -- Fremont found old Bill Williams sucking his blackened clay pipe and nursing a lame arm, wounded some time previously in a ruckus with hostile Utes. The ache in his elbow did nothing to improve Bill's normally surly disposition, and he did not hesitate a moment in calling the famed explorer a damned idiot for even mentioning such a crackbrained proposition to him. "Go away," growled the 60-year-old trapper, "and find some younger man to play the fool for you!"

Fremont replied to this insult by stacking five golden double eagles beside old Bill's jug of Taos Lightning. "One hundred dollars now and another hundred when you finish the job!" he snapped. "You have five minutes to give me your decision."

Williams hefted the gold coins in his one good hand and thought of his possibly empty sack and the long, hard winter that lay ahead. The glorious, high-rolling days of the free trappers were far in the past and old Bill was broke.

"All right," he agreed. "I'll guide your bunch of greenhorns across the Divide. I'm prob'ly a bigger damn fool than you -- but I'll do it!"

Fremont's incredibly reckless adventure was doomed to tragic failure from the moment his expedition entered the foothills of the towering ranges. The rolling approaches to the Sangre de Cristo mountains lay ten feet deep in snow, and the jagged white peaks glittered with an ominous brilliance. Snow plumes, streaming from their awesome pinnacles like silver smoke in the thin, icy sunlight, was a sight to chill the marrow in a sensible man's bones. Unfortunately, the only sensible man in Fremont's entire outfit was Bill Williams -- and the veteran mountain man's hard-won caution was blunted by his desperate need for gold. A man could buy a heap of whiskey and fixin's for $200...

But the glitter of Fremont's gold had not entirely blinded old Bill to danger. Knowing the deadly hazards of the rough, wild country straight ahead on the explorer's planned route, Williams advised Fremont to cut northwest and attempt to cross the Continental Divide by way of Cochepeta Pass. The Peerless Pathfinder curtly vetoed the mountain man's suggestion and ordered Bill to head for the Divide by way of the steeper and infinitely more difficult Robideau Pass, which, if passable, meant a shorter journey. The grizzled guide shrugged. "Have it *your* way, Colonel," he grunted, derisively using Fremont's military title. "You bein' the great explorer and all, I reckon you know as much about these mountains as a feller like me who's spent half his life in 'em."

The following morning, Fremont's Fourth Expedition -- so called because of his three previous, well-publicized "Treks in the Western Wilds" -- pushed off for towering Robideau Pass. The personnel of thirty-four men included geologists, botanists, artists, and even photographers with the crude equipment of the period. One hundred mules carried supplies and implements worth more than $10,000, including a three-pounder brass cannon.

"We had more damn foofuraw than I ever seed in my

by Norman B. Wiltsey

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life," Williams later reported. "I asked the Colonel why in hell he wanted that brass popgun along, and he swelled up like a riled porkypine and said 'twas for firing salutes when we crossed the Divide and also for scarin' off Injuns and grizzly b'ars -- in the dead o' winter!"

A roaring blizzard hit the expedition the next day out, with the temperature plunging below zero. The faint trail vanished when they entered the mountains. One by one, a score of the usually sure-footed pack mules slipped aff the narrow, winding ledges in the smothering swirl of white, carrying with them to destruction a good portion of the expedition's precious food supply. Finally, at Williams' profane advice, the remaining mules were roped together to prevent the rest of the provisions from disappearing over the side.

The mounting gale pounded the snow into a mass so solid that axes and mauls had to be used to chop out a trail. Doggedly, making only a few miles a day, the expedition struggled over Robideau Pass and bogged down on a desolate, storm-swept plateau. Dazed with fatigue, the men dug holes in the snow and crouched in them beside meager deadwood fires. Bill Williams, his crippled left arm in an improvised sling beneath his ragged bearskin coat, moved painfully from campfire to campfire to check the morale of the men. Most of them, he discovered, wanted to turn back or try another route. They voted to make Bill their spokesman to the Colonel.

"Ain't no use to go on," the mountain man flatly told Fremont. "The San Juan Range is before us now and we jest can't git over it, the shape we're in. All the grub's gone but a few pounds of mule meat. Four men are froze bad, three others snow-blind. The rest, includin' me, are plumb wore out. Only thing to do now is head south around the San Juans. The snow won't be so deep there, nor the weather so tarnation cold. That way we might still make it -- if we're lucky. *This* way we'll sure as hell go under!"

Fremont's haggard eyes burned darkly in his bearded, ice-crusted face. Standing barely an inch over five feet tall, the little Colonel stared up at hulking old Bill like a belligerent bantam rooster. "You forget yourself, Williams! By God, *I* am in command of this expedition, not you! We will proceed as planned, straight over the mountains. Kill another mule tonight and feed the men. We move out at daybreak."

Old Bill rubbed his bad left arm with his mittened right hand. "Not with *me* guidin' you, Colonel! I know when I'm licked -- and this is it. Get yourself another guide if you aim to tackle them peaks up there."

Bill turned his back on the furious little explorer. He didn't even bother to answer when Fremont barked: "You have forfeited your contract, Williams! Alex Godey will assume your duties at once."

Wearily, old Bill returned to his fire. He dug a hunk of frozen mule out of his pack, carefully impaled it on the point of his knife and held it over the tiny flame.

Wagh -- this deal was bad medicine! The Utes had a name for a fool like Fremont, a long, unpronounceable name that meant 'crazy like a poisoned grizzly'...Queer how a man could see it clearly, when maybe it was too late...Fremont's damned gold had tricked him into a jackpot for sure...

The Pathfinder had them moving at daybreak. Alex Godey led them through the dismal gray dawn straight toward the dimly looming San Juan peaks. The Frenchman was worried, no doubt of that, but he did not falter. Bill could spot the fear in his face and felt sorry for him. It was plain to see that of the two dangers confronting him, Godey feared Fremont more. He, too, knew of the Ute word describing the great explorer.

Snow fell for the tenth consecutive day - steadily, heavily, remorselessly. The drifts were now so deep that only the tops of the scrubby timber showed above the wind-carved sea of white. The corn was gone, and the starving mules took to chewing their rawhide pack-saddles and pulling out each other's manes and tails. The miserable brutes made the long, bitter nights hideous with their incessant mournful braying. Time blurred into a meaningless succession of tortured hours spent pushing numbly into a flying wall of powdered snow or huddling around stingy fires. Nearly all the men had frozen ears or fingers or toes; daily more of them went snow-blind from the knifing blast of the blizzard. Still Fremont drove stubbornly on.

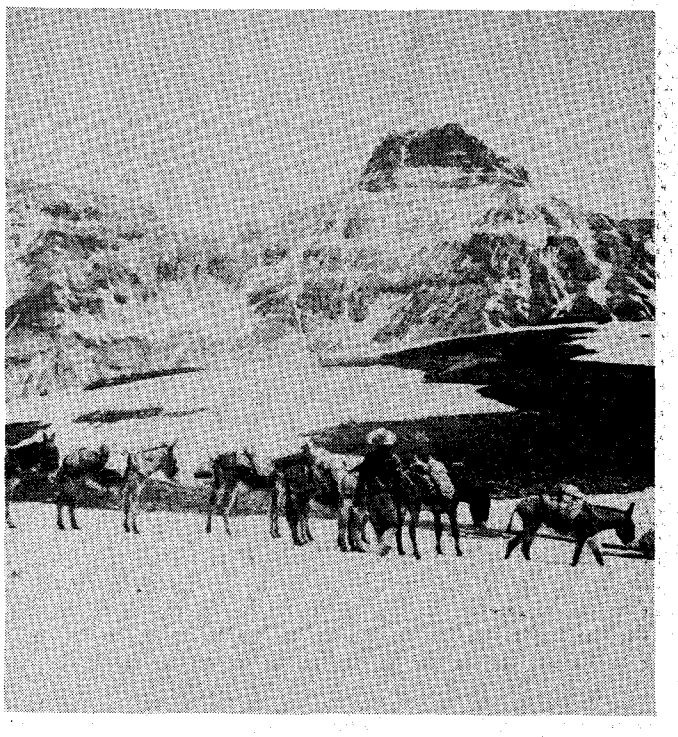
Finally, Godey steered them into a steep-walled box canyon from which there appeared to be no visible means of advancing. Even the Colonel, afire with impatience to cross the mountains and report his triumph to Washington, had to admit defeat and call upon Bill Williams to extricate the expedition from its desperate situation.

Old Bill decided that their best chance of getting out alive lay in packing supplies from Taos -- roughly 180 miles away. Fremont concurred, declaring that Bill should be able to make the round trip in sixteen days! Williams shook his shaggy head at this absurdity, but said nothing. Carefully he picked three men to accompany him on the tremendous journey. Fremont and the rest of the party would follow Bill's hurriedly marked trail as fast as the weakest members could travel.

With a chunk of mule meat, a pound of sugar and a few tallow candles for food, Williams and his three companions started out. Only the old mountain man realized the practically impossible odds against them, and he kept the grim knowledge to himself.

After three days of steady, arduous travel, the four men hit the Rio Grande del Norte foodless and lightheaded from hunger. For two frightful weeks they struggled on toward Taos, living on scraps of leather cut from their belts and buckskin shirts, and boiled in snow water into a gluey soup. No living bird or animal showed

Denver Public Library Western Collection



A pack train such as used by Fremont on his fourth expedition to the West. Over 100 mules carried the supplies and equipment of the scientists that accompanied the exploring party.

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itself in all the wide, white desolation surrounding them. Sometime during the second week Bill found a dead otter along a creek, and they roasted the emaciated body, devoured the stringy, gamey flesh and ate all but the largest bones destined for the soup pot.

The energy supplied by the otter didn't last long. Jack King played out first, dropping unconscious in the snow. Bill and his surviving two comrades could do nothing for poor King, and so they left him there to die alone in the vast silence. They had to go on, for somewhere in the appalling wastes behind them thirty men depended upon them for food and life itself.

"There are worse ways of dying than freezing to death in the snow," said Williams hoarsely, as if in reply to the unspoken reproach of his companions. "I mind one time in Apache country when I come on two fellers the Cherry-cows had staked out head down on *cholla* cactus over a slow fire..."

Neither Creutzfeldt nor Breckinridge answered, and old Bill's croaking whisper trailed away into silence. They just couldn't understand.

Creutzfeldt gave out next. The botanist's lips were frozen so badly he couldn't talk, but he motioned feebly for Williams and Breckinridge to go and leave him where he had collapsed. They tried to leave him as they had left the dying King, but found it hard to do. King had been unconscious and only minutes away from death, but Creutzfeldt's blue eyes were wide open in his yellow-bearded face -- wide open and watching them depart.

Looking back a hundred yards at the deserted Dutchman, Bill Williams came to a stark decision. "I can't leave him, Breck!" he mumbled. "Goddam it, he's conscious -- *and lookin' at me!* I'd never sleep again if I left him now. You go on and I'll stay with Dutch until he goes under. Won't be long anyhow. The cold will take him - quick, clean and easy."

Williams returned to Creutzfeldt, and Breckinridge staggered on. Half a mile away, Breck jumped a deer and by great good luck dropped him with the single load in his Hawken rifle. An hour later, having renewed his strength by drinking blood directly from the deer's slit jugular vein, he was back with a haunch of venison. Creutzfeldt ate, slept by a roaring fire, and was saved.

Fremont, with Alex Godey and several of the youngest and strongest members of his party, overtook Williams, Creutzfeldt and Breckinridge the next morning. The Pathfinder and his men were taking turns riding three horses they had obtained from a wandering Indian trapper.

"Take Creutzfeldt with you, Colonel," said Bill promptly. "Breck and me can make it to Taos just fine from here."

Breckinridge nodded in agreement.

Fremont did not argue the point. Creutzfeld was boosted aboard the strongest of the horses, ridden by Fremont himself, and old Bill and Breckinridge were left behind in the wilderness to struggle the last forty miles to Taos as best they could. Hobbling along on stiff and frozen feet, they made it to Taos in five days.

Recuperating at Kit Carson's comfortable adobe house in Taos, Colonel Fremont had nothing but violent abuse for Bill Williams; claiming that old Bill had first misled him and then abjectly failed in his vital mission to bring supplies from Taos when the expedition was starving in the mountains. Writing to his wife in Washington, Fremont declared flatly that the "error of my mountain journey was in engaging this man (Williams). He proved never to have in the least known, or entirely to have forgotten, the whole region of country through which we were to pass." (This in reference to a man who had spent thirty years crossing and re-crossing the Rocky Mountains from end to end and back again!)

Kit Carson knew better, and so did all the old mountain men in Taos. Fremont was passing the buck -- trying to shift the onus of failure from himself to Bill Williams. With every move the doughty Colonel proved less and less a hero. There was, for example, the awkward matter of trying to explain why he, the Great Trail Blazer, had sent Alex Godey back into the storm-battered mountains to rescue the exhausted members of the expedition while their famous leader toasted his shins and drank hot chocolate in front of Kit Carson's fireplace. Godey found eleven men of the original party of thirty-four lying dead in the snow. Six men -- snow-blind and helpless -- lay huddled around the embers of a dying campfire, stoically waiting for death. The others were located wandering blindly along the frozen Rio Grande del Norte; half-demented with hunger and cold, making "strange, animal-like noises" in their delirium.

Fremont didn't linger long in Taos after Godey's return from the mountains. After a week's rest, the handsome pride of Washington society prudently took the warm southern route to California and new adventures.

In stony silence, the mountain men watched him depart. Carson turned to Williams with a little smile on his mustached face. "Well, Bill?"

Old Bill said nothing -- in words. Indian-like, he expressed his opinion by spitting. It was enough. **RW**

N. H. Rose collection, Univ. of Oklahoma

White bearded General Fremont and his wife in later years. Fremont ran for president in 1856 on the Republican ticket and was defeated. His popularity stemmed from his earlier expeditions into the then unexplored West.

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FRANK FISH'S Past

by Lt. Harry E. Riesberg

A brief journey with the man who unearthed more than ten thousand relics and artifacts of the Real West.

The late Frank L. Fish, noted treasure hunter and explorer of the West's old abandoned mining camps and ghost towns, started his search many years ago and carried it on for nearly twenty years, seeking in particular the relics and artifacts of the ancestors of today's Chinese. In our day, hundreds of like explorers, using electronic metal detectors, are bringing to light more and more of the treasures of those early Chinese "coolie" immigrants.

"I hit the jack-pot on my first try!" Frank L. Fish told me just a few months prior to his strange death three years ago. To emphasize his remark he proudly displayed a large group of Chinese relics and artifacts which he had just unearthed from the site of an old mining camp in the desert wastes of Kern county, California. He was speaking of his most recent exploration trip, in which he used electronic metal-locating equipment to locate Chinese and other relics which had been long buried by the early pioneering immigrants involved in the settlement of the West.

Fish was quite noted for his explorations and interest in unearthing such relics from the ghost towns and long-abandoned mining camps of the Old West; he was famed as a modern-day prospector who pioneered in the use of electronic metal-finding equipment instead of using the old-time pick and spade of his earlier predecessors of the Gold Rush era. He carried on such researches for nearly twenty years, seeking gold, silver, antiques and other valuables left behind by the Chinese settlers - a bizarre pursuit that started out as a mere hobby on a small scale, until the lure of actual explorations became so fascinating, it took hold of him after he had unearthed his first find. It was followed by untold trips into these regions, each of which was on a larger scale than the one before.

In this work the stakes were often some old rusty beanpot full of silver bars or coins, or a leather bag or tin can, bottle, snuff-box or tobacco tin containing gold nuggets and dust, sometimes a piece of antique furniture, a pot-bellied stove and other relics, which antique dealers often paid small fortunes for. To Fish, such finds were as common as finding a coin in the gutter or at a bus stop, and a time-worn bit of old parchment or prospector's letter or map of some long-abandoned mining camp or settlement usually held more certainty than a letter from the draft board to the average young man today.

However, his real interest was in locating both relics and artifacts from out of the debris buried underground in those numerous old camps settled by the Chinese "coolies" who were brought to San Francisco and other communities during the early period of Western settlement when labor was scarce. During that era many Chinese prospected on their own, developing small mining camps, laundries, restaurants and other businesses and enduring hardships — many searching for the precious metals which the new country had in such plentiful abundance. Many of these "coolies" first started out as laborers; then, after engaging on their own in prospecting and making "strikes", they opened their businesses, general stores, gambling houses and other establishments in these new camps — most often sending their hard-earned earnings back to China to their families and relatives.

The mining settlements and camps flourished by the hundreds during their heyday, and roared with excitement, and were known far and wide as the roughest and toughest of all American pioneer communities; they were rip-roaring boomtowns of the Gold Rush era. Gamblers, adventurers, miners, renegades and so-called "bad men" stampeded into these tiny settlements — followed by dance-hall women and "ladies of ill chance" — all looking for quick riches and easy money. Sober, law-abiding citizens, too, came to gather their share of the spoils in legitimate businesses, for the boomtowns and mining camps were many and the riches huge.

There were constant rumors of new and bigger "bonanzas" and "diggings" just across the mountains or deep into the desert regions, not too far from the coastal ports where they had first arrived. A discovery at some new creek or river site, gulch or canyon, sent the newcomers moving to partake of the new "spoils." Nothing could stop them; untold numbers departed in haste, some by compulsion; many died natural deaths, and others parted from their domain by way of a noosed rope quickly swung from an oak or pine tree. And when they departed they left bag and baggage in many instances, and most often never returned to claim their belongings. Among these were many hundreds of the Chinese immigrants who, too, participated along with the influx, in the search for the hidden riches in gold and silver ores.

But the noisy golden years were short, and as the gold camps ceased to produce their golden stream, and the years passed, sand and dust and earth gradually covered the sites. It was these long-abandoned treasures which Frank Fish spent so many years searching for and unearthing from their long resting places — and which, even today, in huge numbers others search for with their electronic metal detectors.

For example, here is the brief story of Fish's last trip, showing how he operated in locating these valuables. With his well-equipped station wagon, carrying metal locators, a small pick and spade, a portable stove, bedroll and other camping gear, water and provisions, Fish had started out on his exploration trip to a site not too far off from the usual beaten path of tourists. The summer heat of the valley beat down as he drove his vehicle down the steep, boulder-strewn, rutted old stage route

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Search For The

All Photos supplied by the author

Shot-gun, pistol, skull, bags of silver coins, some dating back to 1834 and as late as 1865. Reward poster was issued by the Wells Fargo Co. for bandits who robbed stagecoaches in the area.

that pitched sharply into what remained of an abandoned gold camp at the bottom of a canyon outside Mohave. Here, crumbling crude masonry and dilapidated wooden structures lined the silent unpaved street of the past. The camp had been deserted more than a hundred years before. On some of the timeworn structures that still stood, a rusted iron door or shutter sagged drunkenly on its sun-dried leather hinges. The place was quite deserted and silent.

Assured that he was the lone visitor to this most unlikely spot, Fish attached a small pick to his waistbelt, assembled and tuned in his metal detector (Fisher Research Laboratory product) to the conductivity of the surroundings, and began a precise search, starting in with an area about one of the crumbling stone cabins that still remained, though tottering and dilapidated. It wasn't long before the detector began to register, and in rapid succession, showing that the signs were good. In a short time the instrument located metal beneath the surface of the sand along one of the rear walls. Fish quickly started to use his spade, and began digging. Then, at a depth of approximately eighteen inches, he came upon a huge mass of broken, chipped Chinese crockery, some liquor jugs, and many bottles, a few of which still retained their labels in Chinese lettering. These finds, on being examined more closely, proved to be perfect liquor jugs; Chinese and American coins, some dating back as far as 1820 and up to 1865; some broken and unbroken opium bowls of a very rare nature; many glass gambling markers used by the Chinese.

It was these small finds that confirmed the existence of the old Chinese quarter or settlement of the one-time apparently prosperous mining community.

Then, searching more thoroughly about the stone fire-

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Relics and artifacts salvaged from an old Chinese mining camp of the early 1870's. Prized is the framed beer advertisement on the wall advertising the Atlas Brewing Company who shipped refreshment into the camps at the time. The bottle shaped like a cabin sold for $175 at an antique sale.

place standing alone in the cabin's ruins produced a few more rusted scraps of tin, and some iron plates and bars that supported the crude masonry. In sweeping the vertical wall of the deteriorated structure, a strong sign indicated a deposit of metal of some sort in and behind the once crudely plastered rear. Fish removed a section of it and exposed a large recess built into it for safe-keeping valuables. After digging away the debris, he unearthed several tong knives and other weapons, and several opium pipes still in most remarkable preservation, two of which were carved with silver etchings. More opium bowls, some still containing, after so many years, the long-dried dregs of the drug; a beautiful bracelet of matched, rough, heavy gold nuggets; some hollow-ware pins, set with miner's cut diamonds, and a well-worn gold ring with an amethyst setting — items believed to have been held in pawn by some Chinese whose business was to loan funds to miners for personal property and grubstakes.

With further digging a human skull was unearthed — this one with a bullet-hole in its cranium! Close beside the punctured skull a Colt pistol was unearthed, cap and ball type, still fully loaded. What a story this remaining relic of that shooting could relate! Some more work was to be done, and a recheck of the excavation with the detector soon revealed there was still more metal below the surface. At a depth of some thirty inches, Fish unearthed a rusty iron kettle covered with an old stove lid — the old kettle contained a blackened mass of silver coins, six small bars of the same metal, and many Chinese square-holed copper coins. In all, it was quite a find!

However, this last cache which Frank Fish had located and unearthed was but one of many such finds he had uncovered of early Chinese relics and artifacts. Many of his finds were disposed of to collectors and museums at lucrative prices.

Fish had originally started his work in this field as a mere hobby, then developed it into a most lucrative business. Having once been employed as a defense employee, he had, after his first success in his new work, decided to trade the routine of factory work for the job of treasure hunting on his own, which brought him in many times that which he had been earning at the Wittaker-Giro plant. He went into this new work with enthusiasm, and before he passed away he had actually unearthed more than 10,000 items from these abandoned mining camps and ghost town communities, adding a new page to the Old West's history. But the relics and artifacts of these early Chinese immigrants were closest to his heart, and often he would enthuse over such discoveries and relate their history in the settlement of California and other Western states.

In his private collection were many huge earthen jars which the Chinese used to ship their earthly remains

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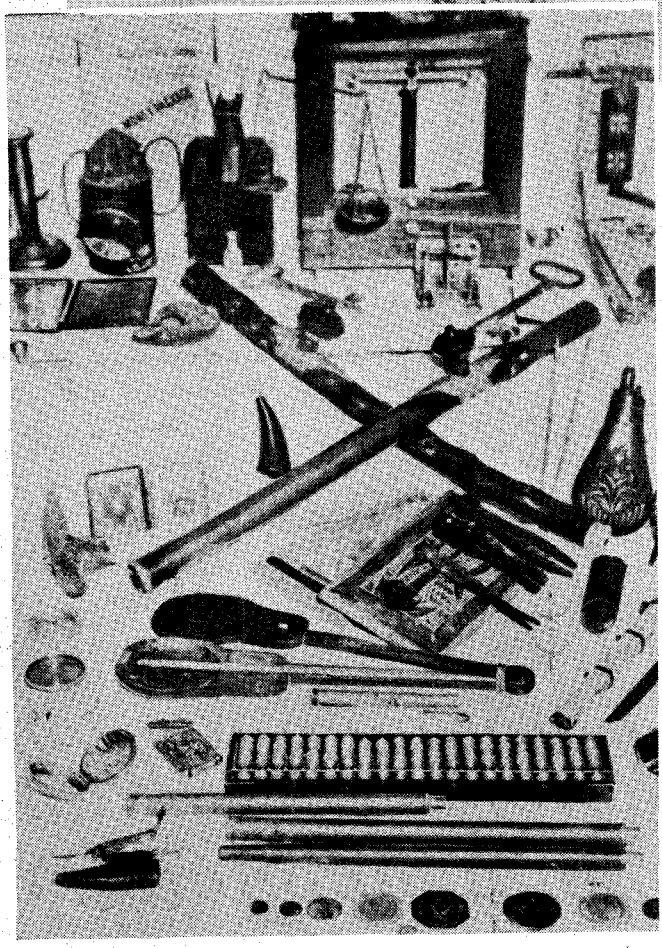
A find of Chinese relics found in an old stone cabin in California. Note opium bowls, Chinese coins, gambling markers, pistols and liquor jar from China.



Collection of unearthed find from a Chinese mining camp: opium pipes, abacus, keys, Chinese coins, etc.

back to China for burial on Chinese soil, as was the custom at that time, but which never made the journey due to some mishap or other.

Today, many descendants of these very same pioneers hold high positions in the official life of San Francisco, Los Angeles and other cities of California; and too, from the unearthed gold and other metals these one-time immigrants toiled so hard to mine and ship back to the homeland, many of their descendants in China derived a better livelihood and were brought up from poverty to a better way of life.

RW

SOURCES

From records of the late Frank L. Fish, noted treasure hunter of the Old West, which were given to me by him before his death.

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Wanted DEAD or Alive: SASQUATCH

by T.W. Paterson

A million dollars has been offered for the capture of "Sasquatch", sometimes called, "Mr. Bigfoot". California, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia still search for this North American version of the Abominable Snowman.

One of the Pacific Northwest's most tantalizing and persistent Indian legends may soon be proven fact -- due to recent announcement of a $1,000,000 reward!

This enormous bounty was placed on the hairy heads of a mysterious tribe of giants, members of which have been "sighted" along the entire West Coast in the past eighty years. North America's version of the Abominable Snowman, this reputed aborigine is known throughout California, Oregon and Washington as "Mr. Bigfoot"; in British Columbia he is called "Sasquatch," although most Indian tribes have christened him individually. Whatever his name, he is an elusive and valuable prize!

Described as being "extremely shy," this "peace-loving mammal" is said to be "related to both homo sapiens (man) and the Himalayan yeti (Abominable Snowman)." He is supposed to range from eight to eighteen feet in height and weigh from 500 to 1,200 pounds.

Most students of "Sasquatchery" believe the hairy giant is more than a genealogical mishap; he is rather a member of a unique Indian tribe. And the legends concerning his origin are as numerous and varied as sightings of Sasquatch himself.

One intriguing story is that he, and others, first were discovered living in what is now Texas and New Mexico by the Spaniards, who named them "Karen Kowans," meaning they "walked in streams and caught fish in their hands." However, after a battle with white settlers, the legend continues, all surviving giants were placed in box cars and transported to Oklahoma, from where they hiked to the wilds of the Pacific Northwest...

The arrival of Spanish explorers on the West Coast inspired another interesting conjecture. It was believed a large gorilla escaped from a Spanish ship, and disappeared into the wilderness. Later, abducting a 15-year-old Indian girl, the ape took up residence in the mountains and two children resulted -- Sasquatch both.

Other legends attribute their beginning to a white youth who vanished from Qualicum, Vancouver Island about the turn of the century and became wild. Island natives believe them descendants of the Ahoot-zoos, outlawed members of the Man-ous-aht tribe. To this day, Island tribes seldom venture inland and there are vast areas of the island still to be thoroughly explored.

"Another tale has it that the medicine men of the coastal Indian tribes," according to one newspaper report, "the Hamatsi, taught that no one dwelt on the central mountains of the Island except evil spirits, which took visible form in the Sasquatch." (Although native legends vary with each tribe, each clan's traditions refer to these mysterious giants.)

In a recent issue of *British Columbia Digest* magazine, Bella Coola storekeeper Cliff Kopas mentioned the fantastic reward in an article on Sasquatch. According to the editors, Kopas has "spent hundreds of hours in research to prove his belief," and is an authority.

Kopas says: "My interest in Sasquatchery goes back nearly 30 years, when I found a group of Indians -- intelligent ones, too -- who explained many mysterious noises in the woods by a reference to Sasquatch. Of course, they used to accompany the reference with a laugh, but when I convinced them I had at least an open mind about it, I had more Sasquatch stories than a pine tree has needles. And like mosquitoes, identical details cropped up from illiterate peoples who had no reasonable way of conveying information over hundreds of miles...Granted they are telling the truth, at least a dozen people, white and Indian, have told me about their Sasquatch sightings."

Courtesy: Bill Halkett

Paul Sam, a west coast Vancouver Island Indian, knows legends of the "Ahout-zoos", outlawed members of tribes believed by island natives to be the "Sasquatch".

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Courtesy: Bill Halkett

Jimmy Fraser, venerable weather prophet of the Songhees Indian tribe, claims he was chased by a "Sasquatch" when a youth. He is pointing to a gag photo concerning the "Sasquatch".

The amazing bounty, he explained, was posted by a Texas oil-king. Kopas said he learned of it from a hunter subsidized by the Texan, but cannot reveal the millionaire's identity. Unfortunately, no sooner had his article appeared than the oilman died in a plane crash. Kopas, however, is convinced that "just as rich rewards would be reaped from scientific groups, if a hunter did produce a Sasquatch."

Strangely, the very first newspaper reference to the creature is, in fact, a report that a young one had been captured at Yale, B.C. The *Victoria Daily Colonist*, July 4, 1884, gave the details of this famous incident. Briefly:

A train engineer had spotted a "demented Indian" scrambling up rocky bluffs overshadowing the right-of-way, about 20 miles north of Yale. The train crew gave pursuit, and after a hectic five-minute chase up the treacherous cliffs, trapped the fugitive on a ledge. To take him alive, conductor R.J. Craig climbed forty feet above the terrified animal and battered it senseless with a rock.

Securely binding their unusual captive with the locomotive's bell rope, the railwaymen then locked him in the baggage car and proceeded to Yale.

The *Colonist* reported, "Jacko (as he was named) is something of the gorilla type, standing about four feet, seven inches in height and weighing 127 pounds. He has long, black, strong hair and resembles a human being with one exception; his entire body, excepting his hands and feet or paws, are covered with glossy hair about one inch long. His forearm is much longer than a man's forearm, and he possesses extraordinary strength, as he will take hold of a stick and break it by wrenching or twisting it, which no man living could break in the same way. Since his capture he is very reticent, only occasionally uttering a noise which is half bark and half growl..."

Upon reading the *Colonist* account, a Rev. J.B. Good, of Nanaimo, wrote the editor about his experience at Lytton Indian Mission. He mentioned having been told by his Indian flock on many occasions of their encounters with "wild men of the woods." He admitted having "laughed at their fears and pooh-poohed the matter, considering the reports in question on a par with their traditional stories about certain lakes and special spots being haunted..."

Unfortunately, nothing more is recorded of Jacko. To this day, what became of this living, breathing enigma and Englishman George Tilbury, who planned exhibiting him, is not known.

The next reported encounter with a "man-beast" occurred about 1901. This is the vivid account of pioneer Mike King, described by the late historian Bruce A. McKelvie as having been "one of the most outstanding timber cruisers who ever operated in B.C. A fine type of a man with an enviable reputation for reliability."

(continued on page 77)

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THE TEXAN WHO TAMED THE RAILROADS

(continued from page 11)

irregular, high-priced wagon caravans to move their corn and cotton and pigs? How could a town, except a coastal one with navigation facilities, grow if its merchants must also depend on small inventories brought in by wagon freighters running gamuts of white road pirates and bands of savage Indians?

And without rail transportation, would not the flow of migration be deflected from Texas to states being reached by those long spans of iron? Already far too many disappointed settlers were returning to their old states after learning that "there were trains back home."

So eloquent, far-seeing John Reagan began talking railroads. By the time Texas was admitted to the Union on December 1, 1845, he had become one of the state's most influential citizens, having served as a county judge and captain of militia. As a member of the second state legislature in 1847, he advocated measures that would give the lines special concessions to build in Texas where, as yet, not a foot of track had been laid.

Texans generally supported his stand. For, at that time, American railroad companies were basking in a great glow of public good will. Wherever they chose to expand, towns grew and states prospered. Migrants rode in by droves to set up the lasting stakes of civilization. Agriculturists prospered along with merchants. Not yet were transport companies paying inflated dividends on watered stock. At least, west of the Mississippi, legislators were not being plied with sluts and dollars to grant franchises. The rails had lengthened across hillocks and stretches of prairie. The genus train robber had not appeared.

In 1859, the first railroad was built in Texas. It was the San Antonio & Mexican Gulf intended to serve the big state's southwestern section adjacent to Mexico.

Texas now wanted that country as a customer after having fought it as a foe. The construction of this pioneer line was made possible by a joint bond issue of $50,000 issued jointly by San Antonio, the state's largest city, and by its surrounding county of Bexar. That same year John Regan was elected a district judge in eastern Texas with its strong, economic and geographical ties to adjoining Louisiana. Cherishing a vision, Reagan hoped to see the thousand-mile breadth of the great state linked from east to west by the Iron Horse. As jurist and citizen he urged the east Texas counties to issue bonds and donate public lands that would encourage railroad promoters to lay more tracks.

He became known as one of the best friends of the railroad interests. Largely through that friendship, they were able to secure concessions permitting them to expand in East Texas. As a result, cotton farmers now found themselves able to compete with the planters of the older South in moving the fluffy white cargoes by rail.

A few citizens, even in that booming, promising era, felt that this whole method of encouraging rail building was fraught with danger. For under it, counties and communities taxed themselves through bond issues to provide public capital for private enterprises, subject to not one comma of regulation in the state's law books.

But these individuals were howled down as what Texans call "jonahs" – people always looking for grief when they should be patriotically whooping it up for anything labeled progress. Meantime, inch by inch, with cautious greed, the railroad builders were beginning to demand more and more for their blessings.

Soon they started tapping the public lands as well as the public pocketbook. Texas' greatest potential wealth was her millions of acres yet untouched by anything except the hooves of grazing wild cattle or horses, or by uncivilized Indian tribes too often using these vast, unsettled tracts as bases from which to raid pioneer settlements.

The Henderson and Burkville, East Texas' very first line, had demanded, and received in its charter, the equivalent of eight miles of land for every mile of track. Then its promoters claimed that even this grab was insufficient to underwrite the expense of construction. So, in 1854, two years after such a baronial handout, the state legislature doubled the ante to sixteen miles of land for each mile of rail.

In retrospect it all seems so incredible. Implausible, too, the fact of enlightened citizens like John Reagan blinking their eyes at such a wholesale steal. Now the mushrooming railroads could not only charge the public whatever they liked for passenger fares and freight tolls, they were also gorging the public domain as if it were so much taffy candy.

And, of course, what happened in the Lone Star State was repeated throughout the burgeoning American republic.

The tracks of the Iron Horse snaked across more and more areas of the Union. After the Mexican War, lines connecting with the Atlantic Seaboard, stemming from centers like St. Louis, began reaching the plains of the near West. That they helped bring civilization and settlers cannot be gainsaid. But many a pocket was lined by grants and subsidies demanded from Congress, and state or territorial governments, with symbolic guns pointed at their heads.

Came that festeringly ominous year of 1857. An Illinois country lawyer named Abraham Lincoln was warning listening ears that America could not endure half-slave, half-free. A Mississippi senator, Jefferson Davis, was replying that the South would maintain, at all costs, its "peculiar institution" of human bondage. The "Texas Washington," Sam Houston, surrendered his seat in the Senate and ran unsuccessfully for governor on a Unionist platform. Febrile James Buchanan, sometimes called "Ten

Missouri Pacific Lines

The International & Great Northern Railroad immigrants' home sought to encourage colonization of Texas by providing temporary housing facilities for immigrants who came from the East. The IGN operated largely in Texas.

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Cent Jim," moved into the White House. John Henninger Reagan, modern member of the Southern bloc, entered Congress for his first term.

He nor anyone else was bothering very much about the increasing audacity of the railroads still getting just about whatever they wanted from anybody. For now, on the horizon, loomed the shadow of another bout at arms, grimmer and bloodier than the Mexican War fought almost a decade before. A war whose thunderous rehearsal was the Free Soil-Slaver feud now getting underway in newly-created Kansas Territory: The Civil War.

Reagan, like all the saner members of the Southern delegation, hoped to prevent a fratricidal showdown between countrymen. His own grandfather had fought in the war for independence which had established this mighty nation, now extending from the forests of Maine to the fisheries of Oregon. He knew how hard the brief Texas Republic had maneuvered to become a state of the American Union. He considered as rank insanity the braggart talk of some Southerners about extending slavery into Latin America now that it was being gravely challenged in the evolving West.

In 1859, soldiers of Nicaragua gave a concrete example of how Latin Americans would greet invading slavers: by standing a Tennessee adventurer, William Walker, against a wall and shooting him. In some cosmic counter-gesture, the slave power then executed blazing old John Brown for his quixotic seizure of the Federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry. To the dismay of potential secessionists like fire-eating Texas senator Louis Wigfrall, determined factions of Unionists began developing in the restless South.

That crucial year, Texas reversed itself by electing Houston, the limping old lion, as its governor. Andrew Jackson Hamilton, a Unionist who would later serve as a manager of Lincoln's inaugural ball, would be sent to Congress from the Western district of the Lone Star State. John Henninger Reagan would be returned from the Eastern district where the great majority of Texas slaves were concentrated.

A year later, in 1860, the die was cast. Abraham Lincoln, the so-called "Black Republican," was elected president. The South seceded to set up that evanescent something called the Confederate States of America. Through a series of political coups engineered by that forerunner of the Ku Klux Klan, the Knights of the Golden Circle, Texas was dragged into the disaster of secession. Houston was thrown out as governor, but western Texas, led by Jack Hamilton, remained a citadel of the Union.

That John Reagan, a secessionist out of basic Southern loyalties, would some day unite Texans around an issue still far in the future; that he would find himself cooperating with former political foes to curb a choking monopoly - this he could not have foreseen any more than friend or foe during this violent rupture of the American republic.

He became postmaster general of the Confederacy by appointment of its president, Jefferson Davis. Seventy-five thousand miles of track had been laid in America at the time of secession. While serving as a member of the rebel cabinet, John Reagan gagged on his first overdose of corporate greed.

Southern lines not only made extortionate profits out of transporting Confederate troops, they demanded pirate sums to carry the mails, whether civilian or military. Through the war Reagan haggled and pleaded with the Dixie railway magnates to put patriotism above gain. He learned that trusts had no heart - only mouths.

That knowledge became conviction as John Reagan, transient rebel against his country, kept maturing into one of the major American statesmen of the nineteenth century.

The Confederacy began crumbling. It had little economic, and less historical, base to insure survival. Reagan was the one member of its cabinet who insisted that its trans-Mississippi breadbasket of Texas, Arkansas, and Northern Louisiana must be held at all costs. He alone, of the Confederate leadership, opposed Lee's ambitious foray into the North while Vicksburg, the South's key position on the Mississippi, was under siege.

On July 4, 1863, Vicksburg fell, leaving the Confederacy cut squarely in the middle. On July 5, the day afterward, Lee marched beaten columns of gray from a Pennsylvania battlefield called Gettysburg. Almost two years more the stubborn rebels would hold out till Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Fleeing from Richmond with Davis and the rest of his cabinet would be John Reagan. Reagan would be the only Cabinet member loyal to the end. For all the others drifted away, on one excuse or another, as remnant Confederate forces began surrendering across the South. On May 10, 1865, one month after Appomattox, Reagan was captured with Davis and a few other steadfast friends near Irwinville, Georgia, By that time, the Texan bore the meaningless title of acting secretary of the treasury, as well as that of postmaster general.

He was thrown into a military dungeon at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. There, fallen low, he stayed for half a year, his meager jail fare being supplemented with food slipped in by the sympathetic wife of the Commandant.

It seemed now that Reagan's star had set with the fall of the Confederacy. He was a prisoner of war, and a prize prisoner to his captors. He had been citizen of three republics, including his own state of Texas when it had for a time possessed sovereignty. Now, for joining in the Rebellion, he was a man without a country.

Yet two leading southern Unionists felt embarrassed and concerned about this sorry status of a man still remembered as a friend. One was Andrew Johnson, president of the United States since the assassination of Lincoln, but native of East Tennessee, like John Reagan. The other was Andrew Jackson Hamilton, serving by a previous appointment of Lincoln as provisional governor of Texas until it could qualify for readmission into the Union.

On May 28, 1865, a few weeks after his capture, the prisoner wrote a famous letter to the president. He asked no clemency for himself, but begged that leniency be extended the conquered South. On the following August 11th, he addressed an open letter to Texans, urging that they accept the outcome of the war, accord the emancipated slaves civil rights and prepare them gradually, through education, for full citizenship. Otherwise, he warned bluntly, the alternative would be government by a combination of occupying troopers and illiterate black voters swayed by unscrupulous politicians.

These letters created a sensation in Washington. Few other ex-Confederate leaders had shown such an acceptance of the inevitable. Most had withdrawn into bitterness and sentimental glorification of an order dead for outliving its time. His correspondence was studied intently by President Johnson, Secretary of State William Seward and Massachusetts Senator Henry Wilson, leading member of a congressional committee on Reconstruction.

On the basis of Reagan's mature stand, Governor Hamilton wrote President Johnson asking his release from prison. The request was granted. Federal officials asked that the Texan return to his state, persuade his own people to follow what could be a voluntary policy of the whole South.

Instead Reagan found himself noisily denounced as a "scalawag"-the name given by former Confederates to those who cooperated with the northern conquerors. Now he seemed to be a man without a state as well as one without a country.

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The long, truculent period of Reconstruction continued. It was a bloody epoch in Texas, with scorching feuds between victorious Unionists and vengeful ex-Confederates convulsing entire counties for long years to come.

In these sorry brush-fire sequels to the real war, Texas' most celebrated ex-Confederate took no part. With mule and plow and muscle, he labored to rebuild his ruined farm near the little town of Palestine. Legend says that he always carried a book in his pocket, stopping to read for a minute at the end of each row before turning the mule to the next one.

At the approximate age of fifty, a gifted man's public career seemed to be finished. As a former Confederate official, he was barred from voting or holding office. So decreed Reconstruction legislation passed by Congress over President Johnson's veto. But, gradually, the prejudice against Reagan for favoring limited black suffrage died down. Finally, serious-minded Texans began taking steps to pull their state out of the wreckage.

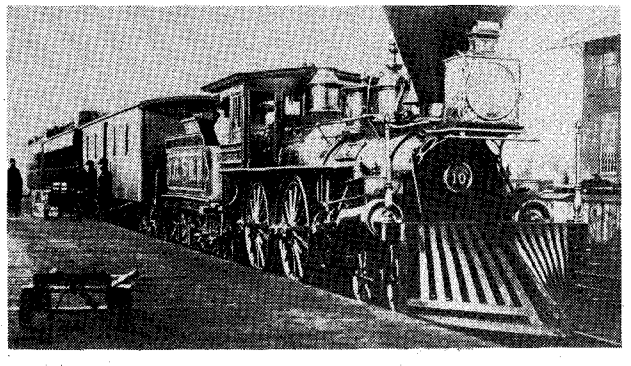
Reagan was one of the savior group, along with now ex-governor Hamilton and present governor James W. Throckmorton, who had been one of the seven delegates standing against disunion in the secession convention of 1861. This cooperation would continue even after Throckmorton, elected by the voters, had been removed as "an impediment to Reconstruction" by a Federal military commander.

Once again John Reagan found himself confronted with the problem of what to do about the railroads. More lines were being built in eastern Texas. But cattlemen in the great grazing western half of the state were trailing big herds of longhorns across dangerous Indian Territory to reach Kansas railroads serving the Midwest beef markets. Railroads were demanding premium of this western land for laying tracks in East Texas. Then, finding it more profitable for the moment to leave this vast area undeveloped, they rented the bounty grants for three or four cents an acre as pasturage to the very ranchers suffering these imposed hardships.

Not until the 90's would the majority of West Texas cattle raisers have easier shipping facilities on their own terrain. But the initial steps taken by the Reagan group would speed the day when depots and freight yards would be as common as general stores and blacksmith shops throughout most of the state.

Reagan had been instrumental in bringing a railroad to his own town of Palestine. But, under his influence, the city council required that it erect permanent shops there so that, to this day, the small East Texas community has prospered from a railway payroll.

In 1869, the Texas legislature passed an act forbidding any further issuance of public bonds to railroads. Six years later, in 1875, John Reagan was restored to citizenship. He returned to the national Congress in Washington. Soon, though still a champion of states rights, he was sponsoring bills to place the railroads under Federal regulation. Either the nation would rule them, he felt, or they would rule the nation.



Illinois Central Railroad

A typical railroad train operating in the Midwest and Texas during the 1860's and 70's.

Entire state governments had, by now, been taken over by rail combinations claiming not only huge public subsidies and public land, but also detachments of Federal troopers to protect their construction crews against resentful Indians seeing only doom in the Iron Horse.

Sometimes railroads lured settlers to lands made available to them from the public domain. Some years afterwards, the line officials would find technicalities to evict them and resell their holdings. Just such a situation provoked the pitched battle of Mussel Slough between California nesters and railroad goons during the late 80's.

Freight differentials added to the hardships of shippers throughout the country. A business man, favored by a line, might have to pay only fifty cents per hundred pounds to transport his merchandise. His competitor might be charged three or four dollars a hundred pounds. Both passenger and freight rates were governed by that cynical rule of thumb laid down by Commodore Vanderbilt: "Charge all the traffic will bear."

For twelve years John Reagan, as either member or chairman of the House Commerce Committee, championed the American people against this first of the huge monopolies. Year after year, he introduced legislation to bring the railroad trusts to heel. Cattlemen from Montana and Texas, farmers from Georgia and his native Tennessee, factory owners from New York and Pennsylvania appeared at congressional committee hearings to urge enactment of his bills. No Texan at the Alamo ever fought harder for a principle than that robust man risen again to prominence in the councils of a government which had once outlawed him.

Failure of Congress to curb the railroads resulted in a rash of train robberies that broke out from the 70's to the 90's. The James Boys were more honored Americans than Jay Gould and Jim Fisk and other rail czars whom Americans felt were bigger thieves.

In his own gun-ravaged state of Texas, Representative John Reagan saw the rise and fall of train-robbing gangs like the old led by frowsy, bumptious Sam Bass. Other such bands developed in Indian Territory after Congress and the Department of the Interior had practically given that assigned domain of the tribes to a huge railway. In California arose the notorious Sontag-Evans gang of engine boarders with its leader, Jess Sontag, a former railroad employee allegedly denied compensation for an injury on the job.

Increasingly Reagan saw the western struggle against outlawry to be one and the same with the national struggle to curb the railroads. Let the big lines yield to law, he thought, then the train robbers who preyed off them would be less popular.

In 1887, Texans elected Reagan to the United States Senate on a platfom which included a plank for drastic regulation of the railroads. Just four years he would spend in the upper house of Congress. Yet he would leave, as his enduring monument, the present Interstate Commerce Commission provided for in a bill that he co-authored as a member of the Senate Commerce Committee.

The railroads, it is said, spent millions of dollars to fight the measure. But throughout America citizens rallied behind the public-spirited Texan. They flooded their senators and representatives with letters and telegrams and visits from delegations demanding passage. In less than a year from the time that Reagan took his seat in the Senate, the Commission began functioning with members appointed by President Grover Cleveland. Its powers were limited till the broader Hepburn Act of 1906. Those contemporary authorities, Lewis Paul Todd and Merle

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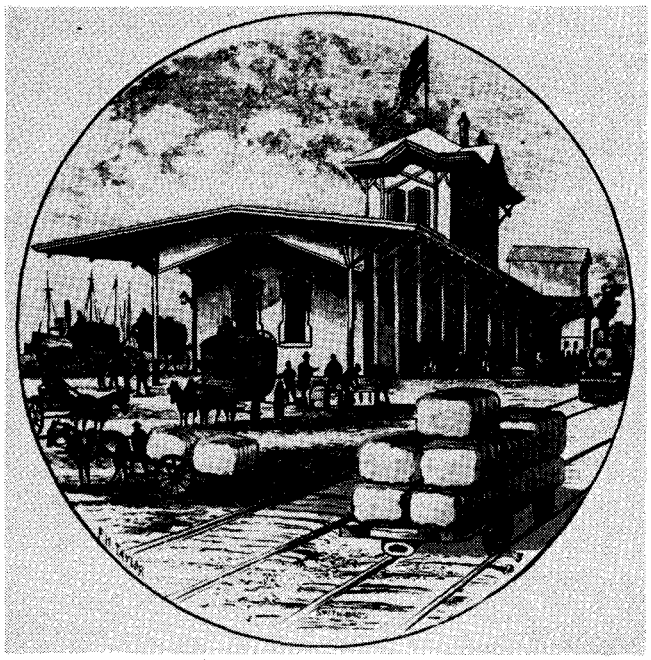

Missouri Pacific Lines

The railroad station at Galveston, Texas. Galveston was already a busy gulf port when the railroad reached there in 1878.

Curti declared in their panoramic work, *America's History:*

"The Interstate Commerce Act was significant in that it was the first important attempt by the Federal government to regulate transportation. It extended Federal regulation to a new field. Because it set a precedent for more sweeping measures that followed in steadily increasing numbers, the act is a landmark--in the history of the relations between government and business."

Far reaching was the impact of that Texan who tamed the railroads. Now Congress began to show more courage about laying down rules to prohibit giant industrial enterprises from pushing the public around.

In 1890, that next-to-last year of John Reagan's service in the Senate, our national legislature enacted the Sherman Anti-Trust Act to protect small businesses and the consumers from monopolies. In Reagan's spirit, Congress, over successive epochs, would pass laws governing the powerful utility companies, the banks and other sectors of an economy whose benefits must be shared by all Americans if we are to remain a vigorous, democratic nation.

Aging Senator Reagan might have closed his career with his fight for national regulation of the railroads. Already he was being called one of America's greatest statesmen. But there was still one task to be accomplished back home - back in Texas where he had become one of the most honored political leaders since Sam Houston, the founding father.

The lines serving Texas had to be forced to disgorge public lands stolen through crooked surveys above and beyond the mammoth tracts originally handed them. They had to be forced to repay huge sums lent from the public treasury by past legislatures. Lawmakers themselves had to be prohibited from accepting free passes or other favors extended by railroad lobbyists. The state government at Austin had to have larger powers to fix fares and freight rates within Texas than the Interstate Commerce Commission had at that time to set tariffs within the nation.

Reagan and his friend, Governor James Stephen Hogg, pushed through the legislature a bill for a state railroad commission due to become a model for other such regulatory agencies throughout the monopoly-abused West. On Hogg's plea, Reagan resigned his seat in the United States Senate to become a member.

At first the railroads fought the commission like unbroken broncos bucking a snubbing post. Finally they had to yield. Mass opinion offered them no choice.

During the memorable Reagan era, Texan railroads began improving their public image. Their lobbies at Austin would always be maintained along with cliques of special pleaders for various other industries. But, as the railways kept expanding, they laid out scores of new towns destined to become thriving trade centers. They provided better rolling stock in the shape of improved passenger and freight cars. In cities like Fort Worth and Waco they built major repair and maintenance shops which provided employment for many men and earnings for many businesses.

Eventually, around 1900, the railroads surrendered their unoccupied lands on the sparsely-settled West Texas Plains. The state legislature threw open these millions of acres to settlers. There followed the last Texas homestead boom. Counties, long nothing but cow pastures on a map, were finally organized to be run by judges and sheriffs instead of chuck wagon dictators. Old outlaw roosts sprouted towns and schools and churches. And, of course, railroad tracks covered the ruts left by the wheels of freight wagons.

In 1912, California, the only remaining railroad-dominated state, pulled out from under with the election of forceful governor Hiram W. Johnson. By that time, all the roistering robbers were so much gaudy history. Most lay moldering in this or that boot hill from draws called by lawdogs. Frank Jackson, old Bass Henchman, was living under a protective alias in New Mexico. Cole Younger was peacefully fading away on a farm in Oklahoma. Emmett Dalton was a prospering real estate man in Los Angeles. Al Jennings and Texas Jack Reed had turned to preaching.

More honorably remembered was John Reagan who had battled railroads in the only manner that did the public any good.

Twelve years he served on the Texas Railroad Commission, six of those years as chairman. Citizens began calling him with respectful affection "The old Roman" because his dignity and rectitude seemed like that of an ancient Roman senator.

The forthright Texan was eighty-five at his retirement from public life in 1903. At that time he was the only surviving member of the Confederate cabinet. Two years later, in 1905, he died of pneumonia after having disregarded the advice of his wife and, on a chilly day, ridden to Palestine for his mail.

Reagan County is named for him in the Lone Star State where we rank him as one of our immortals. A monument to him stands in Austin, the capital under whose three flags he served with equal dedication. But his greatest memorial is something intangible and can never be reduced to stone.

Because of this man born on one frontier, rising into statesmanship on another, all of us Americans can travel economically and comfortably, as well as rapidly. So we Texans share John Reagan as intimately with our fellowcountrymen as we do Sam Houston and Stephen Austin and Bill Travis of the Alamo.

RW

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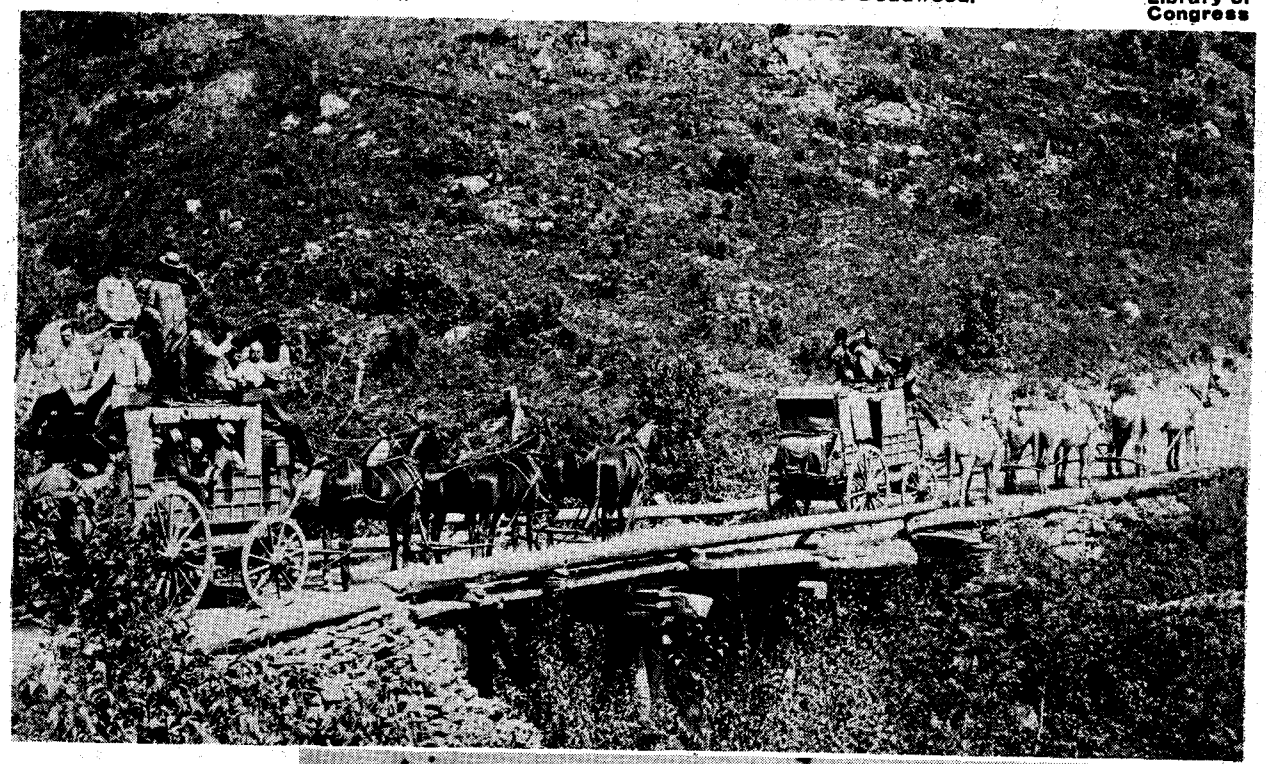
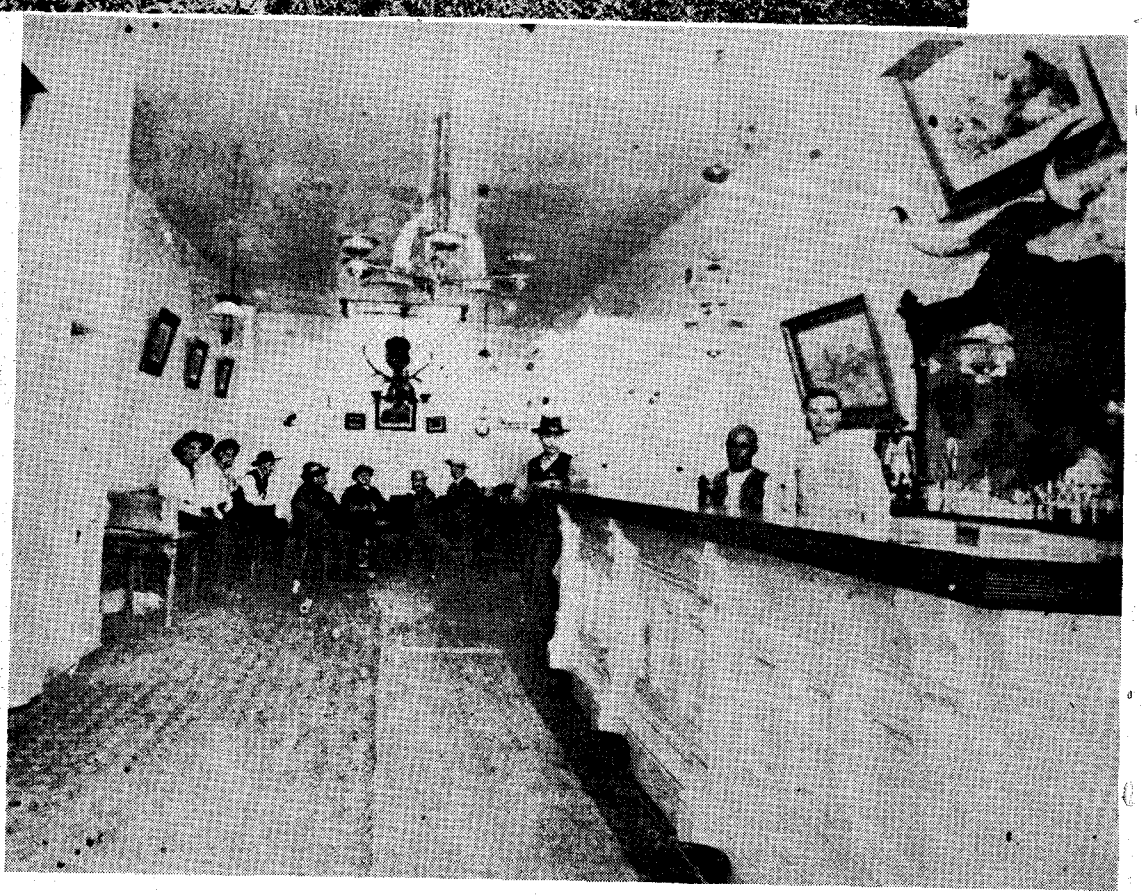
REAL WEST

The Deadwood coach on the trail, 1889. The scene depicts one of the many wooden bridges crossing gulches and small streams on the road to Deadwood.

Library of Congress





The Long Branch Saloon, Dodge City, Kansas. 1880's. This saloon has been made famous as the locale of many an adventure in Gunsmoke of both radio and TV fame.

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

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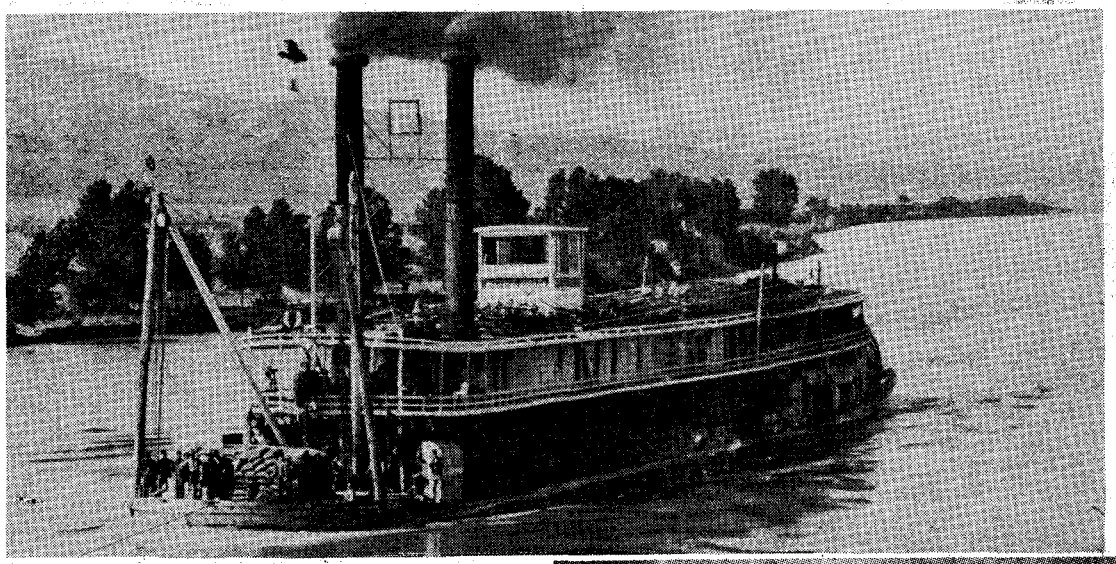
PICTORIAL

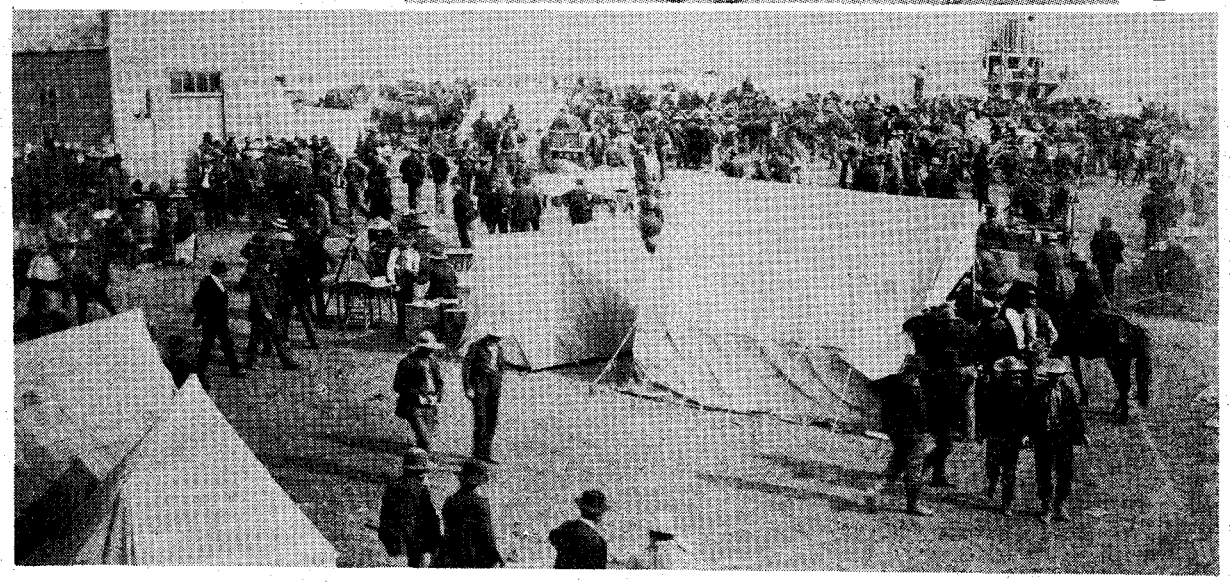


Historical Society of Montana, Helena

The steamer "Rosebud" proceeding upstream on the Upper Missouri in 1886. River steamers such as these helped to open up the great northwest to settlers. The steamers were used to transport farm products and general freight as well as passengers.

Blackjack Ketchum, one of Butch Cassidy's train robbers, decapitated by the hangman's noose, in the courtyard of the prison at Clayton, New Mexico.

Pinkerton's National Detective Agency



N. H. Rose collection, Univ. of Oklahoma

Street scene in Guthrie Oklahoma, ten days after the opening of Indian Territory to settlers, 1889.

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NEW MEXICO'S HORRIBLE BANDIT SOCIETY

(continued from page 13)

large sums of money, he gambled and returned to his hotel towards daylight, well loaded.

On an early morning two assigned bandits shadowed him as he weaved along into east Bridge street for his hotel. Closing in on a shadowy corner, the bandits, considering him too drunk to offer resistance, started a strong-arm robbery. Suddenly the intended victim sprang out of their clutches. No longer showing evidence of heavy drinking he produced a pistol and shot both of them down in their tracks. Very wisely he was aboard the first passenger train out after dawn, before the bandits could wreak vengeance.

The matter puzzled Silva, until he reached the conclusion that undercover detectives were being used against him. Thereafter, his control of the gang tightened.

Another big steal of cattle brought a grand jury investigation on demand of the territorial governor. The attorney general possessed some evidence, for seven members of the gang were brought before one jury. But no indictment was handed down. Suspicious that others of his bandits might be hailed in for investigation, Silva ordered all those frequenting Las Vegas to lay low for a while at Mora.

There Sandoval was careless enough to be caught robbing a wealthy citizen and jailed. That night the others dug him out of the adobe bastile. They then hid out at Monte Largo for a couple of months.

Riding like the wind on the plains of eastern New Mexico, a crew of bandits swooped down on an isolated ranch. They shot up the place, killed two cowboys and set the buildings afire in fiendish glee. In true gang style they drove the remuda off with them, and picked up a quickly thrown together herd of cattle. Driving west, they headed for the wilderness hideout.

They believed no pursuit possible from the destroyed ranch, but did not take into account the possibility of it elsewhere. Tired of marauders, the LX outfit had thrown a band of cowboys into open country. Spotting dust of a trail herd, they waited its approach in concealment.

Finally, the moving herd came close. The high peaked, wide brimmed sombreros gave the rustler crew away. Although fewer in number the cowboys attacked. Two were shot out of their saddles and the rest driven off, packing several wounded.

The bandits continued unmolested until actually entering their mountain fastnesses for Monte Largo. A large posse of cowboys appeared suddenly in their rear. Shoving stock on as fast as possible, the bandits were finally forced to make a stand. One by one their rear guards were overcome.

Coming about, the entire outlaw crew laid an ambush, killing three cowboys and wounding others. Still they refused to withdraw. Only falling night saved the bandits. Before they could be caught again, the stolen stock had been driven far and secreted in unknown defiles.

While this bunch licked their wounds, three bandits near Las Vegas ran off a dozen head of fine geldings belonging to Don Jose Santos Esquibel. The Don reared up in anger, offering a reward for their recovery or information. Hoping to get some of it, for the bandits blew in their ill-gotten money as fast as Silva doled out their divvy, Maes turned informer. The Don's son, Refugio, was a friend of his. He told him in strictest confidence the horses were at Monte Largo. Also, he warned that no less than a heavily armed bunch of fighting men could possibly bring them out.

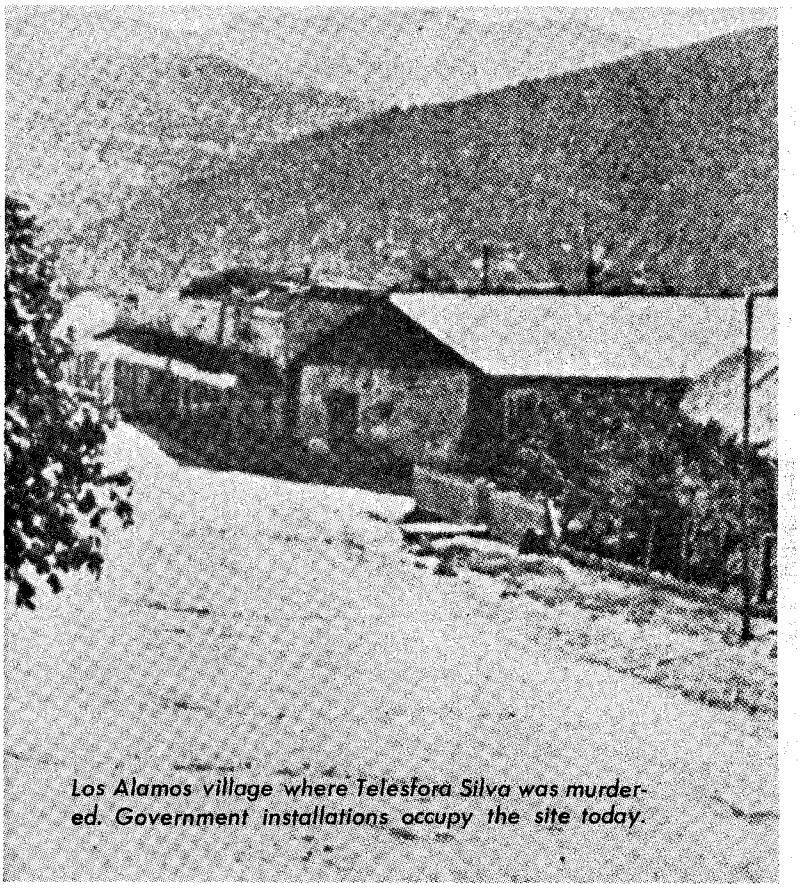

Photo furnished by the author

Los Alamos village where Telesfora Silva was murdered. Government installations occupy the site today.

Don Esquibel began collecting a body of men whom he felt were trustworthy. But the secret leaked out, as well as that it was Maes who had revealed where the horses had been taken, The informer's execution created quite a stir. Much mystery surrounded how he had fallen into the bandit chief's clutches, since he knew all their secret ways of operating.

Only years later did County Sheriff Lorenzo Lopez reveal that three West Las Vegas policemen, Jose Chavez, Julian Trujillo and Eugenio Alarid arrested and handed him over to the bandit society. They were members of the gang!

Despite the citizens' indignation over Maes' murder, Silva erroneously considered the matter at an end. At that time he had a greater worry. Mexican-Americans of the better class banded together in opposition to the bandit society. Led by the Romero political faction of Las Vegas, this organization was called *La Sociedad de Proteccion Mutua* (The Mutual Protection Society).

Silva feared them ten times more than he did lawmen not in his pay, and what Don Esquibel could possibly do about his stolen horses. There he made his first important error in judgment. The opposition society was almost wholly political. Actually, they did the bandit gang no harm at all.

The cagey Don Esquibel had reason not to trust local law men. On gathering enough men to raid Monte Largo, he arranged for two U.S. deputy marshals to accompany him. This force struck at a time when the bandits' ranch was weakly guarded. Those who should have been there were off in the villages carousing, for they did not believe anyone dared attack the stronghold. Without much trouble the stolen horses were recovered, and those of other owners besides. The Don's report of seeing at least one thousand head of cattle wearing different brands therein, sent in cowmen with big crews who cleaned it out in a matter of days.

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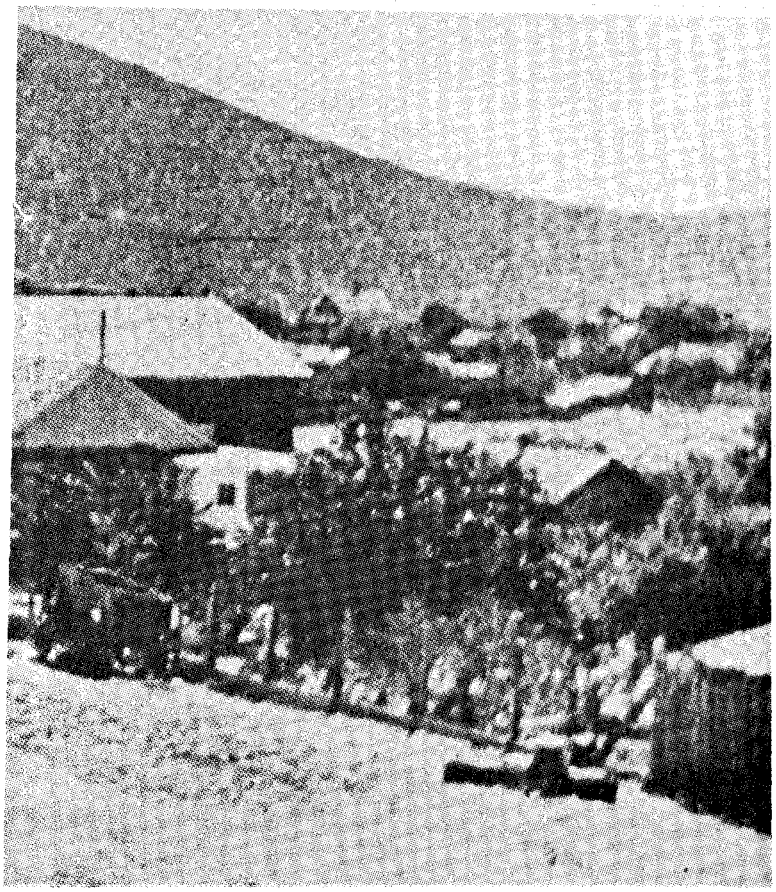

On the heels of this disaster, Miguel Antonio Otero, clerk of the Fourth Judicial District, summoned before an investigating grand jury every man who could possibly be a member of the bandit society. Alarmed by this new danger, Silva broke the gang into small groups, sending them elsewhere to escape arrest.

Being served with a subpoena himself, he finally recognized the writing on the wall. Disposing of his saloon he went into hiding. This he managed successfully by spending brief periods at his bawdy houses, and moving on frequently. The slippery criminal master-mind was hard to catch, and the law's hand never fell on him alive.

Callously he deserted his wife and the adopted little girl. Emma was illegitimate, the daughter of wealthy unmarried Anglo-American parents and had been disposed of at birth in a livery stable. The hostler found her still alive one morning while cleaning stables. She was then legally adopted by the Silvas.

As she grew up, the foster mother became much endeared to her, loving Emma as she would have a natural daughter. Gabriel, her brother, also loved the little girl, considering her a sister.

Having to fend for herself and Emma, Mrs. Silva opened a small restaurant in the better part of Las Vegas. Living with them, Gabriel acquired another job, and helped with his funds.

On reaching school age, Emma had been entered at the Sisters' Academy. She was seven years old, large for her age, taffy-haired and a beautiful child, brilliant in her studies, when Silva abandoned his family.

Where before he had also loved the little girl, the perverted streak in him came out. One morning, January 23, 1893, Caballero handed the sisters a note requesting that Emma be brought to her foster mother at once. They did not know Caballero and thought it all right for her to go. She was last seen riding off in a buggy with the stranger.

When Emma did not come home during the noon hour for lunch, as was her custom, Mrs. Silva became worried. Going to the Academy she learned the horrible truth and at once accused Silva of having had her kidnapped. In panic she hurried to Gabriel. Together they appealed tearfully to all the law officers they could reach to recover little Emma.

Apparently they didn't even try, still fearing Silva's power despite the gang being scattered. Appeals were made to prominent citizens, and finally the territorial authorities. But Emma had vanished completely into a void.

Gabriel kept working alone seeking any clue whatever to her whereabouts. Caballero on Silva's orders had taken Emma directly to Los Alamos, delivering her to Flor de Pena. In addition to Gabriel's searching, Mrs. Silva's tragedy gained considerable public sympathy. The whole of northern New Mexico aroused itself to solving the crime.

Reports of such numerous activities alarmed Flor de Pena. She warned Silva on one of his visits that sooner or later information would slip through. Her personal safety was thus jeopardized.

"Stay your fears," Silva told her. "The source of agitation will be disposed of. I shall kill them both and the matter will end."

Sneaking back into Las Vegas he sought out two policemen remaining loyal to his whims. Arrangements were made. That night the officers located Gabriel in the Imperial saloon.

When informed that they had come unexpectedly onto valuable information concerning Emma, Gabriel was beside himself in eagerness. Instead of revealing what they supposedly knew, they said they would take him to the informant. The man could tell him personally. Unsuspecting that they were conducting him to his death, Gabriel went along.

The policemen took him to a vacant lot on Moreno Street, directly behind Silva's former saloon. Waiting there, the bandit chief came out of the shadows.

When Gabriel began accusing him in two languages, Silva told him, "Your trouble-making will be ended tonight!"

Seizing Gabriel's arms, the policemen twisted them straight out from his sides, holding him helpless. Silva drew his butcher knife, plunging it several times into his chest. The body was then dropped into a deep privy hole, and concealed under some boards and debris.

Gabriel being missed could cause more public interest. To counteract it, Silva had a letter forged to his wife and signed "Gabriel," stating that he had taken Emma away and that they were well. In addition, he had circulated the lie that Gabriel himself kidnapped Emma, keeping her concealed in Las Vegas all this time.

If Emma was with Gabriel, Mrs. Silva knew she would be safe from harm. It took her some weeks to understand the trick played on her, that Gabriel never wrote the letter.

About this time District Court Clerk Otero had Manuel Gonzales Baca brought in for questioning about the Mora post office robbery. A skillful interrogator, Otero knew but couldn't prove Baca an officer in the bandit society. Nor yet could he gain a single damaging admission from him. He did answer seemingly unimportant questions not involving him in any dangerous matter. Although unable to tie him into the post office robbery, replies to some of Otero's rambling questions led him to believe Emma was at Los Alamos. He so informed Mrs. Silva.

She was apparently aware of a few of Silva's criminal activities. For she knew of the Flor de Pena's business, and suspected she might be a lead to Emma's whereabouts, if the little girl were still alive. Leaving Las Vegas she rented a small house in Los Alamos in order to watch Flor de Pena. Quite often at night she was

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Photo furnished by the author

Miguel Antonio Otero, territorial governor of New Mexico from 1897 to 1906. He played an important role in bringing the bandit society to justice.

seen near the bawdy house, a slender, frail woman, clothed in sombre black even to head scarf. Her haunting presence drove Flor de Pena frantic. But she couldn't get hold of Silva, who was away on some unknown business.

That happened to be an attempted holdup of a Santa Fe train near Belen. With eight of his bandits he blocked the track with cross-ties west of the city one night. A lighted lantern was placed on them. But the engineer, after discovering the obstruction, could not stop before overrunning it. The engine and two express cars were derailed but did not overturn. The bandits were forced to run forward to reach the express cars, one of which carried a heavy shipment of money they were after. Observed passing lighted windows of the coaches, passengers' suspicions were aroused. There happened to be on the train two special agents of the express company and a deputy U.S. marshal. They were enroute to Arizona investigating a recent robbery in that territory.

At once they left the coach. Joined by several armed cowboys, they ran up the track behind the bandits who were all on the north side. The doors of both express cars were locked. The messengers refused to open on demand. This delay gave the impromptu posse time to get into position.

They opened fire on the darkly dressed men, driving them into a barrow pit. Instead of making a stand there, several of the gang crawled out and escaped unseen. When the marshal went in after the firing ceased, they found two dead bandits left behind.

At daylight the next morning the Valencia County sheriff took up pursuit with a posse. The six surviving bandits were tracked to their get-away horses, and then to Los Lunas. All trace of them ended there. The countryside was searched without avail. The following day the county sheriff, suspicious of dwellers around Los Lunas, returned. In an hour he learned that the bandits were hiding in the town when the posse had arrived. On its departure they had ridden away in pairs. Alarm was belatedly dispatched to other county sheriffs and cities.

Unknown to Silva, a spy had been placed on his bawdy house in Albuquerque's "old town." Chief Justice Smith, having vowed to bring all the gang to justice, was now after Silva with a vengeance. The bandit chief reached the rear stable just before dawn on an exhausted horse, and alone.

Instead of summoning help, the plain clothesman on watch, recognizing Silva, decided to take him then and there. Breaking through the front door, he rushed the kitchen as Silva entered from the outside. His noise alerted the bandit chief. He jumped into the unlighted parlor, holding his butcher knife ready.

Discovering his danger, the officer shot at him and missed. Lunging to a sudden halt, Silva turned and fled back into the kitchen. The outside door being open, his body was framed against starlight and he was fired on again. Unharmed, Silva made a narrow escape. The officer now reported in and a futile search of the city ensued for the bandit chief during the day.

Since ownership of one bawdy house had been traced to him, Silva feared that the larger one at Los Alamos might also be under surveillance. On reaching there he went to the home of a friend to hide. Flor de Pena was contacted and joined him in a great dither. She reminded him that he had promised to do something about Mrs. Silva. Her presence nearby was most dangerous to them both. He agreed.

A few days later he returned to Las Vegas, where some of his lesser known bandits had not been uncovered. Corraling five, he disclosed what he claimed an emergency job. The group loaded digging tools in a double-seater buckboard and departed for Los Alamos.

Enroute Silva decided that Jose Cruz, living in Santa Fe, should be done away with. Cruz once served as a gang informer. Although no such evidence existed, Silva on a mere whim concluded that he now stool-pigeoned for federal authorities.

The bunch slipped into Santa Fe. Before midnight Cruz was found approaching his modest home. Two of the gang held him helpless while Silva performed his usual bloody knife work.

On reaching the vicinity of Los Alamos the bandits made camp. Two of them entered town to snoop around. They reported back that officers had raided Flor de Pena's place, searching it thoroughly. Not arrested, she had gone hurriedly to Taos. Her place was suspected of being watched, but there appeared no unusual activity around Mrs. Silva's home. Angrily, Silva charged that his wife had at last succeeded in getting lawmen to make a real search for Emma.

Three armed men rode into the camp that afternoon. The bandits were filled with apprehension. Observing their approach in time, Silva took a dive into thick brush. Not disclosing their business, or whether or not they were officers, the three asked a few questions while looking the camp over, and rode on.

While Silva boasted they were in no danger, his bandits were hardly so sure. To assuage their nervousness one of them was sent into town for a jug of cheap whiskey. While there he encountered Manuel C. Baca, an influential and important citizen of Santa Fe. The two were friends. Baca, several months before, had saved the bandit from a stretch in the penitentiary. Of course, Baca didn't know his friend was a wanted member of the gang. Nor yet that he had indeed been guilty of robbing the Santa Fe grocery store for which he was tried.

Baca, in Los Alamos on business and having completed it, wanted to visit. Lest his suspicions be aroused, the bandit obligingly remained with him drinking in a cantina for more than an hour.

His extended absence raised fears in camp that he had fallen into the hands of lawmen. Even Silva decided it

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might be wise to shift their base of operations. They prepared to do so when the bandit returned with the whiskey. He was roundly taken to task by the infuriated Silva. During one stage of the argument out came his deadly butcher knife. Only careful intercession by the others prevented his murder.

After heavy nightfall and the jug finished, the bandits shouldered their digging tools and went almost to the edge of town. Behind but distant from Mrs. Silva's house, they started digging a grave in sandy wastes. When they were down a couple of feet, Silva slipped over to her home.

The back door being unlocked, he entered silently, and proceeded to a bedroom. Lighting an oil lamp, he awoke his wife by yanking her out of bed to the floor. Sleep fading fast, she realized that he had come to kill her and started screaming in terror.

He slowed that to mere whimpers by slugging her in the mouth, breaking several teeth and splitting her lips. While he continued beating the frail woman unmercifully, she managed between gasps to beg for her life.

The brute finally knocked her flat on the floor, kicked her head a few times and then went to work with the knife.

Silva believed she was alone that night as usual. But a friend happened to be visiting, sleeping on a pallet in the front room. Awakened by Mrs. Silva's screams she jumped up, took one look into the lighted room and collapsed back on the pallet.

Shivering in dread, paralyzed with fear, she believed herself the brutal slayer's next victim. After silence had filled the house for some time she eased towards the still lighted room.

Silva's back was to her, bent over the bed while tieing the ends of a blanket wrapped about the dead woman's small body. Making her way back somehow to the pallet, she fainted, not regaining consciousness until long after daylight.

Packing his wife's body to the grave, Silva found it ready. Moving to the edge of the hole he leaned over to drop it in. The strange silence of his bandits did not occur to him as unusual.

However, during his absence, the five discussed the situation among themselves. Silva's mania for murder posed danger to them. The murder of Cruz for no apparent reason at all, warned them of the future. As long as Silva remained alive, one of them could be next to feel his knife. Without argument they arrived at a unanimous decision.

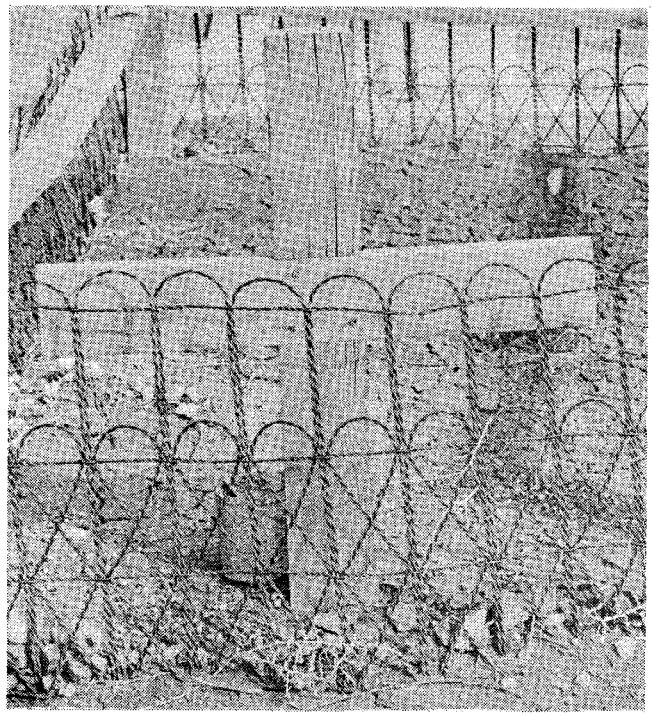
So, when Silva leaned over the grave, they shot him dead through the back. His dying body pitched over into the hole on top of his wife. Quickly the bandits filled the grave, levelled off and camouflaged it.

On regaining consciousness Mrs. Silva's friend hastened to local officers, still hysterical. When they managed to obtain the facts, officers went to the house. Still damp blood gave evidence that murder surely had been committed. Searching parties were unable to find Mrs. Silva's body. The woman never having seen Silva could not identify him as the murderer she saw in the bedroom.

While this occurred, over in Las Vegas Otero uncovered clues as to where Gabriel was buried. Accompanying officers to the Lopez weed-grown lot, he was present when the badly decomposed remains were brought out of the privy.

The search for Silva was intensified but not even a whisper could be heard of his whereabouts. Some weeks later Manuel C. Baca found his bandit friend in Santa Fe. Curious rumors now floated around that Silva was dead. When he mentioned this, the bandit froze. Before parting, he did hint vaguely of knowing something. A few days later Baca questioned him pointedly. The bandit was greatly beholden to him, so in a spurt of confidence

Photo by author



The grave of Telesfora Silva in the Catholic cemetery at Las Vegas as it was in 1905. It can no longer be located.

he told Baca exactly how to find the grave and identity of the two bodies in it. But he refused to proceed there and show him where.

Not fully convinced, nevertheless, Baca informed officers. A few days later a large party proceeded to Los Alamos. Among them was Otero. The grave site was found without difficulty, and the bodies brought to light.

Silva was buried in an unmarked grave at Los Alamos. Mrs. Silva's family and friends took her body to Las Vegas where a big funeral was held before she went to rest beside her brother.

News that Vicente Silva had finally been removed from the land of the living opened many mouths. Striking hard, Chief Justice Smith imprisoned under long sentences most of the bandits still living.

Intrigued by the Silva case because of what he already knew, Baca obtained direct evidence from investigating officers and bandits themselves. He then wrote a pulp paper book called, "Vicente Silva, New Mexico's Vice King Of The 1890's."

Much speculation exists even today as to what became of little Emma. As Baca believed, there is some evidence that she grew to adulthood either in Taos or Mora, married and raised a large respectable family, never knowing who she really was.

RW

SOURCES

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Research of many New Mexico newspapers of the early 1890's, in particular the Santa Fe New Mexican.
Vicente Silva, New Mexico's Vice King Of The 1890's by Manuel C. Baca. Privately printed, where and date unknown.
Leading Facts Of New Mexico History by Ralph E. Twitchell, 2 vols., Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1911-1912.

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GLORY OF THE PONY RIDERS

(continued from page 15)

Upson arrived at Woodbridge. He had brought the mail across the Sierras. From there on, it was not so hard and the pony was able to hit a faster pace. It was late at night when he arrived at Carson City "home" station and turned the mail over to the next rider. He had done eighty-five miles under conditions which none but a born mountaineer could have met.

It was Sunday morning, April 8, east of Salt Lake City, that the east-and west-bound riders met, passing one another with a shout. The long trail had actually been covered, and from then on they would ride over ground that had already been marked by the first rider.

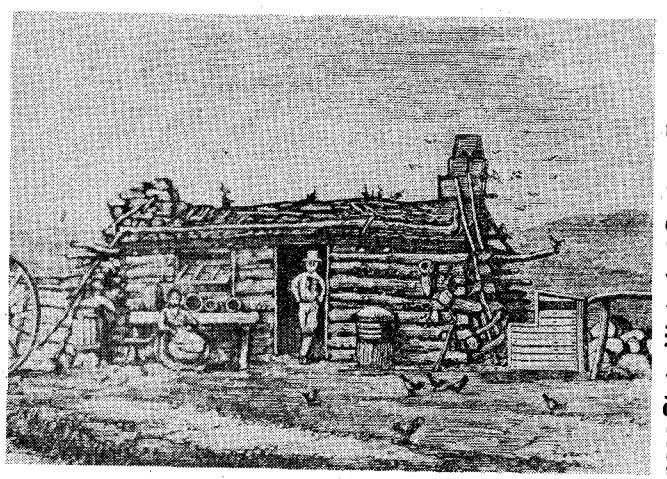
Another great rider, Bob Haslan, better known as "Pony Bob," was assigned to the worst of the Indian districts through Nevada, and faced emergencies on the trail which any man would have been excused for refusing to meet.

The most famous ride was made in seven days and seventeen hours from St. Joseph to Sacramento, carrying the news of Lincoln's election in November 1860. The rider, Bob Haslan, is said to have ridden 120 miles in eight hours and ten minutes as a part of this great run.

William F. Cody (better known as Buffalo Bill) was employed as a Pony Express rider at fifteen years of age. Because of his youth he was given a short run, but, as he gained more experience, he was given a run of 116 miles, the most dangerous on the route.

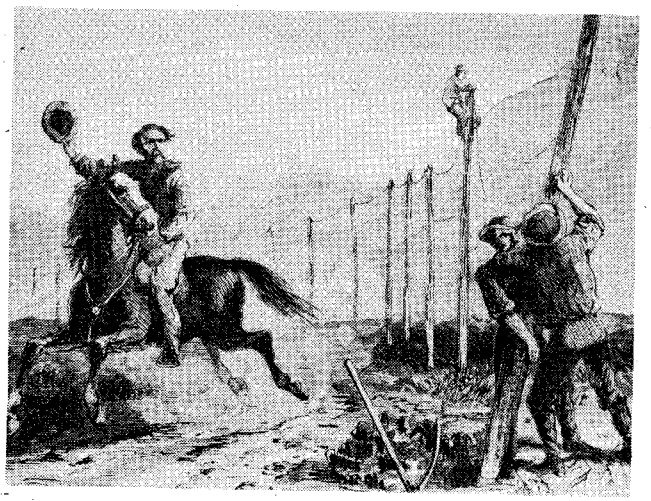
At one time he made the longest ride in the history of the Pony Express. Upon reaching one of his stations, he found the rider, who was taking the mail on west, had been killed. Buffalo Bill changed horses and rode on. When he reached his station 76 miles further on, he turned back carrying the east-bound mail with him.

The Indians at first could not get the idea of a lone rider pelting across the country at such high speed, branding them as "crazy." Then, when they got over that idea, they began to get troublesome, and some of the tribes went on the rampage.



Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Cheese Creek Station, Nebraska. Pony Express riders changed horses at 200 such stations across the country from St. Joseph, Mo., to Sacramento, Calif.



Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

After a year and a half of operation the pony express was made obsolete by the completion of the trans-continental telegraph line.

Mark Twain never forgot the first time he saw a Pony Express rider. Like everyone else of that time, he found the idea of a boy on a pony galloping full speed across the plains carrying messages very exciting. The Pony Express had been running for over a year when he saw the flash of the passing mail rider, and heard the pounding of the hoofs fade off into the distance, describing them as "The Phantom Messengers" in his book "Roughing It."

Many an express rider owed his life to the fact that the ponies, which had been so carefully selected for his use, and which were always kept in the best of condition, could outrun even the swiftest ponies of the Indians. Those that carried both mail and riders in that famous relay race that lasted until Oct. 1861 are entitled to unstinted praise. If it hadn't been for them, there wouldn't have been any Pony Express, and if all the stories of those four-footed heroes could be told, it would make a thrilling book.

The old *PACIFIC* newspaper printed the following editorial in praise of the ponies:

"A fast and faithful friend has the pony been to us. Summer and winter, storm and shine, day and night, he has travelled like a weaver's shuttle back and forth till now his work is done. Good-Bye Pony! No proud and star-caparisoned charger in the war field has ever done so great, so true and so good a work as thine. No pampered and world-famed racer of the turf will ever win from you the proud fame of the fleet courser of the continent. You came to us often with tidings of the world's great life, of nations rising for liberty and winning the day of battles, and of nations' defeats and reverses. We have looked for you as those who wait for the morning, and how seldom did you fail us! When days were months and hours weeks, how you thrilled us out of our pain and suspense, to know the best or know the worst! You have served us well!"

The Pony Express could not be acclaimed a financial success, as it operated at a loss to its promoters, but it gave us one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of our country, and it stands as a glowing tribute to the daring and courage of young Americans. No better job was ever done with the United States mail than they did, and the credit for the expansion and development of the West is rightfully due to the courageous and fearless youths who blazed the trail of the Pony Express.

RW

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THE VICTORIA PEAK TREASURE IS BEING STOLEN

(continued from page 17)

outdoor activities abounded in fabulous stories of lost Spanish mines and hidden wealth.

During one hunting season, in November of 1937, Doc Noss and his wife were in the San Andreas Mountains. The locality was northeast of Las Cruces, around Victoria Peak, about 35 miles east of Hatch. The two had been hunting and camping for about two days when they approached the immediate vicinity of Victoria Peak. While seeking a vantage point for observation of game, Noss climbed to the top of the peak. His wife awaited his return at the summit's base.

Doc commenced to look over the rugged country. Nearby he noticed an old timber, a small portion of which projected from the loose soil. He raked away some of the dirt, and rolled the timber from its ancient resting place.

What he found after the removal of the old timber was an old mine shaft, which led far below the surface of the elevation, into the depths of Victoria Peak. He realized that this was indeed a strange circumstance for the locality, as he had never heard any stories of old mines being located in the immediate area.

He returned to the base of the peak and told his wife what he had found. They decided to quit the camping and hunting expedition at once, and seek equipment to explore the old shaft.

In a few days the pair returned to the site, without help or without disclosing the secret of the discovery. They packed in adequate supplies to explore the unknown cavity.

After camp was made, and proper rigging was set up at the mouth of the entrance, Noss lowered himself cautiously into the depths by means of a long rope which he had included in the supplies. He worked himself carefully, foot by foot, into the ancient depths. He found that the shaft from the opening, for a long distance, was very narrow. But once access was gained through the narrow channel of steep ascent, it leveled out somewhat. At the base, an ancient mining operation was revealed, with living quarters, kitchen and bedroom, an altar, ruins of an old shelter, remains of several people, and lots of treasure.

Breastplates of old Spanish armor were scattered around, and the interior in all its details had the earmarks of having been, at a very early date, the site of a heated mining activity. The shaft has been estimated by various members of the Noss family to be about 250 feet in depth, from the peak opening to the altar room.

Noss excitedly made observations of his surroundings in the subterranean chambers and realized that he was in the midst of Spanish mine workings much larger than anything ever before recounted in the history of the Great Southwest. There were several racks of gold bars, all of which were neatly arranged, and several silver ingots. In addition, there were chests of silver, and an estimated nine-pack-mule cargo of treasure, church ornaments, golden statues of religious figures, religious books, old scrolls and parchments.

At the extreme end of the shaft were markings of mine-producing activities, just as the early people had left it. It has been said that gold hung from the ceiling in amounts that would dwarf the piles already smelted and piled upon the adjacent floor areas. This raw gold

Photo furnished by author

Gold ingots and pieces of eight from early Spanish era. Real treasure for the treasure hunters.

alone has been estimated to be worth in excess of a quarter billion dollars!

These accountings, to satisfy certain legal demands, later entered the records at Santa Fe, capital of New Mexico. The stockpile, as listed, consisted of 4,336 ingots of gold, 5,000 bars of silver, and an endless number of molded pieces of various description, all in addition to the virgin ore. As far as the true inventory is concerned, it would be this writer's guess that Doc Noss carried to his grave the true and undeniable list of the fantastic values he discovered at Victoria Peak.

When Doc returned from his first exploration into the depths of the mine shaft, he brought out with him a canvas bag full of gold coins and another full of gold bars. These he showed to his wife. The two eagerly looked over the valuable find and made scratches upon the metal surface, tarnished with age. The precious yellow metal glistened in the sunlight of the great White Sands desert region. They then realized they had struck it rich!

They returned to Hot Springs and their home to figure out some plan to handle the fabulous discovery. This is what they came up with, the beginning of which we realize today as a stupendous operation. They decided to immediately depart from Hot Springs, and set up makeshift living quarters at a more convenient location for the task of removing the treasure from the underground cavity, and to be near the operation in order to apply as much time as possible to its recovery.

Also they wished to keep a constant guard upon the gaping hole of the old mine shaft. Doc Noss was aware that the removal of such a great amount of bullion would be a great task, being so deep underground, and the shaft so narrow.

Too, he realized that the disposal of the gold bullion would be even more complicated due to the Federal regulations concerning bullion and old gold coins. He was also quick to understand that once the news spread over the country, his life wouldn't be worth two cents. And sure enough, it wasn't.

As temporary quarters, they selected an old stone barn, very near the site, that had been the work of some previous lone cowboy perhaps. The mountains and surrounding range were then without much activity, and only an occasional cowhand penetrated the range.

Once they were set up, they went to work alone, the two of them, packing the gold bars and treasures from the subterranean chambers, and hiding it in small quantities around the mouth of the tunnel.

Noss, from the beginning, had decided that it would be unwise to take any one in as a partner, as the treasure was entirely too great, and he had at the time no legal protection. He then had not filed a claim, and didn't until years later.

Doc Noss labored alone for months, working in the narrow tunnel, enlarging it, and removing under dif-

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ficult circumstances gold bars and coinage to provide a grubstake for continued operations. He peddled the treasures in dark unknown markets, many times receiving only "give-away" prices for the precious items. All this to protect the secret of his work.

Noss decided that the tunnel should be enlarged to make passage more convenient. Often he was forced to saw gold bars in two in order to travel through the narrow passage. He planned to get off a charge of explosives to widen this course.

The treasure man departed the area for a short time to seek the aid of a powder monkey to handle the explosive. He found one who claimed he could do the work, without fail. Noss hired the man, and brought him to the location. He commenced to make preparations, and went to work.

At this stage of the work, it was learned in recent years, Doc Noss allowed his step-son to make frequent trips into the cavity, where the lad viewed the fantastic riches.

Also there was a man in Santa Fe whom Noss liked and had confidence in. He engaged him to work with the powder monkey and to help him with the mine shaft enlargement. The Santa Fean later told the Noss attorneys how he helped in the disposal of many of the gold bars in the black markets, as they sold them occasionally to defray the expenses of living and removing the other precious metal to the surface.

Considerable talk and planning were carried on between Noss and the powder monkey. It was certainly a risk to run, the two realized. But the idea was put into force.

When the carefully planned charge of dynamite was set off, it did not pan out according to the schemes of the two men. It missed its aim completely. The best estimation they could arrive at was that the passage was blocked for a distance of more than a hundred feet!

The damage was great enough to place the removal of treasure operation completely out of the hands of man-power. Heavy equipment, on a large scale, would be needed to even open the shaft.

When Doc realized what had happened, he flew into a fit of rage. He picked up a stick and ran the powder monkey off the peak, and out of the country.

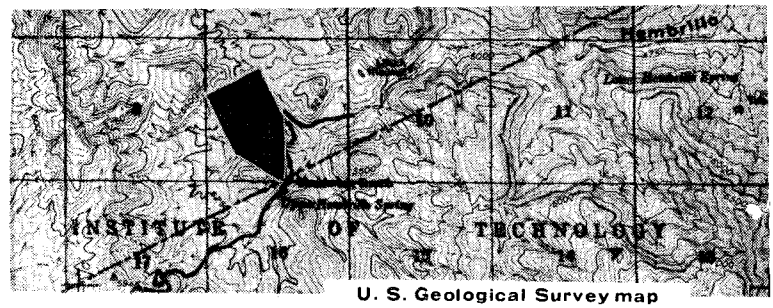
With the shaft closed, the treasure recovery came to a halt. Fortunes would be required to reopen it. Doc had almost reached his wit's end.

He thought of a Texan in Alice, and contacted him, according to the story told by the Mexican Army Captain. The Texan came to the region, but failed to bring with him the ready cash they had figured on to finance the digging operation. The Texan had also promised to bring along enough money to pay Noss for a substantial plane load of gold bars. But when he set the aircraft down on the site, he did not have the cash.

The Texan said that he did not bring the cash because the amount needed for the operation was entirely too much to be flying around over the country with. He made a futile attempt to persuade Noss to allow him to load up, and pay later. But Doc didn't fall for this sort of deal.

The two fussed and quarreled, and finally went into Hatch. There the racket grew more furious, and Doc Noss was killed in a gun fight. The Texan was charged with murder, and the trial held in Las Cruces, New Mexico, April, 1949, at which time he was acquitted. During the 3-day trial Mrs. Noss frequented the courtroom and heard the trial. Self-defense is said to have gained the Texan the acquittal.

After the death of Doc Noss, the widow and her kinspeople continued to work at the task of re-opening the mine shaft. By 1955, they estimated that they had cleared



U. S. Geological Survey map

Arrow points to location of the Doc Noss treasure trove worth over $350 million.

away most of the cave-in, and that only forty or fifty feet remained to be moved before reaching the large opening of the subterranean chamber. The living quarters, the altar, the storage rooms, and the mine tunnel were very near. The hardworking people were again approaching rewards for their diligent efforts.

In 1945, the Federal Government reached out a beckoning hand for the great White Sands region for a missile testing range. The limits of the federal needs included the Noss claim at Victoria Peak, and in 1953 the authorities had accomplished the aim. In 1957, the Noss people were run off the property, and the missile testing authorities took over.

The Nosses departed reluctantly, but quietly. They intended to return and complete the work as soon as the government contract expired in 1970. They had filed a claim in a manner they thought proper and legal, in 1946, with the New Mexico Land Commissioner, and were content to let matters rest until they could return and work the claim.

While out hunting in the area in 1958, a couple of soldiers came upon a couple of gold bars on Victoria Peak. They rushed into the base, and told the commanding officer what they had found. The discovery was excitedly turned over to the New Mexico Land Office, and an investigation was begun. This created a furor between the land office and the missile range headquarters.

It is rather odd how the Nosses learned of the military excavations in the Victoria Peak area. In 1961, they decided to make a quiet night trip to the site. There they found the military sinking a shaft into the underground treasure trove, according to a complaint that was filed by legal authorities who represented the Noss heirs.

The shaft-sinking operation was directed at the main subterranean chamber, where the treasure was cached. With the equipment they had in use, it was estimated the old Spanish trove would be reached without much effort.

The step-son, Harold D. Beckwith, appeared on the scene, with a troop of legal eagles. The AP carried this statement from Beckwith: "All we want to do is get permission to go into the site to check it," the 36-year-old Beckwith told a reporter. "We would let the whole thing remain as it was as long as the government had control of the area. But we decided against that when we discovered the Army was excavating and we received notice gold bars were removed from one location."

This movement brought the Pentagon into action, when a representative of the Air Force flew to Washington to report the situation. After spending a week in the Pentagon, the representing officer told the Noss attorneys that the entire story was *a mere legend!*

All hell broke loose over the country, and continues at this writing, so much so that anything elaborated upon this week might be surpassed with more shocking situations the following week.

That's how things stand at this time. Any new developments will be reported in a future issue of REAL WEST.

RW

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THE RISE AND FALL OF PAULINE CUSHMAN

(continued from page 19)

The Fryers bought a combination livery stable and hotel in Casa Grande, Arizona, a frontier settlement with a population of five. In a week the place was opened for business and soon began to prosper. In Tucson the Arizona Star gave Pauline and her hotel a plug which brought in business.

July 4, 1879 was a red letter day for Casa Grande. The preceding night a rider galloped in with the news that the railroad had reached Tucson and that Casa Grande had been selected for the terminal.

In 1880 the terminal came to Casa Grande and the little settlement swelled into a boom town. A heterogeneous mass of humanity soon flooded the place, and it became a mecca for gun fighters, mule skinners, freighters, horse thieves as well as for homesteaders and ranchers. As the town grew wild, Pauline added a forty-five to her attire and wore it on her hip. She was the unofficial keeper of the peace as well as nurse and friend to all who needed her.

Pauline was a stickler for fair play. One day she heard a tumult in the street. Strapping on her forty-five, she rushed out. In the street two men walked slowly toward each other. Pauline was well acquainted with one, Price Johnson. The other she knew as a rancher in the vicinity. A standing feud existed between the two.

Both had friends in Casa Grande. Johnson's rallied to his side as did the other man's (Robinson by name) to his side. Pauline had vowed that there would never be an unfair shoot-out in town. Drawing her forty-five she walked between the two duelists and ordered the crowd back. Her gun spat flame and two bullets hit the side of the hotel. Johnson made a lightning draw, but Robinson was equally fast. Both pistols spoke as one but both bullets missed. The two men dodged behind wagons to continue the fight and now only Pauline stood in the deserted streets. Bullets whistled about her as the two men continued the fight but she didn't flinch. Finally Price caught a slug in the belly and died instantly. Pauline prepared his body for burial and said a short prayer for him.

As the town boomed, the Fryers' hotel prospered. Fryer had a roving eye for other women and soon rumors of his affairs were flying.

Pauline was insanely jealous of her handsome husband, and when some gossip advised her that he was spending his evenings with a younger woman, she confronted him. He denied the accusations and she forgave him but the woman she called ugly names.

The gossips lost no time in notifying the woman. She immediately sought out Pauline, who was in the corral. Without a word the lady swung a hefty right, knocking Pauline flat. Up came Mrs. Fryer and launched a blow at the lady's head. It landed. The lady swung another right and blackened Pauline's eye. Then came a rough-and-tumble fight between the two. They battled frontier fashion with no rules. In the end, Pauline suffered ignominious defeat, and her opponent left the corral with a fistful of Mrs. Fryer's hair.

Fryer comforted his wife and behaved for a spell, but in time his eyes and affections roved again. In the mid-eighties he was elected sheriff of Pima county and the Fryers moved to Florence.

There Jere was quite brazen in his affairs with other women. Pauline, almost out of her mind with jealousy, hatched a bizarre plan to save her marriage. The scheme worked beautifully at first, but in the end spelled ruin for the Scout of the Cumberland.

U. S. Signal Corps, Brady Collection

Major Pauline Cushman in Union Army uniform.

It was in 1882 that Pauline heard of a girl in Picket Post who was to become an unwed mother. Pauline decided that a baby would save her marriage. She contacted the girl and arranged to take the baby and pretend to Jere that it was his and Pauline's! The girl departed for San Francisco immediately.

The next day Pauline told Jere she was going to have his child. Fryer was stunned but also wildly happy. Pauline asked him to permit her to enter a maternity hospital in San Francisco so that nothing would go wrong. Fryer gave her the green light.

Pauline left immediately and was absent several months. Then came a telegram informing Fryer that he was the father of a girl. Elated, he broadcast the news and celebrated.

A week later Pauline arrived with a baby girl. Jere was overcome with emotion as he gazed at the puckered face of the infant. He smiled foolishly while tears welled up in his eyes.

Fryer reformed completely after the baby came. He left the opposite sex alone, remaining at home every night. He was completely devoted to his only child. The infant was named Emma Pauline.

The Fryers were happy until one awful night when the child went into spasms. The doctor told Pauline and Jere that she was afflicted with an incurable nervous disorder which would prove fatal. The tragedy drew Pauline and Jere closer together.

Six years passed --- six terrible years of seeing the child suffer spell after spell. Nightly the Fryers walked the floor with the ailing baby.

Finally the doctor recommended a change of climate for the baby. Pauline, who had relatives in Michigan, took the child there. On April 18, 1888 Jere received a wire that the baby was dead. Little Emma Pauline had been stricken enroute home. The train stopped at Fremont, Nebraska but the baby died an hour later.

The death of the child aged Pauline, who was now past fifty. Grief etched lines in her face, streaked her hair with gray.

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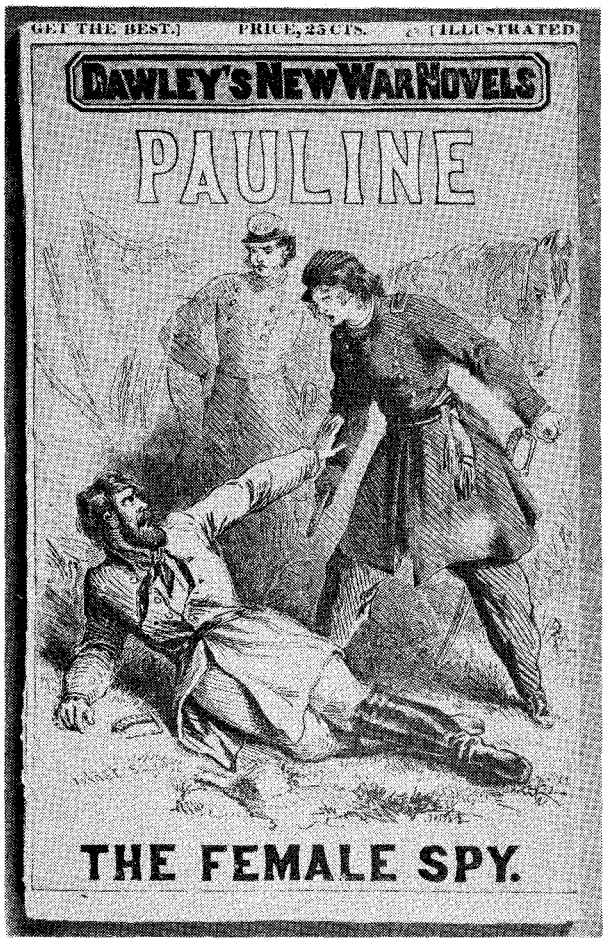

The LeBlanc dime novel collection

Cover of a rare dime novel featuring Pauline Cushman's adventures as a Union spy during the Civil War.

And tragedy was still not finished with her. The baby's mother returned, demanding her child. She broadcast Pauline's dread secret all over the settlement and Jere Fryer heard it. Furious and humiliated, he confronted Pauline. She confessed, telling him she had lied to save their marriage. Fryer was in no mood to forgive. She had made a fool of him. He denounced her as a phony and told her he was finished with her. Thus ended Pauline's marriage.

Soon after her last terrible scene with Fryer she left for San Francisco. Mike Rice, who had years back come to Arizona to work for Pauline, was the only one at the train to bid her goodbye.

In San Francisco, Pauline made an attempt to resume her stage career. The theater managers were not interested, for her radiant beauty had faded and her voice was cracked with age.

It was in 1890 that Mike saw Pauline for the last time. In San Francisco he found her in an elaborate suite at the Baldwin Hotel. She gave him a letter which she directed him to deliver to the Baldwin Theater.

When Mike presented the letter to the ticket agent, the agent turned to a distinguished-looking man and said, "This is for you, Mr. Ward."

Ward's face broke into a smile as he read the letter. "Pauline Cushman!" he cried. He demanded two of the best seats in the house from the ticket agent and gave them to Mike to take to Pauline.

Pauline was not surprised to receive the tickets. She commanded Mike to wear tails and escort her to the play.

Mike found her dressed to the teeth when he called for her. Her face was plastered with rouge and powder. Her coiffure was colonial style; her gown, a flowing black satin creation; and her hat, a Gainsborough with two waving plumes.

At the theater every eye turned on Pauline. She was recognized and the attention of the theater patrons was upon her. Ward had given Mike and her box seats. During the play Pauline commented loudly upon the actors and her voice carried to every corner of the building. When Ward stepped out, she shouted and stomped. Gallantly she blew him a kiss. Between acts visitors filled her box. She whistled and hooted to friends in the audience and waved a big fan furiously.

At the play's end Ward came to Pauline's box to invite her to dinner with his cast and him at a fashionable restaurant. Mike declined to accompany her and left.

The next night Pauline hosted a dinner for Ward. Mike attended, and after the dinner left San Francisco. He never saw Pauline again.

The Scout of the Cumberland never made a comeback on the stage. She spent nearly all her nest egg on the palatial suite at the Baldwin, and because of dwindling funds was forced to move to a rooming house run by a Mrs. Taylor on Market Street.

Finally one day, Pauline was flat broke. She started looking for a job and found one ---- scrubbing floors! The woman who had known the plaudits of a nation was reduced to working on her hands and knees. Shamefully she accepted her fate and lived in seclusion.

Then, on the morning of December 7, 1893, Mrs. Taylor knocked on Pauline's door. When there was no answer, she called a roomer who forced the door. The gallant Scout of the Cumberland lay dead. She had suffered with arthritis and her doctor had prescribed morphine for the pain. She had taken an overdose by mistake.

The police were notified. They carried her body to the morgue. No relatives could be located, so the body was ordered buried in Potter's field!

Mrs. Taylor, who knew Pauline s story and who loved her, marched down to the Grand Army of the Republic headquarters and told officials that the famous Pauline Cushman lay alone in the city morgue.

Immediately the papers, the CALL and the CHRONICLE, gave the story front-page space. Contributions poured in to "prevent this indignity being offered to one whose love of country made her risk her life so much in its cause."

Pauline's body was taken to the funeral home of Craig and Cochran and placed in a fine casket. A large American flag contributed by the Woman's Relief Corps was draped over the casket and honor guards were furnished by the Relief Corps.

The funeral was held at the Central Methodist Church. In the procession accompanying the body to the Grand Army plot in Oakdale Cemetery marched a hundred men wearing the uniform of the Union Army, and also the Woman's Relief Corps.

A marker reading, "PAULINE CUSHMAN, FEDERAL SPY AND SCOUT OF THE CUMBERLAND," was placed over Pauline's grave. The inscription is simple but it stands over the grave of a heroine of the Civil War who was a lot of woman in her day.

RW

SOURCE:
Unpublished Memoirs of M.M. Rice from the Arizona Pioneer's Historical Society, Tucson, Arizona.
Pauline Cushman, Union Spy & Scout, by F. L. Sarmiento, John E. Potter & Co., New York, 1865.
Scout of the Cumberland in the book, Desperate Women, by James D. Horan, G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1952.

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SHRINE OF THE SINNERS

(continued from page 21)

miles northwest of old Tucson. Mr. Goodwin lived in a house about one block from the Shrine. Juan Oliveras may have been involved in a love-triangle and was killed by his father-in-law who may have surprised him in the house with his wife. The wronged father-in-law picked up an axe, pursued Juan out of the house and killed him in the street. Because of the nature of his sin, Juan could not be buried in Church ground and so was carried to the city plot on North Stone Avenue. Still later, the place where he was killed was remembered and marked by a small wooden cross. This practice is very common among the Spanish-speaking peoples of the Southwest.

Motorists along the Nogales highway leading south from Tucson can see many small white crosses along the road shoulder where friends and relatives have been killed in accidents. As time went by, other killings, assorted deaths, and murders in general took place in the Bario Libre, and more candles were lit while prayers were being said at this spot. In time, a small adobe shrine was built. All through the Southwest are similar roadside shrines built in fond memory, or simply by good people who feel the need for something more than a formal Church. Some repentent men, denied the comfort of the Church, turn to such shrines when there is nowhere else to go.

Another story tells of a soldier who became enamoured of a married woman, pressed his attentions too ardently and was caught, shot, and fell at the site of the Shrine. A similar story substitutes a roving gambler for the victim. Still another story that grows in detail with every telling, and yet may be quite true, relates to the troubles of a teamster who drove a dry goods wagon up from Mexico. He, too, had the habit of camping in the Elysian Groves near the Shrine. He had met a widowed woman with a grown son and for some reason murdered the widow, only to find that the son had followed him up from Sonora with a long knife to avenge his mother. Any and all of these stories are probably true, because when you sort them out, it becomes obvious that they occurred at different times. This should be no surprise to anyone familiar with life in the early days in the Old Pueblo, which was known as a wild town on a wilder frontier.

After the Shrine was built, other sad souls had reason enough to make use of it. Many grieving mothers have surely gone there to light candles for their fallen daughters, and to pray to the Virgin of Guadalupe for forgiveness. The Church has neither given its approval to this Shrine, nor has it disapproved. It does no harm, and possibly does considerable good in its own way.

This Shrine is in daily use and is definitely a part of the Mexican heritage in Arizona. During the sunny daylight hours it is rare to see anyone kneeling there, but every evening there are newer candles flickering in the dusk and the six candelabras are always covered with a thick crust of wax. As is the custom here, waxed or paper flowers are left to bring comfort to departed loved ones. The Sinners' Shrine stands in the shade most of the day, and to the casual motorist driving by, it must seem rather decrepit and run-down. That isn't the case at all. It is old, worn and smoke-blackened by a century of candles, but it is still greatly respected by the people of Tucson. Vandals from a nearby slum area no longer bother the Shrine after it was suggested that some candles would be lit in *their* memory if they kept up their marches!

The Sinners Shrine will be cleaned and the dirt floor raked in time for the next religious holiday. Some day the metal cross on top will have a new coat of shiny gold paint, and the iron candle stands will have new glass holders in their sockets. By May 3rd, on the Dias de Mayo, the "Day of the Holy Cross," simple decorations will be hung, and on every Christmas Eve dozens of families will stop to light candles on the "Noche de Paz."

On your next vacation, stop and visit the only shrine in the West, dedicated not to a saint, but to a sinner.

RW

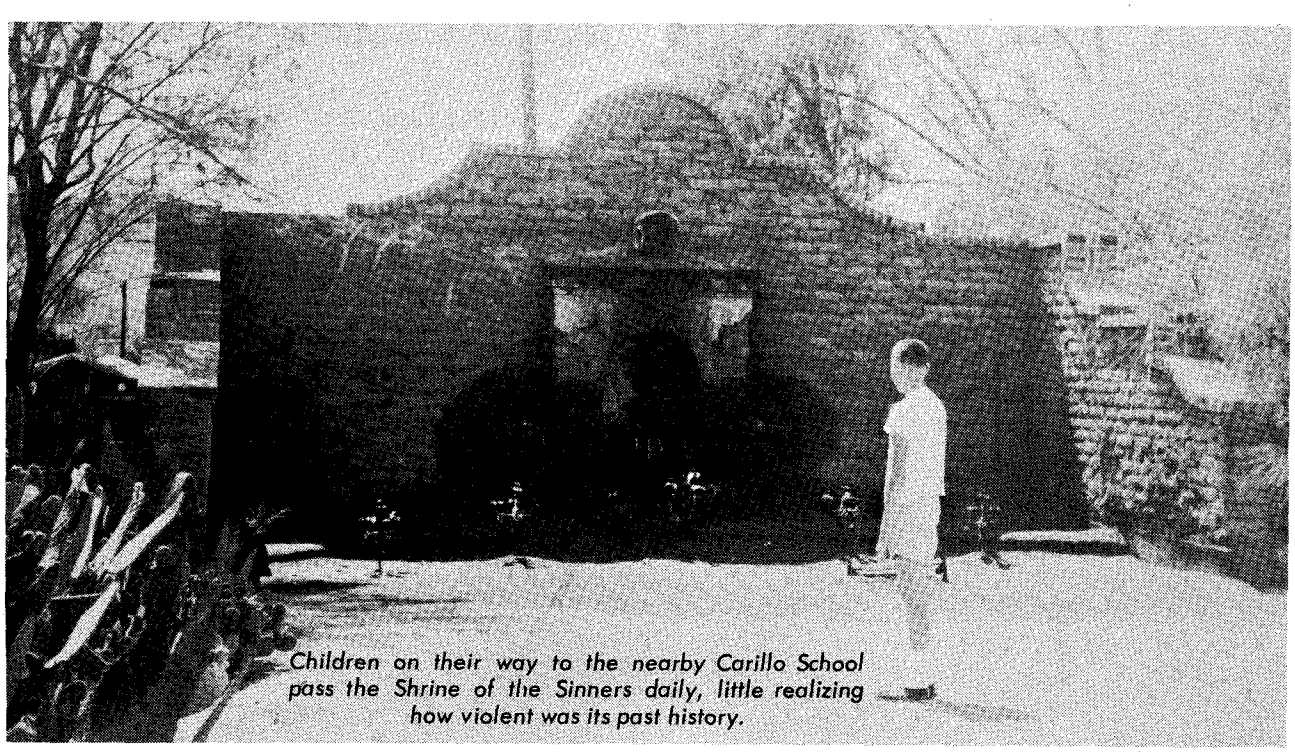

Photo by author

Children on their way to the nearby Carillo School pass the Shrine of the Sinners daily, little realizing how violent was its past history.

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MY LIFE AS A NAVAJO SQUAW

(continued from page 23)

because there resided their greatest war deity. We descended into and out of one big canyon after another. The Navajos did not hurry, leaving an open trail behind. Ambushers skulked along it for they hoped Utes would fall into their traps. But they never came.

Crossing one final canyon, we reached high ground on which grew timber and purple sage in open prairie (Rainbow Plateau). Navajo Mountain's white and pink cliffs were only a little ways distant.

We were confined in one of a large circle of hogans. Many Navajo families gathered. That night there began two days of n'daa (war, or as better known, the squaw dance). All this time they had been kind to us and never a man took a woman from the prisoners. After arriving at this place, a Ute woman who was a slave and married to a Navajo took us in charge.

"You are trembling in fear all the time for nothing," she said to us. "You need not be afraid. You have been taken to replace those your clans slew in the Navajo country. You will be treated well. You must behave and work. During this ceremony the clan mothers will look at you. Then you will go to a family and become a part of it.

"The Navajos are not torturers and you will not become playthings of the men. In the raid on your camp they killed many Utes. But only three were scalped. Their hair was brought back which is needed to hold the n'daa. One is being used for this purpose now."

We were given a coarsely woven woolen square garment to cover our shoulders. Only a few prisoners had on a skirt of cloth that came from New Mexico. Most of us wore only a wrap-around tanned deer-hide skirt when captured.

All Photos furnished by the author

This Navajo girl wears a beil, the type of squaw dress worn by Asdzani Noodai Naalte most of her life.

Each night of the n'daa we were inspected by clan mothers. They would say which one would go to a certain family. The Red Salts picked me. Red Salt Woman was six feet tall, almost as high as her husband. They had three sons but no living daughter. Of the two they once had, one died of a winter sickness. The other had been slain by Ute raiders some years before.

The Salt family lived over there by Nocki Cummenthi (Cummings Mesa) and that is where they took me. A woman of the clan had been hired to herd their sheep. They put me with her for a while, and then I was taught to weave. For many hours each day, and by firelight at night, I washed wool, spun it into strings and placed it in the loom warp, making things.

I do not know where the other prisoners went and never saw any of them again. The first year of my captivity I learned to speak Navajo. At times I herded sheep but was never left alone. Life was hard in those days and all of the family had to do something to help out.

Ushe Begay, the oldest Red Salt son, soon married. He brought his wife to live in the family group. Perhaps it was three years after I went to live with them that Hosteen Red Salt was killed fighting off the Ute raiders near Boschini. Red Salt Woman died of sorrow. Two years after that Ushe Begay took me for his second wife.

As the younger wife, raising of the children fell to me. In a few years I had a son of my own. But he did not live eight summers. Never again did I have a baby but raised those in the family. Gradually many things happened to them and we became less and less, until as you see me today. Without a family, a near-one or anybody. None of them are left.

This land of aliens became my own. The great canyons, the strong mountains, the Big River (Colorado), and the many streams were even then a beautiful happiness to me. Long years before now this came to me to understand. I had ceased to wish for my own homeland of burning wastes and red rocks, where people lived like the coyote, doing wrong things. Life had always been hard north of the San Juan. The men were continually at warfare, and we faced misery and death.

It came as a great surprise that our ancient enemies, the Navajos, lived in peace. They always had something to eat. Protected by great distances from enemies, we lived happy and contented in the Navajo Mountain country. In this alien land, which I did not choose to consider so, the Salt family was mine. The people, those around us, were kind and generous. They always treated me as one of them, the Dine's (the People), and not as an enemy Ute.

Before freezing and deep snows came, we moved down into one of the big canyons, usually Navajo. We took the sheep, cattle and horses, for there was plenty of feed and water. Between those great walls it was warm and we never suffered bad circumstances in those days.

Before I had been captured, I had seen several of the Nocki (Mexicans) but never a Billakona (American). Not until one closing summer when an alarm reached us at Navajo Mountain. An armed band of them was journeying west. Runners kept bringing the news. One day they were camped in the anasazzie (cliff dweller) rock building in Long House Valley. Spies described them, and everything that they did. There was much excitement and we wondered what they would do.

One thing they wore brought much comment. That was a hat that all stuck straight up on the sides and

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RW SHORT STORY

THE MULE

My grandfather came across the Plains with Brigham Young in the 1800's. He loved to talk and told many interesting tales. The following is his opinion of the mule.

"The mule is half hoss and half jackass, and then comes to a full stop, nature discovering her mistake. They weigh more according to their heft than any other creature, except a crowbar. They can't hear any quicker nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enough for snowshoes. You can trust them with anyone whose life ain't worth any more than the mule's. They haven't got any friends and will live on huckleberry brush, with an occasional chance at Canada thistle. They are modern inventions; I don't think the Bible alludes to them at all. They sell for more money than any other domestic animal. You can't tell their age by looking into their mouths any more than you could a Mexican cannon. They never have a disease that a good club won't heal. They are like some men, very corrupt at heart; I've known them to be good mules for six months just to get a good chance to kick somebody. I never owned one nor ever mean to, unless there is a United States law passed requiring it. The only reason they are patient is because they are ashamed of themselves. I have seen educated mules in a circus. They could kick and bite tremendous. I would not say what I am forced to say against the mule if his birth wasn't an outrage and man wasn't to blame for it. Any man who is willing to drive a mule ought to be exempt by law from running for the legislature. They are the strongest creatures on earth. I heard tell of one who fell from the tow path on the Erie Canal and sank to the bottom, but kept right on towing the boat to the next station, breathing through his ears which stuck out of the water about two feet, six inches. I didn't see this done but an auctioneer told me of it, and I never knew an auctioneer to lie unless it was absolutely convenient."

THE END

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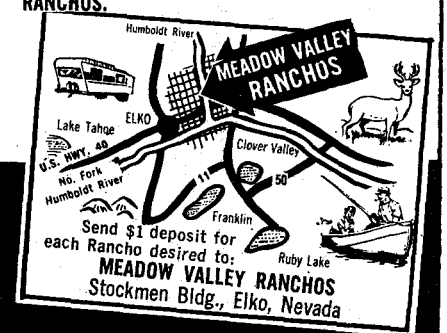

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MY LIFE AS A NAVAJO SQUAW

(continued from page 60)

had a fuzzy ball on top. (A kepi. The soldiers were Capt. John G. Walker's 6th Infantry of mounted rifles from Fort Defiance. The time they camped in the rock house, a long fort-like structure, was in September, 1859. Many troopers carved their names on the walls.)

As they came on towards the mountain, many of us hid in higher rocks or in the brush near them to watch. That is how I saw my first Billakona.

One winter there came into our Navajo Canyon camp a whiskery-faced Billakona. He rode a mule and had three burros packed with trade goods and beaver traps. He arrived from the south and spoke a little Navajo. At night-fires he talked with Ushe Begay about trapping and hunting for gold in our country. Ushe Begay gave permission for him to stay and sent out word to let him alone.

The Billakona went on, but next spring we heard that he had been killed in Navajo Canyon. One day that summer I saw the place where Navajos suicided (killed) him. Taking all his property, they dragged his body under a dirt bank and caved it over him. It is just a little ways from where he cut his name on a cliff wall. (The skeleton was found, partly dug up and reburied. The inscription within fifty yards of the grave reads, "W.E. Mitchell 1861".)

For a brief time our living in peace was destroyed. Signal fires burned at night. During the day distant message smokes streamed high into blue skies towards the floating white clouds. From far eastern Navajo country news arrived almost continually. It was of forboding things. After killing the Nocki, the Billakonas had taken over all the great land. Orders had been given for all tribesmen to come in and surrender to Red Shirt (Col. Kit Carson) or they would be killed.

In that distant country those who resisted and refused to surrender were truly slain. This happened because all other Indians were quick to make peace with Washingdone's (Washington, D.C.) soldiers and help them rob and kill the Navajos.

Being so far and alone against the Big River, we did not expect them to be come against us. But, after the eastern war was over, we heard that soldiers were coming for us. There were then fourteen families living in the Navajo Mountain country. (These were family groups and in all about 250 people.) These were Sacady, Sayetsissy, Blue Salt, Long Salt, White Hat, Scarbreast, Taddytin, Gishey, Fat Goats, Yellow Horse, Little Man, Descheney, my own the Red Salt, and Nutgloa. (Actually there were four others.) Signals from spies beyond the canyon country told us of the soldiers' progress each day. When at last we realized they were actually invading all the way, all our sheep and larger animals were hidden quickly in far deep canyons.

There were only a few of the Billakona soldiers, but with them were 300 alien Indians. Among them were some of my own tribe, Colorado Utes. The soldiers camped on a point of Navajo Mountain. They set up a thing that flashed sunlight for many miles across the country (A heliograph station, 1864). Aliens who spoke Navajo were sent riding around. For many days they didn't see one Navajo, while the latter always watched the enemy. Out of curiosity two Billakona soldiers were contacted safely to inquire as to their intentions.

The Navajos were told they must bring in their families and their stock before the new moon. Unless they did, they would be chased down and killed. The headmen held a big meeting to discuss this matter. Not one wanted to give himself up, hand over his family and his stock. To do so meant many would be slain, enslaved, and all their property seized by the enemy. This had been done to those to the east. Not one Navajo in the West surrendered, but all hid themselves better.

The aliens with two or three soldiers along to give them battle-courage began hunting Navajos. Finding a sheep trail, they followed it, sneaking in on hogans at night. A few Navajos were thus killed but many more of the enemy died.

Ushe Begay said that if they wanted to find stock trails, the Navajos should make them some. One time the men took a few sheep, next time some cattle or horses. They made trails the enemy followed, right into the place where Navajos waited for them. All were killed.

So many of the aliens died trying to find Navajos, the soldiers decided they must go away to save themselves. They started out, and one night camped on the rim of Tseghi Canyon. Navajos north, east and south who had not surrendered joined our men. They all fell upon the larger enemy band at night. Most of the aliens were killed, but no soldiers were slain. They managed to escape onto Black Mountain, and thence to their fort in the east. The bones of those who died that night are still to be seen scattered about on that canyon rim. (Tourists since 1935 have carried away the skulls.)

After this happened, we moved back into the high country around Navajo Mountain. There was peace and happiness among us once more. Then one day news arrived that a treaty had been made between the Navajo people and the Billakonas. When the paper was marked by the chiefs, those at Hwelte-go began returning (1868) to the Dine'e Bikeyah (Navajo Country).

We did not see any of the prisoner people until after Chi Inchongey (No Good Hat) put in his trading post at Red Lake (George W. McAdams, 1879). Some of those who had been to Hwelte-go, came there to live to get away from hated aliens in New Mexico. I saw them there, where from Chi Inchongey we bought our first coffee and Billakona-made dyes for blankets. The coffee had first to be parched and then ground before boiling. To do this Ushe Begay traded for one of those irons that turns around in a small wooden box (grinding mill). We got there the shears to cut wool from the sheep, and tow cards to smooth it before spinning. They were the first ones I ever saw.

More traders came to the edges of our country. From them we bought many nice things. These were rich times, too, and we traded often. For we had many sheep, cattle and much wool to sell. Before there had been no place to trade these things. Except for long trips into Gomollon (Mormon) country, over the Big River. Now we went to Red Lake, on to Tuba City or Willow Springs. These long trips were happy ones. We spent two to three weeks going and coming. Often all the family moved, taking the sheep bands along. There was no trading post in our country for another fifty summers, when Billakona As'san (the author's father) built the one at Navajo Mountain.

Not long after stranger Navajos started coming into this land, Hosteen Denetso hurried to Ushe Begay in the night. One of them had told him that day he could turn himself into a witch. He would do so and kill his family unless paid one hundred ewes before two sundowns were gone.

Ushe Begay said to the worried Denetso, "Let us watch and see what will happen."

This they did, and another man who also claimed

(continued on page 65)

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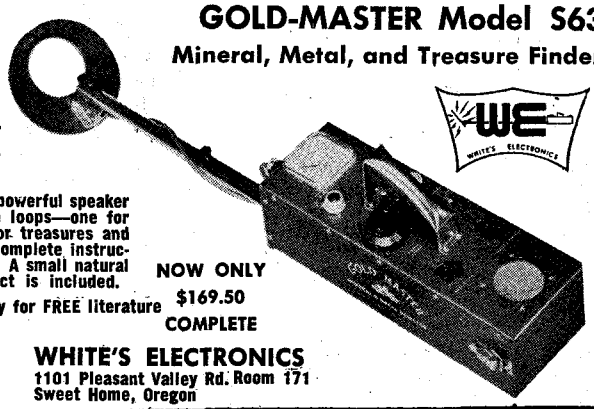

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KID SWINGLE, THE PLEASANT BANDIT

by Lance Robbins

There were many "Kids" with reputations of one kind or another--including Billy-the-Kid, Tommy-the-Kid and The Texas Kid; many who had less agreeable despositions are better remembered than the smiling, gentlemanly-appearing young man about whom a Socorro, New Mexico terr., newspaper wrote in 1888:

"Kid Swingle always acts square and honorable in all his personal dealings." ('personal dealings' evidently did not include a man's profession, Swingle's being stage robbery at that time.)

Nothing is known of his family background; and if he, himself, ever married and left children, either he kept his youthful lawlessness quiet, or they have done so. At any rate, we know that he began his career by holding up stage coaches near Alma, New Mex., in what is now Catron County.

Later, Kid Swingle favored the Arizona stage line between St. John and Camp Apache.

The Kid's disposition is shown by an incident one day in 1886 when he was looking over the stock of suspenders in a Springerville, Ariz., store.

A local officer entered the store, approached Kid Swingle, and announced, "Kid, I have a warrant for you."

"You have, eh?" said the Kid companionably, smiling as he turned back to the clerk to complete his purchase.

The Kid reached into his breast pocket as if to pay for the suspenders he had chosen and brought out a cocked Colt revolver which he shoved against the officer's chest.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" the man pleaded as he threw up his hands.

Kid Swingle's smile now changed to a burst of laughter and he backed out of the door, mounted his horse and rode out of town, still laughing. (We can visualize another "Kid", Billy Bonney, feeling compelled to gun down the officer before fleeing the scene!)

Kid Swingle's most remarkable exploit--a double stage robbery--he pulled off alone the next winter, 1888.

On a chilly mid-winter morning, the young road agent tied his horse to a tree near the St. John-Camp Apache road and waited patiently for the stage to come into sight. Halting it at gun-point, the Kid climbed up beside the driver and ordered him to drive off the main road a few hundred yards. Here the Kid rifled the mail sacks and pleasantly relieved a soldier passenger of a pocketful of back pay.

He then rejoined the driver and they proceeded down the road to Camp Apache, the Kid now stepping down to rob this second stage.

Riding the first coach back to his horse, Kid Swingle mounted and rode off, waving a cheerful farewell to the driver.

The affable young robber was finally arrested in Texas that January (1888), and the Sheriff of Apache County, Arizona, went to Texas to take him into custody. Near El Paso, when the train was speeding along, not due to stop anytime soon, the sheriff took the opportunity to visit the washroom, leaving Kid Swingle alone for a moment.

When the sheriff returned, almost immediately, the car window was open and the Kid gone.

At this point, Kid Swingle, perhaps from choice, sinks into oblivion.

RW

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MY LIFE AS A NAVAJO SQUAW

(continued from page 60)

to be a witch, cast a spell on the Long Salt family. Still a third one went to Hosteen Bishey and did the same thing. All these people were very much frightened. A secret meeting was held to decide what they must do to defend themselves.

Ushe Begay said, "Not long ago these people were prisoners of the Billakona soldiers. They have been freed and have come among us very poor. They see we have many sheep, cattle and horses. Therefore, they plan to crook us out of them. The only thing for us to do is to handle them as our fathers did in olden times."

In this move he was supported by the Kaibeto Navajos who were having the same kind of trouble. The men divided into small groups. Each was given a man claiming to be a witch and taken to his hogan to suicide. In one night they were wiped out, their throats cut with butcher knives. Not since then has anyone tried to become a witch in order to enrich himself in this land.

Billakonas had never given us any trouble. They let us alone. But now they invaded this alien land in large numbers. It happened when Hoskinni and his Piutes killed those two Billakona boys in Monument Valley (prospectors Robert Merrick and Herndon Mitchell, fall of 1880). The Billakonas said they found a rich mine of gold and silver, and they came hunting it. Being of evil mind, many were demanding and troublesome. They said that the Navajos, not wanting this metal themselves, wrongfully refused to tell them where it could be found. Many of these Billakonas never left this land alive.

There was bloodshed everywhere, so we moved that spring (1881) across Navajo Canyon to Bi'jopi (Poverty Butte) to spend the golden moons. Thus we avoided being revenged upon. That was the summer a star monster came down out of the skies. People said the star (meteorite) fell because too many Billakonas had been slain for their property while hunting gold lost by the two dead boys. Some feared other stars would fall among us and that people must die.

The night it came I was sitting near the sheep corral with Ushe Begay's oldest daughter. The stars were very bright and there was a full moon. Everywhere it was light. Then suddenly it was blinding white. The monster seemed to be directly over us. A great roaring filled the air as it streaked past. The white turned to yellow like the sun's rays. A long trail flowed behind it. In one breathing space the monster smashed into the earth. A lot of little stars leaped upward into the sky. There came behind them a great mass of flames over in the canyon country.

Many be'jenes (sings, prayers) were held to combat whatever evil unknown should come against us. But nothing occurred and when summer ended, the Billakonas in our country left as freezing approached. Travelling to Red Lake by the old war trail that fall, we stopped to look at the place where the star monster made the big hole in the rim of Gishey Canyon (five miles above Inscription House trading post). It cut a huge half circle into the rim. Some pieces of heavy metal were found in this place. People thinking it silver gathered them all up, in the hole and around it. When he saw them, Chi Inchongey said it was nothing but iron, like they made bridle bits out of.

When some of the smiths took this iron and tried to soften it in the fires, they could not do so. That is why none of it was used to make bridle bits and other things of use.

The Gomollon came to Tuba City long before, settling near the Hopi. They now started trying to stretch out elsewhere on water and farming land. Many wagons of them came south of the San Juan River trying to get through the canyons to us. When they failed, they turned back to this place (Inscription House trading post) and sought to enter Navajo Canyon.

No one lived in this part of the land then. But Sayetsissy in the canyon on the Navajo Mountain trail became very worried. He said the Gomollon were almost into the canyon, had already gone afoot to bridge an arroyo and make two log cabins. He said that if they got a foothold, so many would come all this beautiful country would be taken from us. This happened at Tuba City

Ushe Begay and others gathered their friends to go look at the Gomollon. There was a large number of wagons of them and they brought livestock. Their road ended beside a great red cliff almost into the canyon. Stopping them was a fifty-foot ledge of rock. They were trying to break through this block.

Ushe Begay, Sayetsissy and two other leaders entered their camp. They talked to the Gomollon, telling them desires for them to go away. This, the Gomollon refused, seeking to sway the emissaries into agreeing they might go on.

That night the Navajos burned out the log bridge and the two cabins. The next day the Gomollon rode around looking for intruders, and did not work on their road. On the following morning, when they did go to work, Navajos on the high cliff above rolled great stones off at them. When they failed to make them go away, shots from guns the Navajos got from traders were fired among them. The Gomollon tried to find some Navajos to have a big talk with. In this they failed, so they packed their property in the wagons and drove them out, along with all their stock. We heard they went on to Tuba City. None of our men followed them beyond Red Lake. Chi Inchongey advised they should be left alone or else soldiers might come.

Early in the summer Red Beard crossed the Big River with ten Billakonas. They had with them a mule pack train of supplies and iron tools. Some said Red Beard had been there a year or two before. Now he went directly to the rim of Navajo Canyon west of the trail down. Building a rock house, they used it as a fort. The men

(continued on page 67)

The Navajo Indian's sacred mountain of the west. After brought to live among the Navajos Asdzani Naalte was never beyond its dominant sight.

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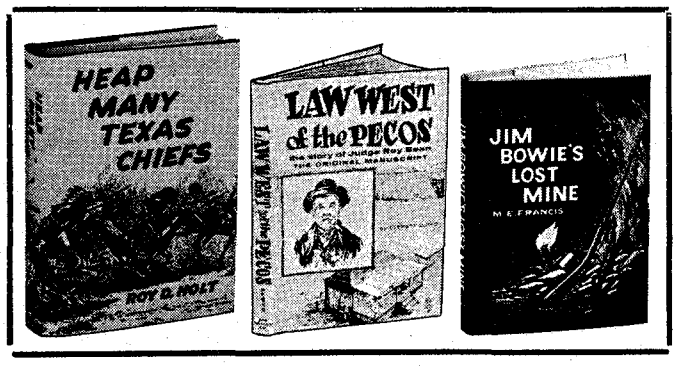

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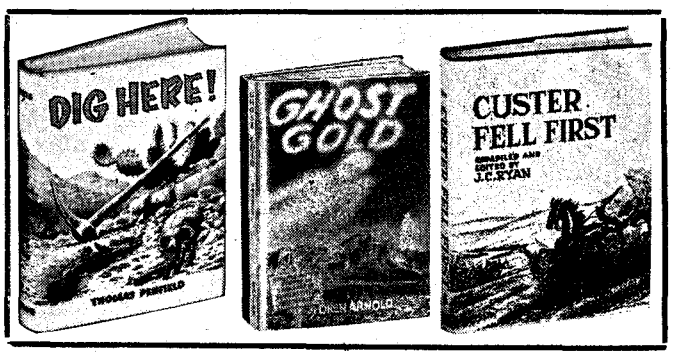

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MY LIFE AS A NAVAJO SQUAW

(continued from page 65)

started digging a square hole straight down into the rocks and earth.

After the Billakonas were there a little while, some Navajos approached their camp, thinking to barter. White men always had something to trade. But they only got within rifle range when bullets were sent at them. This happened to others. For a while after that, the Billakonas quit shooting at people.

Ushe Begay's two oldest sons and a daughter had married and moved far away. The third oldest son, Spotted Horse, then eighteen, remained at home. One afternoon he rode from the hogans planning to cross the canyon into Kaibeto country to attend a squaw dance. That night he returned to the hogan badly wounded.

We got him inside and started brewing curative medicine. He had lost much blood, but after some rest managed to talk to his father. Spotted Horse had not approached near the Billakonas at all. But he did ride the trail into the canyon which passed near them. But that was Navajo country and he had the right to do so.

Several of the Billakonas, he didn't remember how many, pointed rifles and fired at him. Bullets hit him in the right shoulder and low on the left side. For two weeks I gave medicine to Spotted Horse and tried to make him well. Two be'jenes were held over him. It seemed like he was recovering, growing stronger every day. Came a morning when he did not rouse from his sleeping pelts. Spotted Horse's wind left him during the night.

When the four days of mourning ended, Ushe Begay consulted a number of his friends. As was the custom, they proposed demanding blood money. If refused, then they would force the Billakonas to leave. In those sad days I feared the old times of killing and fighting would come again.

One night I had a dream. There was a big fight in which many men were killed. In my mind I saw Ushe Begay fall behind a pile of rocks from which he fired his rifle. It was so plain and clear that I cried out in my sleep, awakening my husband's first wife. When she came to me, I told her what happened in my dream,

All Photos furnished by the author

Grave and skull of prospector W.E. Mitchell who carved his name on the cliff wall before being slain.

asking if she knew where Ushe Begay went early the past day.

She didn't know. On leaving, he told no one of his intentions. At midmorning Sayetsissy and Long Salt brought him home. They were helping him from his saddle when we ran outside the hogan after hearing their arrival.

For a long minute I couldn't talk, fearing Ushe Begay dying slow as Spotted Horse did. But no, he stood clear of the old men, smiled at us and spoke.

"I am well, my family. The Billakonas have gone."

But he wasn't all right. Ushe Begay had a bullet through his chest, from which it took him two months to recover. By a few words at a time we learned what had happened. A large number of Navajos moved in against Red Beard and the other Billakonas. They asked for a truce to talk. An hour passed before Red Beard would agree to it. He refused to pay blood money for Spotted Horse's death, or to go back across the Big River.

"Very well," Ushe Begay told him. "There is no more to say. You and your friends will be killed."

This caused Red Beard, a huge man and tall, to laugh loudly. That dusk the Navajos shrewdly worked his hobbled mules from rifle range, and ran them off. When several started after the moving mules, three were laid down in the tracks from rifles aimed from behind distant rocks.

The others went into the house to escape bullets. They fired back at flashes all night long but never hit any one. Just before daylight a man crawling on the ground was caught and killed. At daylight circles were made to find out if one of them managed to get through seeking distant help. None dared try to except the dead one.

Red Beard and the six alive with him charged out suddenly. They carried packs on their backs, and short guns held ready. Dashing for the sharp canyon rim, they tried to dodge along it through the rocks to the trail.

Ushe Begay and three other Navajos held that side. In determining they should not make it, he leaped up and ran towards them shooting. So did his friends. It was during this set-to that Ushe Begay got wounded. He killed one Billakona and his friends two more. Red Beard led the others back into the rock house.

Later he hung up a white rag on a stick, asking for a parley. To this Sayetsissy agreed. Red Beard came out alone to meet him away from the rock house. He said that so many were killed already bloody atonement had been made. Therefore, it was right that he and those remaining alive should be allowed to go free.

This was agreed to, the Billakonas leaving all their property behind except a sack of food each. While Ushe Begay was brought home, the Billakonas were taken afoot by mounted riders to the Big River and turned loose.

Red Beard never came again into our country. (Asdzani Noodai didn't see him, and probably wouldn't have recognized him anyway. Her "Red Beard" was a man named Tanner from Salt Lake City. An old man, he returned in 1925, renting a horse at Rainbow Lodge to go to the old site of his mine shaft. It alone remained where the fight occurred.)

That fall the year of great evil came upon us. The sheep were not fat, for the lice ate them alive. We used sticks to scrape *yaw* off by the handful from between their legs. In those days we did not have the dipping water medicine. They went into the winter very weak. Then came a big snow storm and freeze-up. Our sheep died, a hundred or so every night. The carcasses were thrown over the brush fence where crows and coyotes ate them.

A strange white man's disease infected us from a Navajo family that had been visiting the Gomollon at Tuba City. First, a person was weak, with a cough and

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the head very hot to the touch and hurting. The throat turned bloody red and there was much coughing. It swelled shut while the nose stuffed up. Within a few hours the stricken one choked to death. (From the described symptoms, undoubtedly diphtheria.)

This disease we had no medicine to overcome. Families lost eight and ten members in a single night. Sheep went untended because there was no well person to see to them. They also died, or were lost and eaten by coyotes and their big brothers (wolves).

The four children yet at home took down and died in a few days. Ushe Begay, sick himself and almost blind by the hotness, managed to bury them. He did not awaken with the next rising sun.

His first wife lay in much misery on her sleeping pelt. The strange killing disease did not touch me. I dug the grave for Ushe Begay, wrapped him in a robe and buried his body inside the hogan when the wind left him.

We then moved to one farther away. I carried the first wife there. She had lost weight and was very small. Yet she managed to live through until warm weather came again. By then we had no sheep at all, only the larger stock was left to us.

Long out of salt, flour and coffee, I decided to ride to Chi Inchongey's store for some. There was a little money and I also had three good-sized blankets woven the fall before. It took me three days to reach Red Lake, for riding stock was so very weak. But this having been foreseen, I took along two extra horses to ride when one tired.

Chi Inchongey said that some people died at Tuba City with the choking disease. But only in the Navajo Mountain country did they expire in large numbers from it that he had heard about.

When I approached our hogans on the return, it was to find the dogs all run off because of hunger. Inside Ushe Begay's first wife lay wrapped in her sleeping robe on a sheep pelt, having gone away during my absence.

(From this disaster Asdzani Noodai never recovered former economic status. For several years she managed to live fairly well by selling off a cow or horse now and then. But there was an end to this finally, although she must have lasted past 1900 before reaching beggar status. The disease probably wiped out the family during the winter of 1884-1885. Of her life thereafter she would talk very little. But her first years living among the Navajo in what was an alien land, were filled with wonderful, treasured memories. She never wanted to go back to her childhood homeland or seek news of possible relatives. Of her love for the country into which she was brought as a captive she never tired talking.)

RW

SOURCES

The foregoing has been taken from notes transcribed in long hand many years ago, and changed very little from the way in which Asdzani Noodai told the first part of her life story. Much of her distinctive phrasing was necessarily lost in translating from Navajo to English. She related the above incidents not once but several times. While she spoke the Navajo vocabulary well indeed, sometimes she had difficulty stating something precisely by use of the correct word. For instance, she would shift from calling a healing ceremony a "be'jene" to "hatal". The former is a small "sing", and the latter an elaborate chant lasting several days.

She, of course, had no idea about such things as dates. They were tied in where possible with some known historical event that she mentioned. Again, it might be connected to my family history. For example, I knew that her "Chi Inchongey" was my great-uncle, George W. McAdams, who built his first stockade trading post in the Red Lake (Tonalea) country.

THE ESCAPE OF NEZ PERCE JONES

(continued from page 34)

Jones knew that he had to go north in order to get to Beaver Creek where he could be safe, but the Indians wouldn't co-operate with him in his reasoning. They knew that he was wounded, for his complete right side from his shoulder to his foot was red from blood. They wanted to force him back to the open gulch where he would be an easy target for them. He had but one alternative, which was to run through an open stretch, making himself a visible target and inviting four shots that almost ended his escape for good.

He succeeded in reaching the timber, but the Indians, by keeping to his right, forced him back to the gulch where the Indian with the pistol got close enough for Jones to hear him threatening with, "You ---, I'll get you yet!" Jones threw some more rocks at his tormentor who retaliated by firing but missing again. A few more shots were exchanged, bullets by the Indians, rocks by Jones.

Crossing to the left, Jones ran up the left bank to the head of the gulch. The Indians kept going to the right. A swamp covered with a heavy growth of willows formed a wall for some distance up the gulch. The fugitive disappeared into it and for a while was lost to view by the Indians. To make up for this break though, tall, heavy waves of grass growing on his side of the gulch and heavy with morning dew through which he tried to push his way, left an easy-to-read trail which the Indians discovered as they passed around the willows.

With his lungs almost at the bursting point and fighting against weakness from loss of blood and a terrible craving for water, Jones made it to the head of the gulch. He had to cross a divide and climb up a rugged and dangerously steep hill. Only his determination not to be caught by the Indians got him to the top where he took a few minutes to rest. The country there was open for about 200 yards. Jones knew there was little time to waste and that he would have to utilize every ounce of strength he possessed to keep ahead of his trackers. His hope now was to reach the timber again where he would have a sporting chance to get away under cover of the small but heavy growth.

Reaching timber, he found a small stream of water. He satisfied his terrible thirst too fast and became very sick to his stomach, but there was no time to pamper himself. He crawled upon the bank, hoping to grab another precious minute or two of rest, but a sound alerted him to immediate danger. Looking behind him, he saw the two Indians back on his trail, not over 30 steps away from him. He quickly decided that he didn't need rest after all. Apparently the Indians hadn't seen him, as the brush was very thick, but they had evidently heard him running because one said loud enough for him to hear, "Pretty soon now we catch the ----"

Jones turned right in an effort to get to the head of Beaver Creek. He ran onto the creek about a quarter of a mile from the head of a ditch dug by himself and his partners. He thought he might be able to elude the Indians quite easily now as thick forest and down timber made for very difficult tracking, or at least so he thought. How mistaken he was he soon found out. Starting down the creek, he had gone about 200 yards when he heard his persistent followers talking. They knew their quarry was badly wounded and were determined to run him down.

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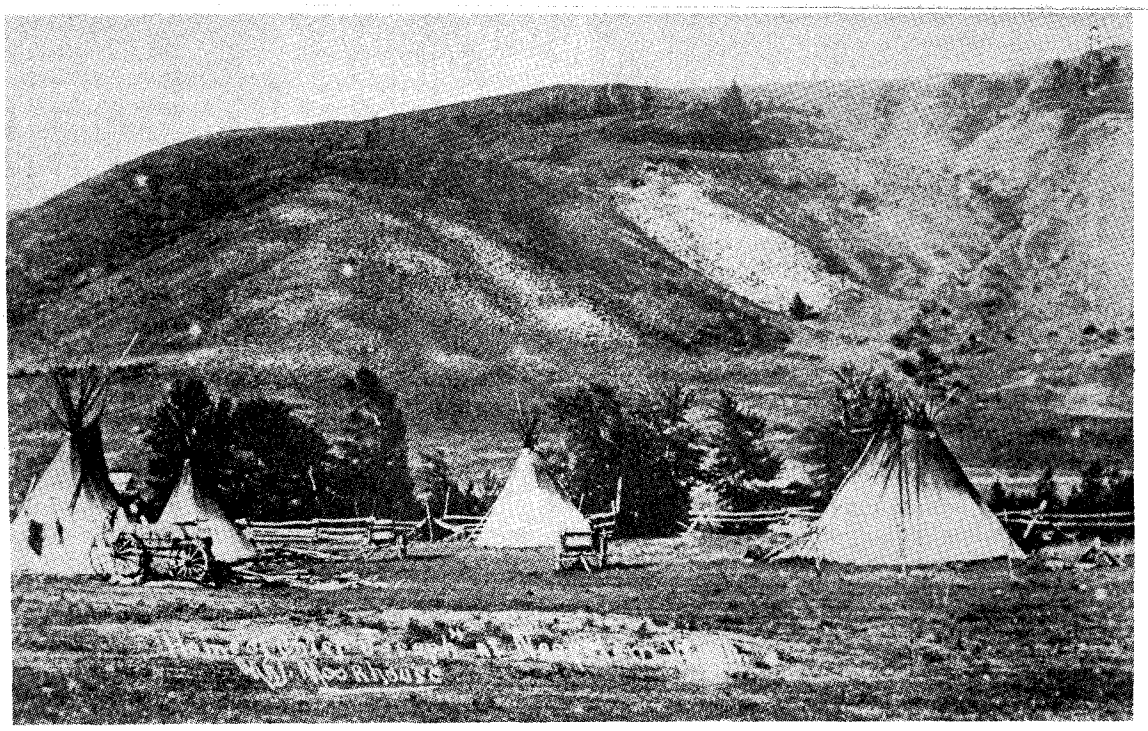

Camp of Chief Joseph at Nespedem, Washington.

Jones now decided to change his course and head for Baldy Mountain, an extremely steep mass of slide rocks with 10 or 15 feet of year-round snow near the top. The Baldy had been a challenge to Jones several times before when he had pitted his skill against the treacherous mountain, but each time he had been forced to give up. In his present condition and circumstances, however, even though on the verge of almost complete exhaustion, the mountain finally proved to be his friend, inasmuch as the Indians decided it was too much for them and left the trail.

After what seemed like several lifetimes Jones reached the summit of the mountain in such a weakened condition that he didn't dare stop for rest for fear that he could never get up strength enough to get going again. Philipsburg was about 35 miles away and he still had more rough country to cope with.

About 11 o'clock, with the cruel sun beating down unmercifully on his bare head and the deer flies also contributing their bit to his misery, he looked to the southeast and saw part of the Indians on Ross's fork of Rock Creek. Some were leaving the cabin with their arms full of things they had looted. The two that had been tracking him also came out of the cabin. Jones watched them until they had nearly caught up with the main band approximately a half mile away before beginning his trek to Philipsburg.

Freed at last of his pursuers, Jones could concentrate on making progress instead of running for cover. He wasted valuable time searching for a likely place to descend the mountain and when he discovered a place, it was so steep he had to hold onto bushes or rocks to keep from sliding down the mountainside. The heel stays in his shoes cut deeply into his heels until each movement was sheer torture. After making the descent his feet were lacerated and bloody. He cut out the heel stays, including all the upper part of the shoes, to relieve his feet.

He finally arrived at the west fork of Rock Creek at a friend's ranch. It was easy to see that the Indians had made camp there the day before. Jones felt a twinge of new fear as he considered the possibility of Indians still wandering around, and hid in a clump until he felt it was safe to be out in the open.

After a short inspection of the country he decided to head northeast, but after he had gone a few yards he had to take time out for a rest. He found a small grove of evergreens and hid in it while taking a long-needed rest. A brief examination proved his wound to be pretty bad. He wanted a walking stick to lean on, but his arm was too weak to hold a knife to cut one, although he did manage to break one off.

Once again he found himself in open country and wouldn't have been surprised to see at least one Indian bearing down on him. There were horse tracks every now and then, but no evidence that they had been ridden by Indians. The refugee reached the bluff west of Rock Creek in safety, took another much needed rest and surveyed the country along the creek. He didn't see anything suspicious, so started for the creek about 100 yards from the bluff. As it was open ground, he ran all the way.

The creek was deep and rapid. The problem was how to get across it. Scouting around a bit, he found an old Indian tepee pole about 8 feet long for a prop in crossing. The current carried him downstream about 300 feet before he managed to reach the opposite bank with the water up to his arms in most places. He crossed the creek and went to the mouth of Cogswell gulch, which he followed about a mile, and then turned left of the divide between Cogswell and Antelope gulches to the divide between Trout Creek and Rock Creek. He was then about 6 miles from the so-called Schuh ranch and it was about six o'clock in the evening.

Getting to the Schuh ranch was next to impossible. Near collapse, Jones said his guardian angel must have propelled him along, for each time he pushed a foot ahead he was sure it would be his last step. Often he would fall down, almost fainting. He craved water and thought he was hungry, yet knew he couldn't eat anything, had he had food.

He fought to keep his mind clear above the misty fog that hovered over his eyes, and between the waves of nausea his thoughts receded to the unfortunate partners he had left behind. He knew Jory's fate, but did not know whether Hays and Elliott were still alive. He had a feeling that both were murdered. Feeling temporarily safe, Jones examined his arm again, as it was giving him considerable pain. He felt too sick to do anything but lie down, but he realized even a short rest would make him so stiff he would be unable to get going again. His feet were big, swollen lumps that caused him to moan with pain when he had to walk on them, and to

(continued on page 71)

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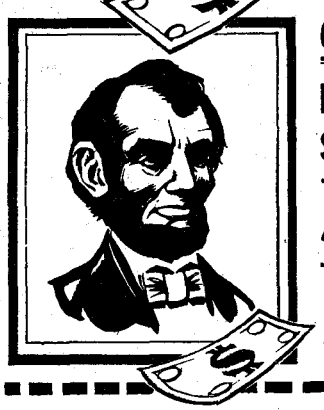

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SCALPS FOR BOUNTY

by LANCE ROBBINS

Buried somewhere in California in an unknown grave is the man who immigrated to New York City a handsome, energetic, young Scotch-Irishman in 1810, made a name for himself in two wars then, not quite so acceptably, also pursued a gruesome career of collecting Indian and Mexican scalps.

James Kirker was born in Belfast, Ireland, of Scottish parents, on December 2, 1793. In 1810, at the age of 17, he arrived in New York and lived there until 1812.

Like many other youngsters on the eastern coast in those tumultuous days, Kirker was lured by the sea — he served out the War of 1812 aboard an American privateer, "Black Joke", and was taken prisoner by the British when the crew was captured off the coast of Brazil.

Upon release in a prisoner-exchange, Kirker returned to New York, then headed west, settling in St. Louis in 1817, apparently by way of a short career as a riverman on the Ohio River. There is evidence that young James Kirker also was a grocer in St. Louis until about 1821, when adventure called again and he headed into the frontier wilds as trapper, hunter, Indian fighter. Some researchers place Kirker in Santa Fe as early as 1821, others in 1824.

For nearly eight years, beginning in 1826, Kirker was in partnership with a Robert McKnight in operation of the Santa Rita copper mines in that area. In 1828, the two employed a young teamster named Kit Carson. Even today, four great grandsons of Kirker, Mario, Leonardo, Frank and Roberto Kirker, are recorded as working at the Santa Rita Mines (now operated by the Kennecott Copper Corp.).

In 1833, Kirker turned to trapping along the Gila River in New Mexico, having meanwhile met and married a dark-eyed charmer named Petra (family name unknown) in Chihuahua, Mexico. Their children included a daughter, also named Petra, who in 1849 married Samuel F. Bean, a brother of colorful frontier figure Judge Roy Bean ("Law West of the Pecos"). This couple spent their lives in Mesilla and Las Cruces, New Mex.

Kirker turned to scalp-collecting-for-bounty as a livelihood in the 1830's, with the help of a party of Shawnee and Delaware Indians he imported from the midwest.

Forty Apache scalps were collected (and subsequently cashed in for bounty) in a battle which took place in front of the famous old church at Ranchos de Taos. Kirker and his crew then went south into Chihuahua, to be employed as Apache scalp-hunters by Governor Don Angel Trias. This career ended abruptly when the Governor learned that some of the scalps for which he was paying bounty were those of his own black-haired subjects. A $10,000 reward was promptly offered for Kirker's own "scalp" and he and his Delawares and Shawnees fled hurriedly back across the border.

Kirker arrived back in New Mexico in time for the opening of the Mexican War. He joined Col. Doniphan's Missouri Volunteers at Brazito, near Mesilla, on Dec. 25, 1846, and served as a guide, not only leading American troops south into Chihuahua but planning much of the strategy resulting in victory. He was decorated for heroism on the battlefield.

At the end of the war, in 1847, Kirker returned to New Mexico by way of Matamoras, New Orleans and St. Louis. In 1849 he was again hunting scalps for Governor Trias.

RW

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THE ESCAPE OF NEZ PERCE JONES

(continued from page 69)

travel at all was now a big accomplishment. Slowly he moved on, half crawling, until he finally reached the Schuh ranch a little after nine p.m.

The Schuh family, about to retire for the night, thought they were seeing an apparition when they saw Jones, hatless and covered with blood, on their doorstep. They treated his wound to the best of their ability and wanted to fix the wounded man something to eat. Although very hungry, Jones was unable to eat anything but milk-drenched bits of bread and a few sips of warm milk.

When he was able to travel, Jones was given a horse to ride to Philipsburg. The Schuhs loaded a wagon with the best of their household goods and also set out for Philipsburg. Jones reached the mining town a little after eleven o'clock where he found Jerome Mathews, to whom he related the story of his run and the murder of his friend Jory by the Indians. The news traveled fast and by one o'clock, when the Schuh family arrived, the town was buzzing with excitement and fear.

Dr. Bowie dressed Jones' wound while John McLean organized a company to go out and bring in Jory's body. They also expected to find the bodies of Hays and Elliott.

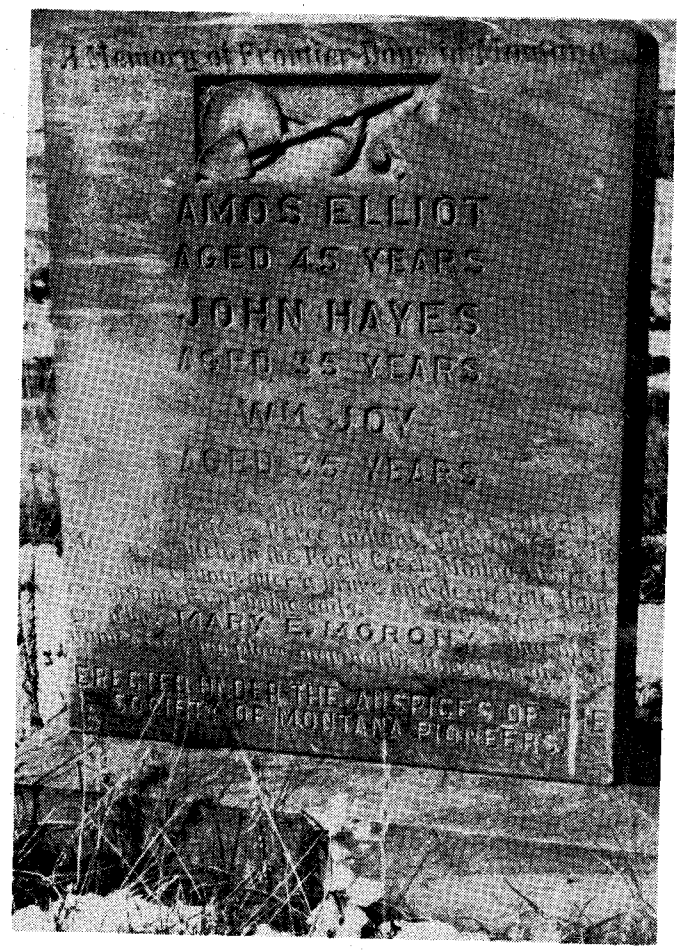
Captain McLean and his men arrived at the camp occupied but a short while back by Jones and his partners shortly after sun-up on the morning of July 13, where they made a careful search for Elliott's body but did not find it until one of the men stumbled over the feet of his dead body where the Indians had killed him in the cabin. His head and shoulders were under the table and the body itself had been completely covered with straw and discarded clothing the Indians had found in the cabin. Bedding, clothing, watches, money and food had been taken by the invaders. The bodies were not mutilated.

The men next searched for Hays, whose cabin was about three-fourths of a mile below the one belonging to Jones and Jory. Hays' cabin was found to be empty with the exception of his dog which the Indians had shut inside. There was no sign of Hays. It took an hour's search before his body was found about 200 yards west of the cabin, lying face down in a small stream of water. The men carried the body to the cabin where Elliott's and Jory's had been left, after which all three bodies were placed in a wagon supplied by the company and brought to Philipsburg, where they arrived late in the afternoon. Jones broke down at the sight of his former friends, who but a few hours ago had been healthy and happy men.

While Captain McLean and his men were searching for the bodies, ranchers from the lower Bitter Root valley came in a steady stream to Philipsburg, seeking protection for their families from the Indians. Scouts were sent out in all directions. Preparations for an Indian raid were quickly made and the town was fortified with rifle pits. Quarters for the women and children were made in the Hope mill, and about every five minutes reports would come in from persons who thought they had seen Indians in the hills west and south of town.

Philipsburg was on a full time alert for over two weeks until the Indian scare died down and the ranchers felt it was safe to return to their homes. One man, on picket duty south of town, late one evening, was sure that he saw an Indian approaching him and fired on him. In the morning he discovered that instead of an Indian he had shot a rancher's ox.

Photo by the author



Monument for Amos Elliot, John Hays and William Jory who were killed by a band of Nez Perce Indians on Rock Creek in Montana. Nez Perce Jones was the only one of a group of miners to escape.

Shortly after the Indian raid, groups of Flathead Indians came into Philipsburg and asked to see the white man who had outrun the Nez Perce Indians. Jones was pointed out to them and they looked him over carefully but acted as though he was very bad medicine. For a year all Indians who came to Philipsburg wanted to look at the white man who could outrun the Nez Perces. Never again was his cabin molested by Indians of any tribe. Not only did they not molest his cabin in McKay gulch, but they avoided contact with him in any way.

By September Jones' arm was nearly healed. His feet were so swollen he could wear only No. 12 overshoes for three weeks and he was quite content to take it easy for a time. He seemed to have made a complete recovery from his harrowing experiences; at least he suffered no bad results, though he was often heard to say, "It's better to make a good run than a poor stand. Had I stayed in the cabin, I might have had to report to St. Peter at the Golden Gate. Elliott, the poor devil, actually had as good a chance as I to make a run for his life, but he froze with fear. I shall never forget the ghastly look on his face the last time I saw him alive."

Thereafter, Jones was known as "Nez Perce Jones, The Man Who Outran The Nez Perce Indians." **RW**

SOURCES:

Mrs. Margaret Hayes' original story of Nez Perce Jones

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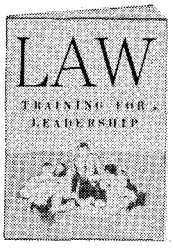

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BUNKHOUSE BOOKSHELF

KING FISHER, HIS LIFE AND TIMES
by O.C. Fisher and J.C. Dykes
University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla.
158 pages, $2.00

This is the 32nd volume in the Western Frontier Library all issued in uniform format. King Fisher was a product of his times and having a fast draw, dauntless courage, an irrepressible ambition, and a capacity for leadership, he carved an empire that made him a legend during his own lifetime. The center of Fisher's five-thousand-square-mile domain was his ranch on Pendencia Creek, not far from the Rio Grande. From here the outlaw-turned-lawman maintained order during a decade when gun fighters, cattle thieves, cutthroats, gamblers and homesteaders vied with one another for supremacy and survival. It was here, too, that King Fisher was assassinated, thus closing one of the most colorful chapters of Western history. The authors have attempted to reconcile objectively the conflicting accounts of King Fisher's life and activities drawing upon close associates and relatives of Fisher.

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The Naylor Company, 1015 Culebra Ave.
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THE TREATY OF MEDICINE LODGE
The Story of the Great Treaty Council as Told by Eyewitnesses
by Douglas C. Jones
University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla.
237 pages, $5.95

In a great encampment on Medicine Lodge Creek in what is now Barber County, Kansas, thousands of Southern Plains Indians--Kiowas, Cheyennes, Osages, Arapahoes and others -- assembled during the hot, dry summer of 1867. Meeting with them, attempting to settle the Plains strife, were members of the recently appointed U.S. Peace Commission.

Newsmen from the nation's largest papers were present, and it is from their published and unpublished accounts that we get this hour-to-hour report of highly dramatic events in an atmosphere of almost constant tension. Here is a picture rich in Indian personalities, richly described -- the hostile swaggerers, the elder statesmen, and the reticent warriors. Dashing horsemen, buffalo-robe lodges, and the curling smoke of campfires at twilight lend color. The signing of the Treaty of Medicine Lodge, October 21, 1867, did not end Plains conflict but marked the beginning of a new period. From this time on, the U.S.'s intention of dominating the high plains was clear. Henceforth efforts would be made to confine the tribes to reservations, to teach them the white man's way of life.

The newspapermen at the site were professionals, all telling essentially the same story as that found in official reports, but from what different points of view! Their published releases, on which this book is largely based, provided human interest in an historical event for the readers of that time, and help recreate the human drama for today's reader's interest in Indian policy.

THE LOVING BRAND BOOK
Introduction by Charles Goodnight III and Illustrated by William D. Wittliff
The Pemberton Press, 1 Pemberton Parkway
Austin, Texas
118 pages, $9.50

In March of 1965 Col. J.W. Ranson released one of the most important manuscripts in the history of the cattle industry: the original Loving brand book. His father, John R. Ranson, was Indian Agent at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, in the 1880's and had acquired the handwritten, calfskin covered book in 1884 from J.C. Loving to use in checking for stolen cattle brought in by the Indians. Oliver Loving, Charles Goodnight and J.C. Loving had spent years making this record of marks and brands of Texas and north, particularly along the Goodnight-Loving Trail, and covering nine states in all. Over 1500 marks and brands are pictured, with the now invaluable information of each owner, ranch and post office alongside. No brand book extant, printed or in manuscript, offers such a wealth of information, from the great cattle empire brands of Slaughter, Waggoner, XIT, four 6's, etc. to the smaller brands of individual ranches. An excellent source book for those interested in the Southwest or in the lore of the cattle industry.

FAINT THE TRUMPET SOUNDS
The Life and Trial of Major Reno
by John Upton Terrell and Col. George Walton
David McKay Co., New York
332 pages $6.95

A well documented biography of Major Marcus A. Reno. The old and bitter controversy as to whether Reno could have saved Custer at the battle of the Little Big Horn is reviewed and answered with an emphatic "no".

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 9)

same tale has been written many times. The only controversy it provides is for those who do not know the facts. Unfortunately for its authors, competent historians such as Carl Breihan and the late Homer Croy have debunked these yarns thoroughly.

I can not believe much of what the comic outlaw, Al Jennings, says. Many dead outlaws' pictures were taken, but none looked as respectable or impressive as Al Jenning's "bewhiskered bum". Two other pictures of Jesse in death confirm this. Also, as to appearance, there have been many eyewitness reports on Jesse James' holdups. Many victims noticed Jesse's blinking eyes but not the pink eye. Look at the 1875 photo of Jesse. It is a definite picture, even with the beard, of a younger man. Note the general shape of the head, the high forehead, upturned nose, ear shape and the way the hair is combed backward. Furthermore how could Frank James identify the body of his brother to the authorities when Frank was in hiding for his life?

The main controversy, I find, in Jesse's life concerns his personality. Was he basically a good man or in reality a vicious criminal? Was Clay County friendly territory or under his reign of terror?

If Dr. Chesney wishes to correct me, I would appreciate an answer. His chances of doing so are not very good.

Your article on "John Larn" was one of many good articles you have published. Keep up this type of fresh research.

Steve Katnick
3098 East 8th St.
Vancouver, 12, B.C. Canada

Dear Editor:

I have just picked up my copy of Real West and read the article "Who Lies Buried in Jesse James' Grave?" by Dr. W.D. Chesney. Jesse W. James was not buried in that "Jesse W. James" grave at Kearney, Missouri. I *know*, sir, *because* I am Jesse Woodson James' great grandson. Three outlaws were killed April 3, 1882 in St. Joseph, Mo. and one of those 3 men was buried in that grave on April 7, 1882! Which one is any one's guess today. Luther W. James, a cousin of Jesse James stated to a reporter for the St. Louis Globe Democrat on July 7, 1902 that the corpse buried in that grave had its legs cut off! Luther W. James and Sheriff Timberlake of Clay County saw that the legs were cut from the corpse before it was buried.

Dr. Chesney says in his story that he is afraid to tell some information he has about the hoax burial for fear some living James descendant would cause him some trouble. Well sir, I am one of 15 great grandchildren of Jesse Woodson James and we are happy and delighted to have Dr. Chesney or anyone else publish the true story about the greatest HOAX of U.S. History. Jesse W. James lived to the age of 107. He died in 1951. I can personally tell you that Jesse W. James using the alias "Jess Holbrook" lived with me for 2 years, in 1928 and 1929 at Peru, Nebraska. He was then 84. Jesse Woodson James was my great grandfather. I should know!!

Yours truly,
Charles E. Mason
1910 Bartlett St.
St. Joseph, Mo. 64501

Dear Editor:

"Who Lies Buried in Jesse James' Grave" certainly does not bear out all the facts in the matter, insofar as the inquest reports go, and the testimony given by reliable witnesses. I certainly discount Al Jennings' statement for Fred C. Pottorff of Parsons, Kansas, whose mother was related to Jennings told me in writing: "I asked Al at his home if he thought Dalton was Jesse James, and he answered 'Hell, no!' I told him I read somewhere that he had said he was. Al winked and said 'Why not, they paid me.'"

Also the backers of Dalton relied heavily on the testimony that the old negro cook, John Trammel gave. I contacted Trammel in Oklahoma some time before his death and since he could not write he dictated a letter for me to the people he was living with: "Now sir, J. Frank Dalton was not Jesse James. Jesse told me he had some friends or relatives by that name." Trammel was the cook for the James gang for a time, and this author has verified this fact.

Dr. Chesney refers to Dick Little; I suppose he means Dick Liddil, the man who surrendered to Sheriff Timberlake in order to turn state's evidence in case Jesse was captured alive. The records show that Liddil did identify the body; here is what Liddil said: "I have seen the body since I was on the stand last night and have recognized it as the body of Jesse James. I was with him a good deal last summer and have no doubt of it. I recognize him by his general appearance and by the finger tip being off and by the wounds in his side."

Sheriff James R. Timberlake of Clay

(continued on page 74)

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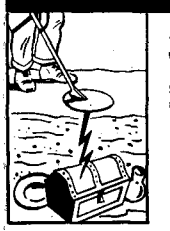

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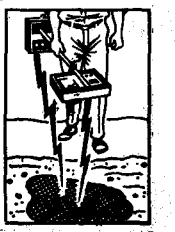

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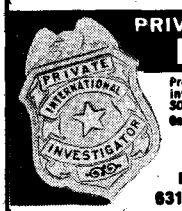

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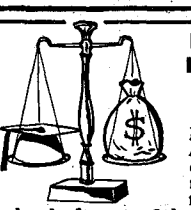

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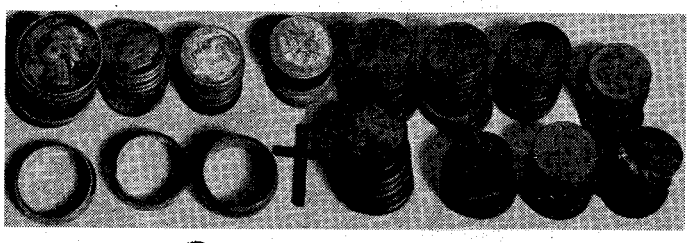

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 73)

County said, "I have been acquainted with Jesse James; saw his remains and recognized the body at once. The last time I saw him was in 1870. I recognized him from his face and the partial loss of one finger. Ford was acting in concert with me and under my instructions."

James Finley, Deputy Marshal of St. Joseph, Mo. said, "The Fords told us we would find some pins and watches in a trunk. We found a necktie with a pin in it which bore the initials 'J.W.J.' There was also a ring marked 'Jesse'."

It is difficult to understand why the identification testimony of such people I am about to list should be questioned: Prosecuting Attorney Wallace, whose home was near the James', Harrison Trow, James Wilkerson, J. Clay, Mattie Collins, Mr. Mimms, Rev. Wm. James, C.D. Axman, Lamatine Hudspeth, Ben Morrow and Sim Whitsett.

Cole Younger hated Jesse James and would do nothing to protect him. Here is what he said, "We sent our sister Henrietta to St. Joe to identify the body and let us know. She did and said it was Jesse. I believed it before she returned to see us in prison. He had two bullet wounds in the chest, that would show (and it did). In 1868 he lost one lung which could be proven by a post-mortem.

I might add about that that I asked Dalton to allow us to X-ray him for this very purpose and he and his backers flatly refused. Of course, a real clincher is that Jesse James never would have allowed his wife and children to appear on stage before a narrator in order to earn a little money to live. He loved his family and was very proud of them.

I could go on and on relative to this but I believe I have set forth enough facts for your good readers to make a reasonable decision about all this hocus-pocus.

Sincerely yours,
Carl W. Breihan
4930 Mattis Road
St. Louis, Mo. 63128

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I'm sure you're familiar with the famous gasoline-economy tests run by all the major oil companies. Well, do you know that the remarkable new invention described on this page is actually banned from these tests because it is TOO EFFECTIVE! Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline . . . that because it gives so much economy, it is actually ILLEGAL for a test-driver to fit one on his car! And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 11 more miles per gallon . . . it has actually been OUTLAWED in every recognized cross-country economy run . . . simply because the officials who conduct these tests were forced to rule that it gives all cars that have it AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!

In other words, if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs . . . then this message is not for you. YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO USE THIS NEW INVENTION—SORRY, BUT IT'S SIMPLY ILLEGAL. BUT — if you are a person who is not interested in setting any records . . . who is only interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible — and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment — then what you are about to read is perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history.

TEST DRIVERS REPORT UP TO 11 MORE MILES PER GALLON —

The name of this great new invention is the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER . . . and there is no ketter way to describe to you the increased performance and economy it will give you . . . than to tell you of the "bombshell effect" it had on research scientists and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it out. Look:

CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 1¢ A MILE

1. When the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER *was first tested by the same research laboratories* used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . results were so overwhelming, (a staggering increase of up to 68 per cent) . . . it actually lowered gasoline costs to as little as **ONE CENT A MILE.**

2. When tests were made by the world's leading auto rental system with this incredible money saving invention . . . and then test-run on the road and on such world famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway . . . the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see big **8 cylinder sedans get better gas-mileage than small European economy cars!**

3. When large fleet owners and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them . . . the results were so dramatic that within 30 days they reported savings of not hundreds . . . but thousands of gallons of gas the very first month alone!

UP TO 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS

Yes, from test after test . . . road tests, laboratory tests, tests by some of the world's most famous drivers . . . come reports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from Ford, General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon today than when they were brand new! Reports of big, luxury sedans that weigh 2½ times more than small European cars . . . yet get better mileage, better performance and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

BEST PROOF OF ALL!

World's Leading Rent-A-Car Company Road-Tests Amazing New Invention For 3 Solid Months . . . Then Orders Fleet Of Cars IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED!

they report "Savings of up to 54 gallons a month per car"

Yes, from one of the nation's largest automobile fleet owners comes the most dramatic proof of all . . . A company that spends more money on gasoline in one weekend than the average person spends in a lifetime . . . they tested this incredible new invention and here is what they found. BOOSTED GASOLINE MILEAGE A WHOPPING 32% ON ALL CARS TESTED. Wouldn't you like to save up to $200 a year on your car? For full details read the rest of this page.

IF IT WORKS SUCH MILEAGE-MIRACLES, HOW COME THE CAR MANUFACTURERS HAVEN'T INSTALLED THIS TYPE UNIT IN THEIR CARS? — THE ANSWER IS THAT TWO ALREADY HAVE!

By now you are probably wondering just what is the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER . . . and how does it work? Well, to make a long story short . . . if you were to look under the hood of one of those $20,000 European luxury cars like the Maseratti or the Aston-Marton, you would see sitting in those engines . . . a special gasoline unit . . . especially designed to extract more blazing power, more energy from each gallon of gasoline. This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance . . . such TOTAL POWER . . . such increased engine efficiency.

And this is precisely what the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER is designed to do — enable your engine to extract more *piston-driving power, more raw,* blazing energy and more gasoline economy . . . ONLY, instead of costing $100 to $150 (*like the European booster-units*) . . . the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER costs but a mere fraction.

That's because after years of intensive research automotive experts have finally found a way to simplify these booster units . . . reduce the number of parts in *each unit . . . mass produce them . . .* slash costs to a mere fraction . . . and make them available at a price so low it's almost too ridiculous to mention. Why do you realize what this means to you if you are a person who is determined to save yourself up to $16 a month on your gas bills . . . up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . yes, up to $200 a year on wasted gasoline.

INSTALLS IN MINUTES — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN AS LITTLE AS 15 DAYS!

It means that no matter what kind of car you now have . . . no matter how old that car may be . . . no matter what condition it is in . . . no matter how many miles you pile on each month . . . here at last is the automotive discovery you've long dreamed about . . . and has now come true.

Because, from this day on you too can *now save up to 500 gallons of gas each* and every year. NOW you too can drive for weeks and weeks on end without ever stopping at a service station. Now you too can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas, blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3 tankfuls. In other words, perform mileage miracles that only yesterday you thought were impossible.

So if you too want to achieve the same wondrous results as America's largest automotive fleet owners, by Indianapolis test-drivers, and by research scientists at the very same testing laboratories used by Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, then take advantage of this special Free-Trial introductory offer. Remember, all you risk is the few minutes it takes to fill out the special reservation coupon below, and you have a lifetime of driving convenience and economy to gain.

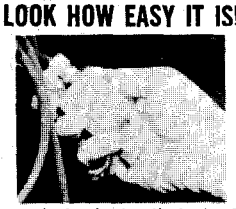
THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN 15 DAYS — YOU MUST ACT NOW!

Now the price of the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER on this special introductory offer is not the 15 or 20 dollars you might expect . . . but only $5.95. Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all . . . not to mention the hundreds of gallons of gasoline and hundreds of dollars in money you save year after year.

However, due to the enormous demands of trucking companies, car-rental companies, taxicab fleets and other large users, *only a limited number* of G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS can possibly be allocated each month for consumer orders. Therefore, all orders must be filled on a first-come, first-served basis. So to take advantage of this limited introductory offer . . . mail the no-risk coupon today!

HERE IT IS — IN ACTION — The miracle G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER, caught by the eye of ultra high-speed cameras at one of the world's most famous proving grounds. Yes, here on the big viewing console you see dramatic picture-proof of tests conducted by leading automotive authorities at the Indianapolis Speedway . . . tests that PROVE you can now actually take ordinary gasoline . . . feed it into your engine in a new and different way . . . trigger it into *piston-driving energy . . . and unleash a blazing source of power for your car. For full* documented proof of just how this amazing new discovery can save you up to $200 in gasoline bills in the next 12 months . . . read the rest of this page. (Tests performed by official Indianapolis test driver.)

LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!



All you do is simply attach the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER on your fuel line. Since it is a precision instrument, with a special model for each make car, there are no special adjustments for you to make. They've already been made for you at the factory. You simply screw it into place . . . and that's all. In fact, it's so easy you need not know a single thing about an engine to install it — and easy picture directions accompany each unit. Total installation time: 3 to 5 minutes. Total savings on gas: up to $200 a year!

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WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE SASQUATCH

(continued from page 43)

Newspapers credited King with being a "strict teetotaler."

King was alone that late afternoon, his Indian packers having refused to serve him in a region near Campbell River, V.I., which, they said, was the domain of "monkey-men." Packing through the dense foliage, the cruiser was startled to see a weird creature washing edible roots in a waterhole. Hearing his approach, it wheeled about, shrieked "a human cry of mingled terror and defiance," and vanished in the twilight.

But not before King got a good look at it. "His body was covered with reddish-brown hair," the pioneer recounted, "and the arms were peculiarly long and used freely in climbing and brush running. The trail showed a distinct human foot, with phenomenally long and spreading toes."

In December, 1904, "four sober-minded settlers of Qualicum" were hunting near Horne Lake, V.I., when they "came upon the uncouth being whom they described as a living, breathing and intensely interesting modern Mowgli (Rudyard Kipling's wild-boy).

"The wild man was apparently young, with long matted hair and a beard," the *Colonist* reported, "and covered with a profusion of hair all over the body. He ran like a deer through the seemingly impenetrable tangle of undergrowth, and pursuit was utterly impossible."

Further tribute to the Qualicum hunters' sincerity was the statement, "There is not the slightest deviation in detail in the stories they tell with an earnestness that defies ridicule."

Although silenced by the derision of his colleagues until the 1950's, it was in 1924 that middle-aged logger Albert Ostman of Fort Langley was "kidnapped" by a Sasquatch family. Strangely, although his story would seem the most improbable, it is considered "indestructible."

When John W. Green, publisher of the weekly *Aggasiz-Harrison Advance* (who has travelled hundreds of miles in his quest for information on this subject), interviewed the old woodsman, he was accompanied by Harrison magistrate Lt.-Col. A.M. Naismith. A former criminal lawyer, Naismith used every device of cross-examination he knew to reveal a weakness in Ostman's account -- and found none.

Briefly, here is Ostman's amazing experience: Camping alone in the isolated forests of Toba Inlet, 100 miles north of Vancouver, the logger had the uneasy feeling he was being watched. That night he slept with his boots on and kept his rifle beside him in the sleeping bag.

Suddenly he was lifted up -- sleeping bag, rifle and pack--thrown over a massive shoulder, and jolted about for three hours. Unceremoniously dumped onto the ground, the battered logger found himself in a small box canyon -- the guest of four intrigued Sasquatch.

Ostman described them in graphic detail. "...The old man (who had captured him) must have been nearly eight feet tall, with a big barrel chest and big hump on his back and powerful shoulders. His forearms were longer than common people's but well-proportioned. His hands were wide, the palms long and broad, like a scoop. His fingernails were flat like chisels. If the old man wore a collar, it would be a size 30!"

He estimated the son to be "11 to 18 years, about seven feet tall and might weigh about 300 pounds. His chest would be 50-55 inches, his waist about 36-38 inches. He had wide jaws and a narrow forehead that slanted upward, around at the back about four or five inches higher than the forehead..."

The remaining Sasquatch were the mother and a daughter -- whom Ostman assumed was his (Ostman's) intended bride.

He also mentioned they did not eat meat, have fire or cooking utensils, only blankets woven of cedar bark strips. During the week he spent with them -- under guard -- Ostman ate from his own supplies, a routine that fascinated his hosts, who watched in bewilderment.

(continued on page 79)

Bella Coola, B.C. home of British Columbia's $1,000,000 Sasquatch!

British Columbia Government Photograph

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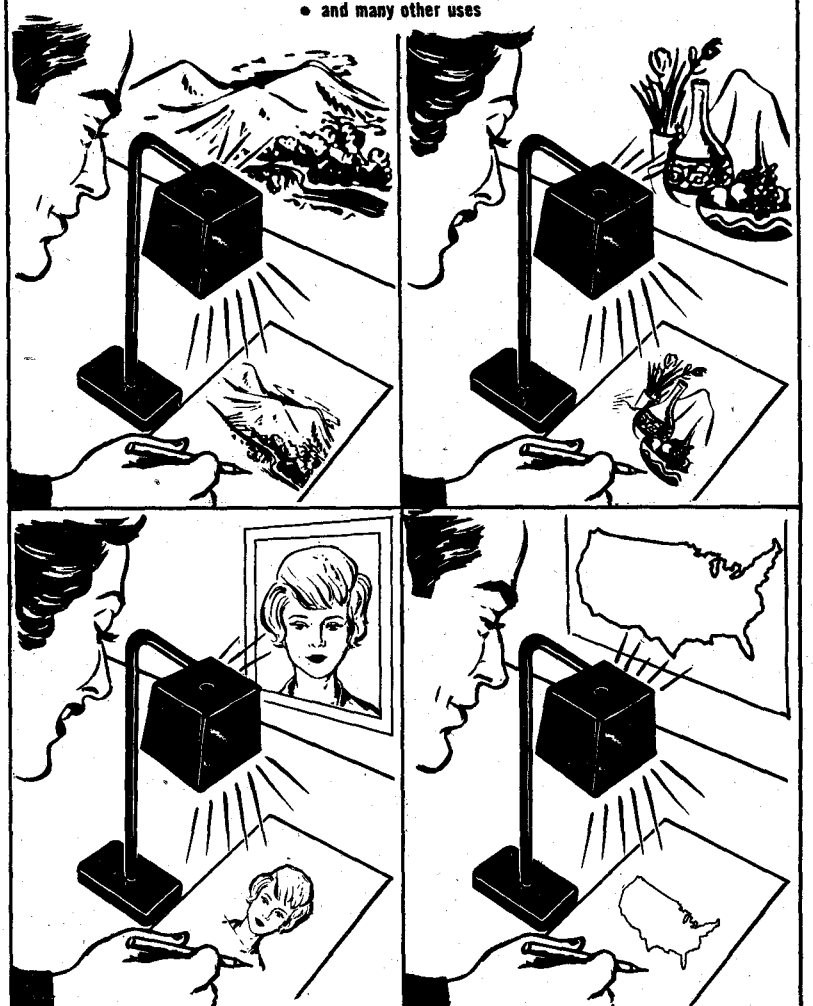

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WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE SASQUATCH

(continued from page 77)

And he still had his rifle, but did not use it because he was not sure his little .30.30 would stop the giants.

What really interested the males was Ostman's habit of chewing snuff. After days of watching his form of recreation, the father Sasquatch grabbed a full box and gulped down its powerful contents. Seconds later, he was rolling on the ground and vomiting. Snatching up his rifle, Ostman fired a shot in the air and ran, finally staggering into a logging camp.

And this is not the first case of Sasquatch kidnapping humans with plans of matrimony. The late Serephine Long of Port Douglas claimed that, when a 17-year-old Indian maiden, she had been carried off by a young Sasquatch. He and his parents treated her well, she said, but she became so homesick he returned her, even though she was now pregnant. At home, she gave birth to a child, which was stillborn. Serephine lived to a ripe old age.

It is perhaps easy to discount the latter tale, but what of Ostman's account?

One of the best documented sightings is that of Indian housewife Jeannie Chapman in late 1941. A Sasquatch had approached her little house near Ruby Creek, causing the terrified woman to flee with her two young children. When her husband and other railway workers hurried to the scene, they were amazed by 16-inch footprints -- two inches deep in the soft earth. The monster's stride had been about five feet and he had crossed a fence without slowing. Many journeyed to the little Chapman home to see the enormous tracks and wonder. Except Mrs. Chapman. She refused to go near the place again.

In 1958 Harrison Hot Springs organized a Sasquatch-hunt, which was led by young Swiss logger Rene Dahinden, a recognized authority on the subject. But the expedition returned disappointed.

The same year, the B.C. Centennial Committee offered $5,000 for a Sasquatch. There were no claimants.

Then, upon reports Sasquatch might be placed under the Game Act, historian McKelvie said, "I think it is an absurd idea. They are human beings, if they still exist. It would be murder to kill one.

"To what are we coming in B.C.? Are we planning to place a bounty on the scalps of Sasquatch as was done with those of Indians in one or more of the Western territories of the American West during the 'settlement' of that country?

"I think they exist. That is demonstrated by the skeletal remains that have been found..."

On another occasion he said, "If they found pygmies in Africa, why shouldn't they find giants in B.C.?"

Near the Chehalis Indian Reserve, Harrison River, is table-topped Morris Mountain where, according to local native legend, the last surviving Sasquatch tribesmen hold a reunion every summer. Several expeditions, including at least one well-equipped American party, have unsuccessfully tried scaling this formidable mountain for evidence of the hairy giant. Probably the greatest factor accounting for their failure to even reach the top is the fact no local Indians will serve as guides -- regardless how much payment is offered.

"One thing that has interested me, and I've never seen it in print," says Cliff Kopas, "is the acrid odor mentioned frequently in tales about the beast. A woodsman can tell a bear from a wolf just by the smell, a farm-boy can smell horses and cows and recognize each, and a Sasquatch hunter can tell you of the peculiar sharp odor given out by his quarry."

British Columbia Government Photograph

Isolated farmlands such as this frequently host unexpected visits from the mysterious "Sasquatch" giants...

The recorded Sasquatch sightings and encounters are too numerous to list here. Yet, despite the numerous -- and in some cases it would seem indisputable -- testimonies that Sasquatch is real, most anthropologists and scientists have carefully avoided him. Tens of thousands of dollars have been spent on several expeditions that tracked the Himalayan yeti, but no Canadian or American authority is known to have investigated North America's mystery.

B.C. Provincial anthropologist Wilson Duff said in 1953, "I've never seen a Sasquatch and I don't expect to..." Four years later he added, "When Dr. Carl (provincial museum director Clifford Carl) takes an expedition to look for Ogopogo (legendary serpent of Okanagan Lake), I'll go and look for Sasquatch."

Dr. Charles O. Handley, Jr., Acting Curator-in-charge, Division of Mammals, Smithsonian Institution, explained the official view. "My knowledge of the 'Bigfoot' comes only from popular accounts. Commonly, the scientific community disregards stories of creatures such as these until some identifiable portion of the beast can be studied. Unless such a specimen is secured, speculation is fruitless. Usually in the past such creatures have declined to a mythical status when parts purported to have come from them have been studied."

A University of British Columbia anthropologist has said, "Bring me a three-foot femur and I'll discuss them."

But there is record of gigantic bones having been found... A Vancouver couple found a seven-foot skeleton about 1953; a massive bone, shaped like a human limb and foot, was unearthed on the Esquimalt Indian Reserve (one of this tribe's legends tells of its braves having killed a giant many years ago); Lillooet Coroner Arthur Phair reported the discovery of a "colossal" skeleton -- which vanished en route to the provincial museum; and in the late 1920's, at Windermere, four huge skeletons were uncovered by workmen cutting a trail -- they ranged from six feet, nine inches to nine feet. Unfortunately, none reached expert hands...

In 1962 George H.T. Kimble, professor of geography at Indiana University, said, "Within 30 minutes' flying time of Seattle, Maracaibo, and Aden, there are tracts that never have been described, let alone surveyed scientifically..." The vast uncharted regions of the Pacific Northwest *could* contain unknown tribes or animals.

Today skeptics still relegate Sasquatch to the status of myth or hoax. But the number of those who feel otherwise -- or just do not know -- is growing. News of the $1,000,000 has again thrust this enigma before public attention. Maybe this time -- finally -- the truth will be learned.

RW

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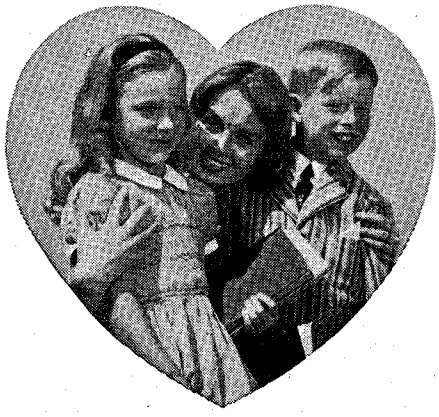

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INDIANS IN IRELAND

A little-known American Indian story appears in the history of an Irish Volunteer Regiment, raised by Lord Rawdon on his father's estates in County Down for active service in the American War of the Revolution, in which he was a well-known British commander. On his staff retinue he had six Indian scouts of well-tried veracity, and two were versed in their native war cries and music.

Rawdon's Irish Volunteers had two drummers and two trumpeters, but he had no one in the corps that could carry the "Jingling Johnnie," a pole instrument of many bells, and the cymbals which he had purchased for his regiment in Paris some years before his service in America. Ottoman performers and negroes were engaged in the regular regiments of the British army as bandsmen in this connection, so Lord Rawdon assigned his two Indian scouts with musical ability to bear the respective instruments. One called "Red Hawk" bore the "Jingling Johnnie" and the other, "Black Eagle," the cymbals. They were dressed in native costume, with beautiful feathered headgear as "chiefs," and they displayed great agility and ability in handling their "tools" of jingle and clash, as Wagner would have said. (We learn that these musical bucks were of the Delaware tribe.)

When the Irish Volunteers returned to Ireland after the American War, Lord Rawdon invited his Indian bandsmen to come, too, which they did; and later when the Volunteers were disbanded, they were retained on his Lordship's estates at Moira Castle and at Kinelarty, County Down, as gamekeepers in which capacity they rendered signal service, for they were ever on the alert, and could hear the grass growing, it was said. They were armed with bows and arrows of a non-mortal type, and their very look and presence made poachers keep clear of the game preserves. "Red Hawk" married an Irish girl and they had a son who emigrated to America early in the last century. So, American Indian scouts, bandsmen and keepers of game, made their home in the Emerald Isle.

C.J. Robb
Timpany
Ballynahinch
Co. Down, Ireland

RW

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life.
By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

CAMPING AND THE INDIAN CAMP CIRCLE

Each tribe, of North American Indians, claimed a certain locality as their habitat. Here they dwelt in communities or villages surrounded by the territory in which they hunted. The inland people, because they depended for food on the gathering of acorns, seeds and roots, or the catching of fish, or on hunting for meat and skins for clothing, camped in makeshift shelters or portable dwellings during a considerable part of the year. These dwellings varied according to tribe and area, such as the brush shelters, the mat houses and birch-bark lodges of the forest tribes, and the skin tents of the plains.

The rush mat houses of different sizes, woven by the women, were rolled into a long bundle when a party was traveling. The oblong frame was made of saplings tied together with bark fibers. The longest and widest mats were fastened outside the frame to form the walls, and smaller ones were overlapped to make a rain-proof roof, an opening being left in the middle for the escape of smoke from the central fire.

Another type of dwelling was the skin tent. For this, 10 to 20 poles were cut and trimmed by the men and preserved from year to year. To tan, cut, fit and sew the skin cover, and to set up the tent, was the special work of the women. In the early days, dogs were used to transport the long poles by means of travois, later they were dragged by ponies.

When the tribe moved, either for reasons of hunting, visiting or war parties the moving was well organized with a leader being appointed. It was his duty to decide the length of a day's journey and where the camp should be made at night. When on the move all property, except the man's personal clothing, weapons and riding horses, belonged to the woman and its care, during the movement of the tribe, fell upon her. When the tribe was on the hunt, the old men, the women and children, as well as the ponies laden with the tribal goods, formed the body of the slow moving camp. They were protected on both sides by the warriors who walked or rode, carrying only their weapons. The details of the camp were controlled by the women, except with war parties when the work and planning fell to the men. When a camping place was reached, the skin tents were set up in a circle, with relatives being neighbors, so that if danger from enemies threatened, the ponies and other valuable possessions could be kept within the space enclosed by the circle of tents. Differing from this was the placement of the mat type houses which were erected in any position or place most convenient for the family.

Indians were friendly folks and would often move the tribe for a visit with another tribe, or for inter-tribal ceremonies. During these travels the tribe kept close together during the actual trip, but when they neared their destination the party would halt and one or two young men in gala dress with little packets of tobacco, as gifts to the leading men of the village, would go forth with their offering. While these good-will ambassadors were off on their mission, the others of the tribe would turn the prairie into a vast dressing room. The men, women and children would paint their faces, put on their best garments and be ready to receive the escort which was always sent out by their hosts to welcome them.

The tent tribes of the Plains went on an annual hunt into buffalo country. Ceremonies always attended every stage of this trip, from the initial rites when their leader was chosen to the thanksgiving ceremony which closed the expedition. On this journey the long procession was escorted by warriors selected by the leader and the chiefs for their trustiness and valor. Their duties were to act as police guard to prevent any straggling that might result in personal or tribal danger. They had to prevent any private hunting as this could stampede a herd which might be in the vicinity. When they camped it was in a circle and the political divisions were strictly designated as to where the tents were placed in the circle. This circle was often a quarter of a mile or more in diameter. At times the camp was in concentric circles, each circle representing a political group of kindred. The Dakota called themselves the "Seven Council Fires", *Otchenti Chakowin*, camping in two divisions or groups, one composed of four and the other of three concentric camp circles. The Omaha and close cognates, when on the annual buffalo hunt, and during the great tribal ceremonies, camped in a circle; with each of the ten Omaha gentes having its unchangeable place in line and with none daring to change it. When the camping ground was reached the women of each gens would drive their ponies to the proper place. When each tent was up each gens was in the position to which it was entitled by the regulations that were connected with ancient beliefs and customs.

For many of the important ceremonies such as the case of the Sun Dance, the tribes like the Kiowa, Cheyenne, Sioux and others camped in a circle made up of the different tribal political divisions in fixed order. This was never changed. The very tribal circle, in which each segment was composed of a clan, gens or band, made a living picture of tribe organization and responsibilities. It showed the relative position of kinship groups and their interdependence, both for the maintenance of order and government within and for defense against enemies from without. The opening to the East and the position of the ceremonial tents recalled the religious rites and obligations by which the many parts of tribal life were held together in a compact whole.

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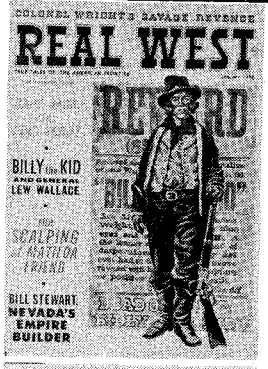

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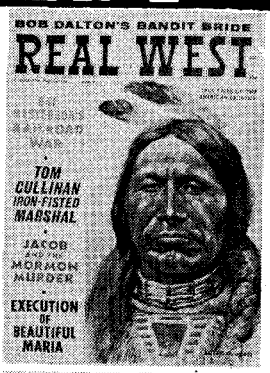

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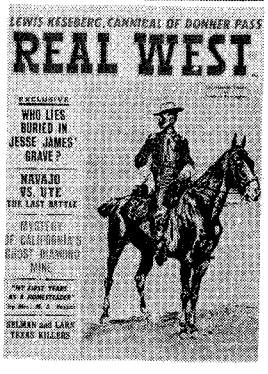
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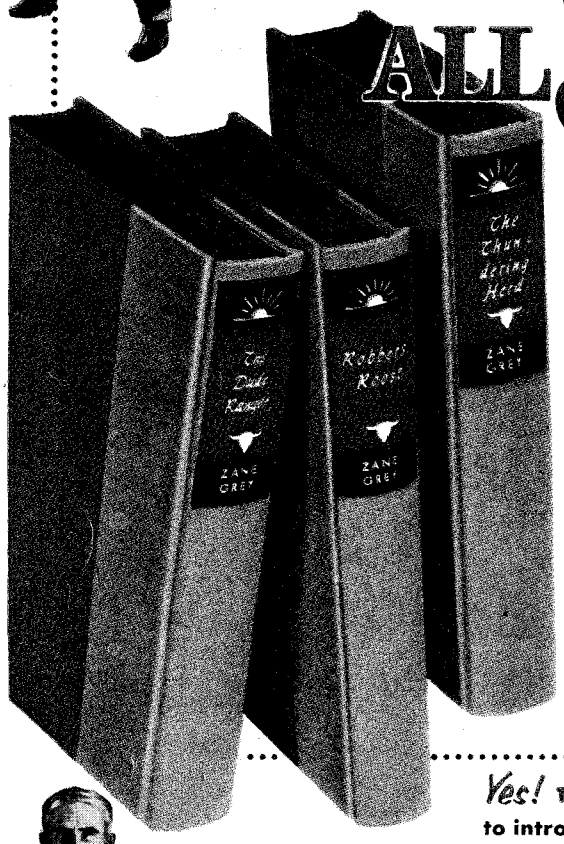

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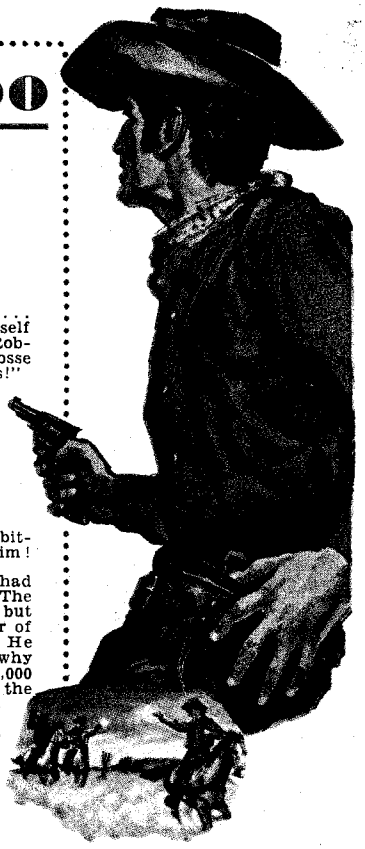

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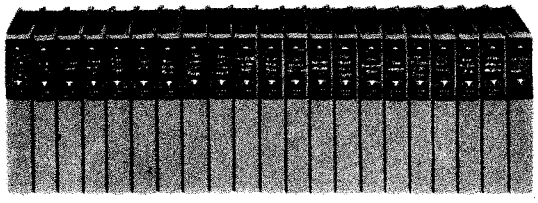

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